

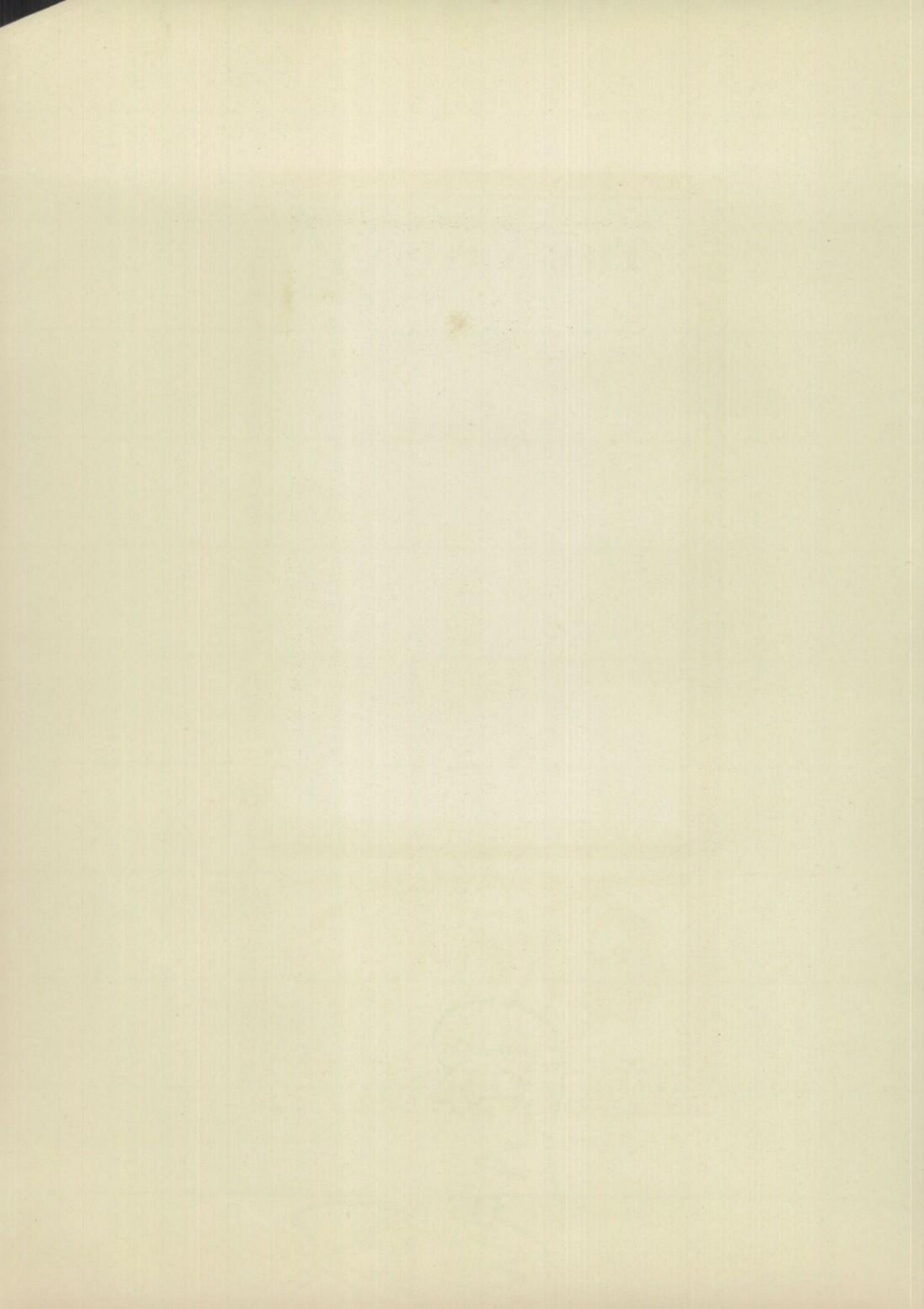
THE ARTISAN



THE ARTISAN

THE SEMI-ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF THE MANUAL
ARTS HIGH SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF FEBRUARY, NINE-
TEEN SIXTEEN. PRINTED BY THE STUDENTS.







DR. A. E. WILSON

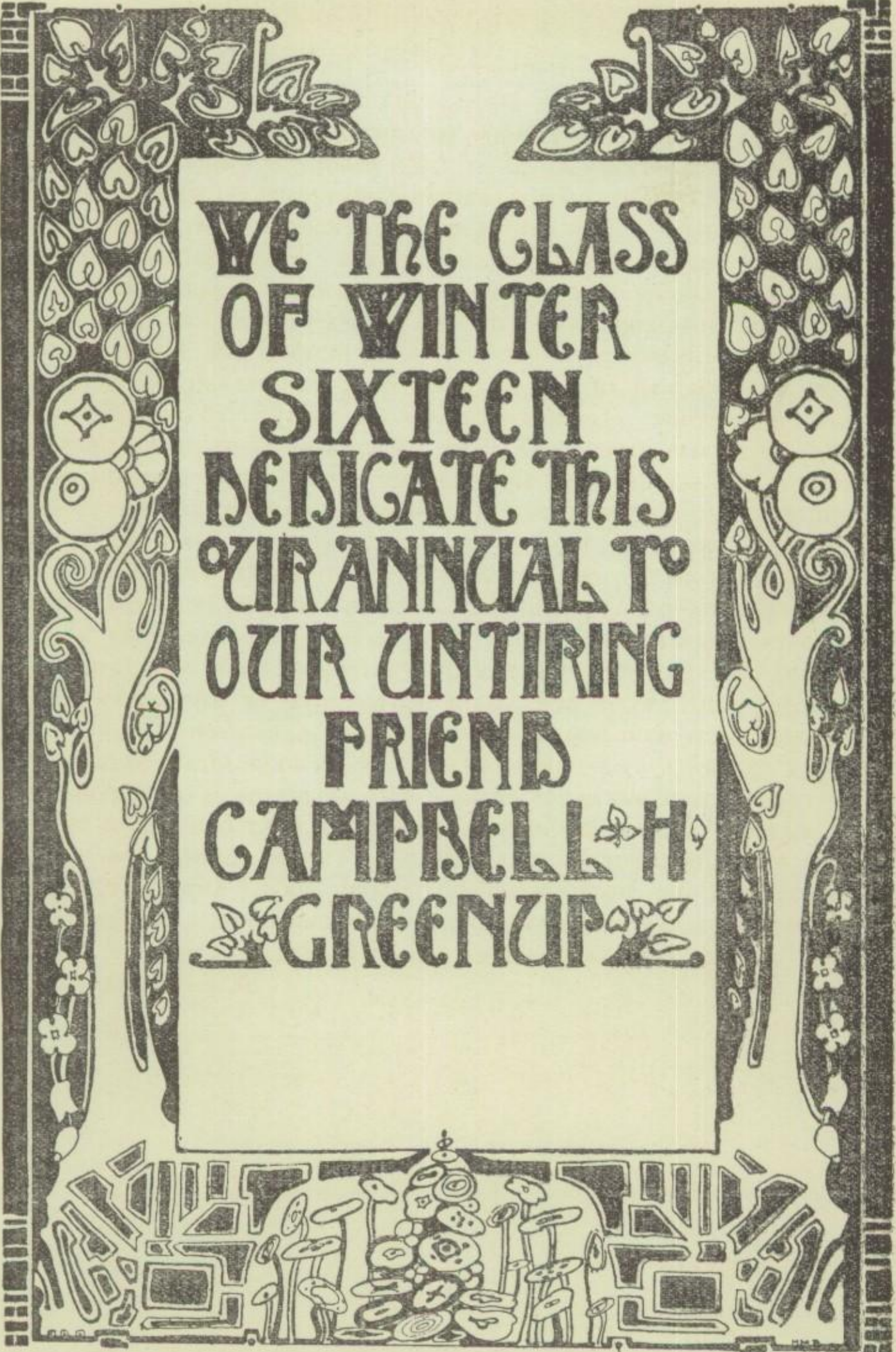
PRINCIPAL

WE HAVE BEEN ADMONISHED TO BE AS WISE AS SERPENTS AND AS HARMLESS AS DOVES. SLUGGARDS, WE HAVE BEEN ADMONISHED TO BEHOLD THE ANT AND THE BUSY BEE. THE OWL STARES AT US AS THE SYMBOL OF WISDOM.

I RECENTLY VISITED AN ALLIGATOR FARM AND RECEIVED SOMETHING AKIN TO SURPRISE. THE ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES WERE SO IMMOBILE THAT THEY WERE PART OF THE SCENERY. I SAW SOME ALLIGATORS A QUARTER GROWN THAT WERE A CENTURY OLD. I SAW SOME ALLIGATORS IN THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE THAT WERE A THOUSAND YEARS OLD WHEN THE CRUSADERS WENT FORTH TO RESCUE THE HOLY LAND. THEY REMINDED ME OF THE SEQUOIAS THAT WERE STRIPLINGS AT THE DAWN OF HISTORY. THESE CREATURES ARE CONTENT TO GROW SLOWLY THAT THEY MAY LIVE LONG. THE CROCODILES SEEM TO BE OPPORTUNISTS. THEY LIE WITH MOUTHS WIDE OPEN IN ONE POSITION FOR HOURS, BUT LET A BIRD LIGHT IN A CAPACIOUS MAW AND IT WILL CLOSE LIKE A SPRUNG STEEL TRAP ON ITS HAPLESS VICTIM. THEY ARE SLOW AND DELIBERATE IN THEIR MOVEMENTS. THEY WASTE NO ENERGY, BUT LET THE OCCASION REQUIRE, THEY ARE QUICK AS CATS IN COMBAT AND CRIMSON THEIR NATIVE WATERS WITH BLOOD. IT IS SAID THAT ALLIGATORS CAN DISPENSE WITH FAULTY TEETH AND GROW NEW ONES BY WISHING. BUT WITH ALL THEIR ADVANTAGES OF LONGEVITY AND COMPLACENCY, WHO WOULD WANT TO BE AN ALLIGATOR?

I EXAMINED THE BRAIN CAPACITY IN AN ALLIGATOR'S SKELETON AND FOUND IT REMARKABLY SMALL. THE ALLIGATOR IS ONLY TYPICAL OF A LARGE CLASS OF SILURIANS AND SAURIANS THAT CONTENTED WITH MAN FOR SUPREMACY OF THE WORLD. TENDER SKINNED AND SOFT LIMBED MAN WAS NO MATCH FOR THEM IN TOOTH AND CLAW. HE HAS WON OUT AND TRANSFORMED THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH IN THE BRIEF SPAN OF HIS LIFE BY HIS INTELLECT ALONE.

A. E. WILSON.



WE THE CLASS
OF WINTER
SIXTEEN
DEDICATE THIS
OUR ANNUAL TO
OUR UNTIRING
FRIEND
CAMPBELL H.
GREENUP



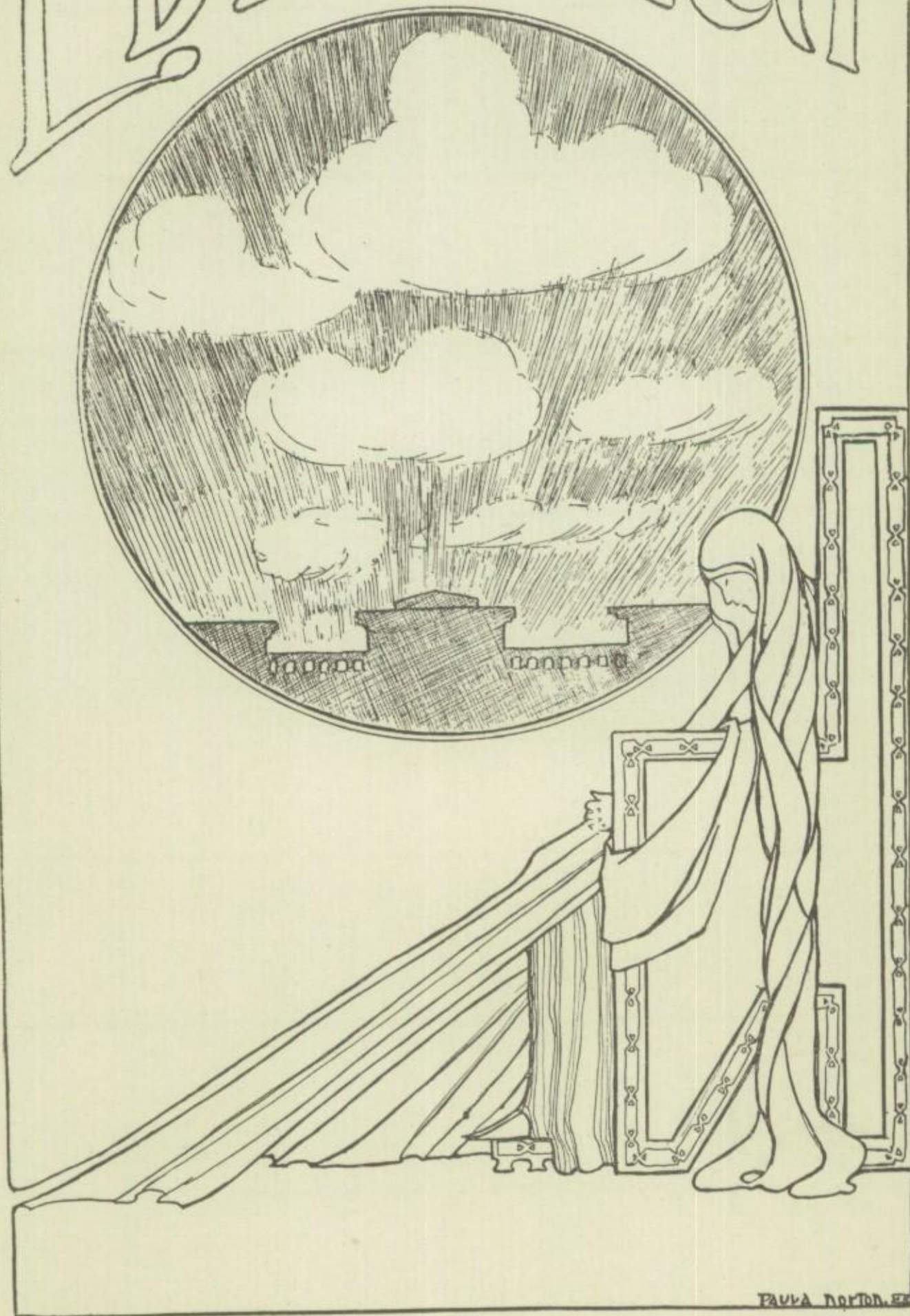
CAMPBELL H. GREENUP

VICE-PRINCIPALS



MARY P. PUTNAM
ALBERT B. CLAYTON

Editorial



ARTISAN STAFF

FRANK LONG	"	"	"	"	EDITOR
RAYMOND DOSTA	"	"	"	"	MANAGER
LOUISE RICHARDS	"	"	"	"	ASSISTANT EDITOR
RUSSELL KIMBLE	"	"	"	"	ASSOCIATE EDITOR
ALFRED VAN VRANKEN	"	"	"	"	ASSISTANT MANAGER
HAROLD COOK	"	"	"	"	SPORTS
ROBERT LEOHNER	"	"	"	"	CLASS HISTORY
IRENE PARROTT	"	"	"	"	CLASS WILL
HAROLD CASHIN	"	"	"	"	PROPHECY
LUCILE STERN	"	"	"	"	DRAMATICS
RUTH STAUB	"	"	"	"	SOCIETY
LORNA CALKINS	"	"	"	"	CALENDAR
VIVIAN SHELDON	"	"	"	"	EXCHANGES
LENORE BARCLAY	"	"	"	"	ORGANIZATIONS
GEORGE COMEY	"	"	"	"	JOSHES
STAFFORD BUCKHAM	"	"	"	"	JOSHES
DOROTHY DARLING	"	"	"	"	JOSHES
CARRIE NEMETHI	"	"	"	"	ART EDITOR
ROY RUSSELL	"	"	"	"	ART EDITOR
WINSTON SQUIRE	"	"	"	"	CIRCULATION MANAGER
ABALONE MEENZHUBER	"	"	"	"	STENOGRAPHER

ARTISAN PRINTERS

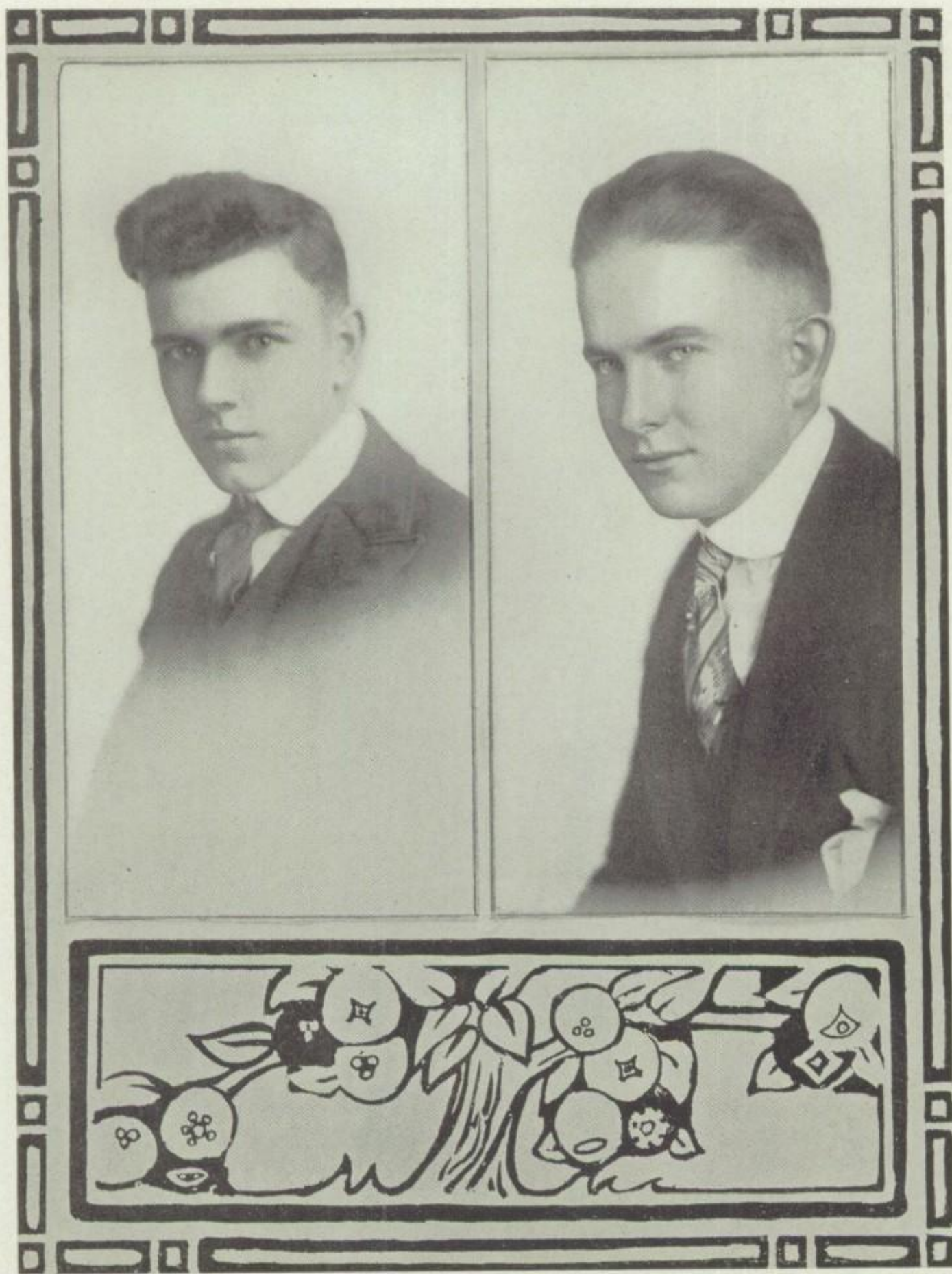
ASHTON ALLEN
 CHARLES BARTON
 GLADYS BIDWELL
 ROBERT BRUCKMAN
 ROBERT COLE
 ELMO CRABBE
 RUSSELL CULLY
 MARSHALL DUNNE
 BRYAN ERNEST
 ROLLO GALBRAITH
 LAURENCE GINGERY
 MAYNARD HANDLEY
 MILTON JOHNSON
 RUPERT LARSON
 HILERY OWENS
 JOHNNY PORTER
 KENNETH RAMEY
 WINSTON SQUIRE

NOW THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO COMPLETE OUR WORK IN MANUAL, MANY OF US WILL LOOK BACK AT THE TIME AS WELL SPENT. OTHERS WILL HAVE MANY REGRETS OVER MISSPENT HOURS. BUT, SAINTS OR SINNERS, WE ALL JOIN IN THE CHORUS OF PRAISE TO OUR TEACHERS AND SCHOOL.

TO PUT OUT AN ARTISAN IN THE FEW MONTHS BEFORE COMMENCEMENT IS A VERY HARD TASK AS WE HAVE OUR MINDS ON MANY OTHER SUBJECTS. SO, WHEN YOU TURN OVER THE PAGES OF OUR LAST WORK, WE HOPE YOU WILL FIND THE GOOD AND OVERLOOK THE MISTAKES.

WE WISH ALSO TO THANK THE TEACHERS AND MANY CONTRIBUTORS WHO HAVE HELPED TO MAKE OUR WORK ON THIS BOOK SUCH A PLEASURE.

GOOD BYE.



FRANK LONG, EDITOR

RAYMOND DOSTA, MANAGER



LOUISE RICHARDS



RUSSELL KIMBLE



DOROTHY DARLING



RUTH STAUB



STAFFORD BUCKHAM



LORNA CALKINS



ALFRED VAN VRANKEN



IRENE PARROTT



HAROLD COOK



FRANK LONG



ARTISAN STAFF



CARRIE NEMETHI



HAROLD CASHIN



LUCILE STERN



ABALONE MEENZHUBER



ROY RUSSELL



VIVIAN SHELDON



ROBERT LOEHNER



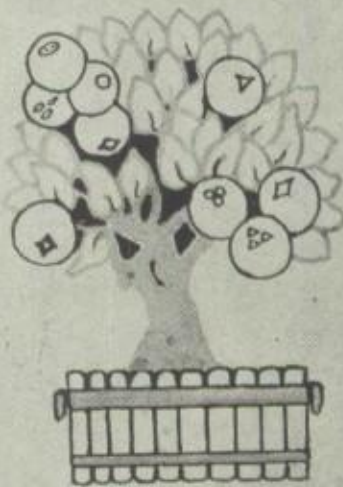
LENORE BARCLAY



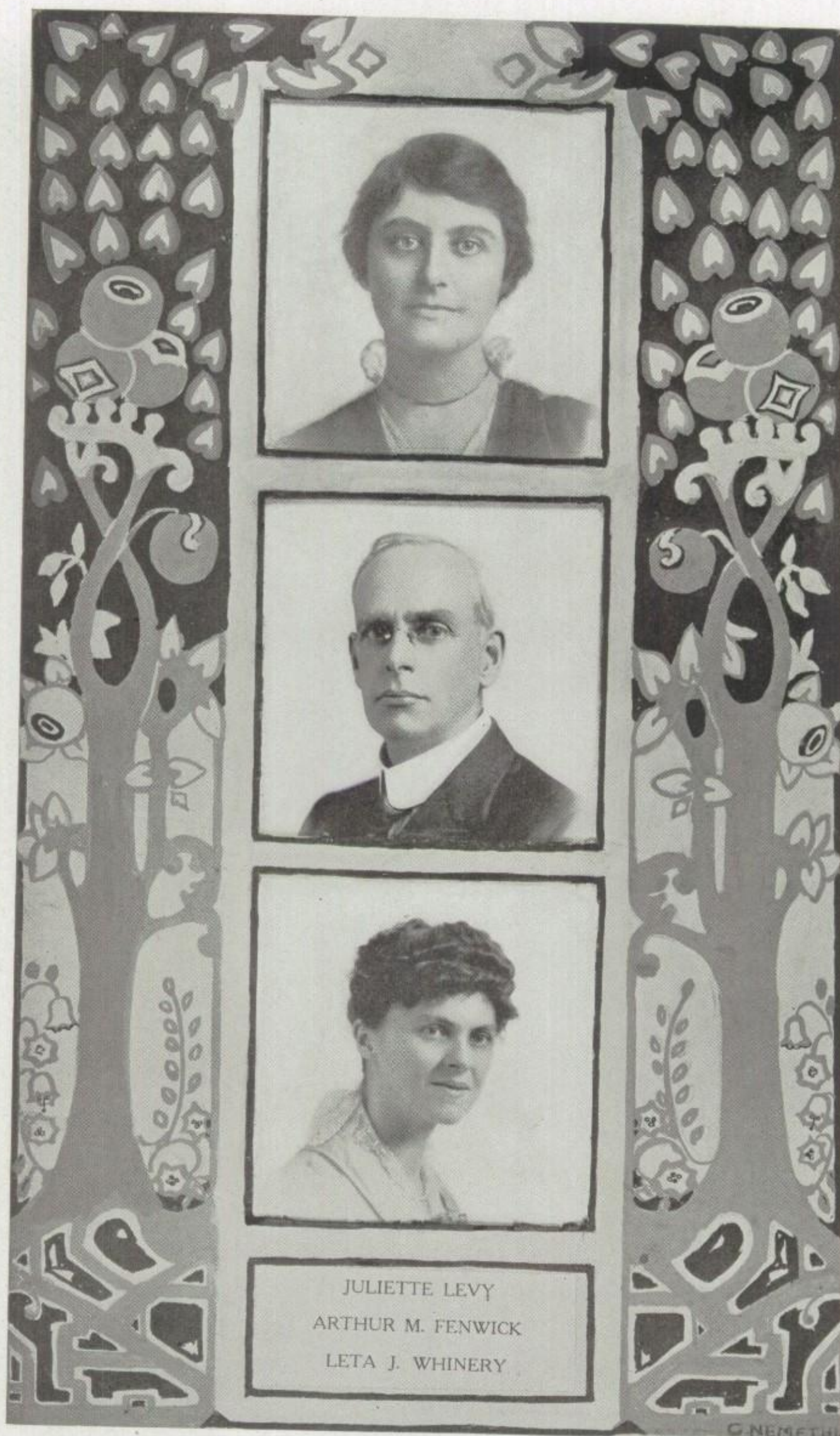
GEORGE COMEY



RAYMOND DOSTA



ARTISAN STAFF

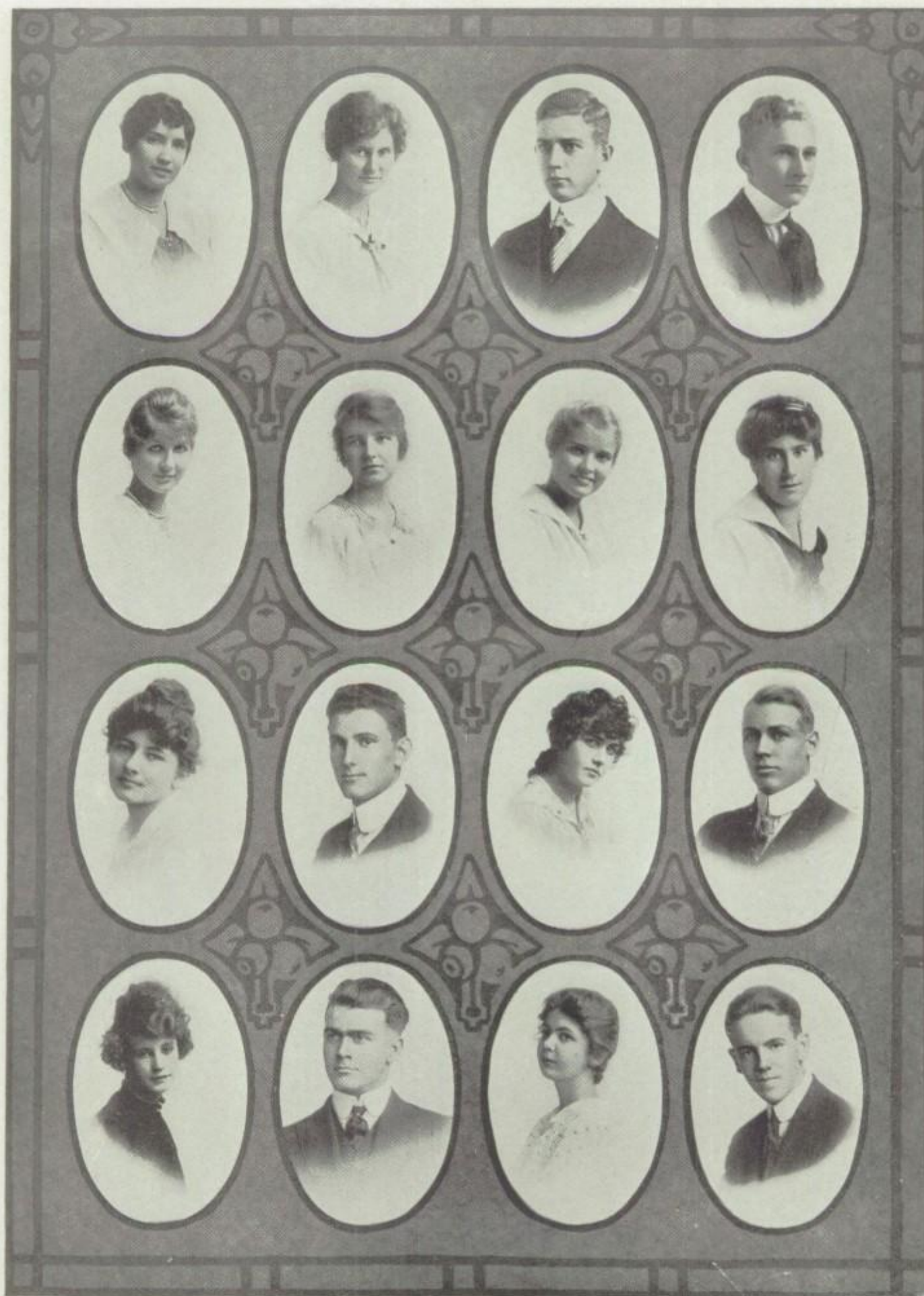


CLASS TEACHERS





SENIOR A OFFICERS

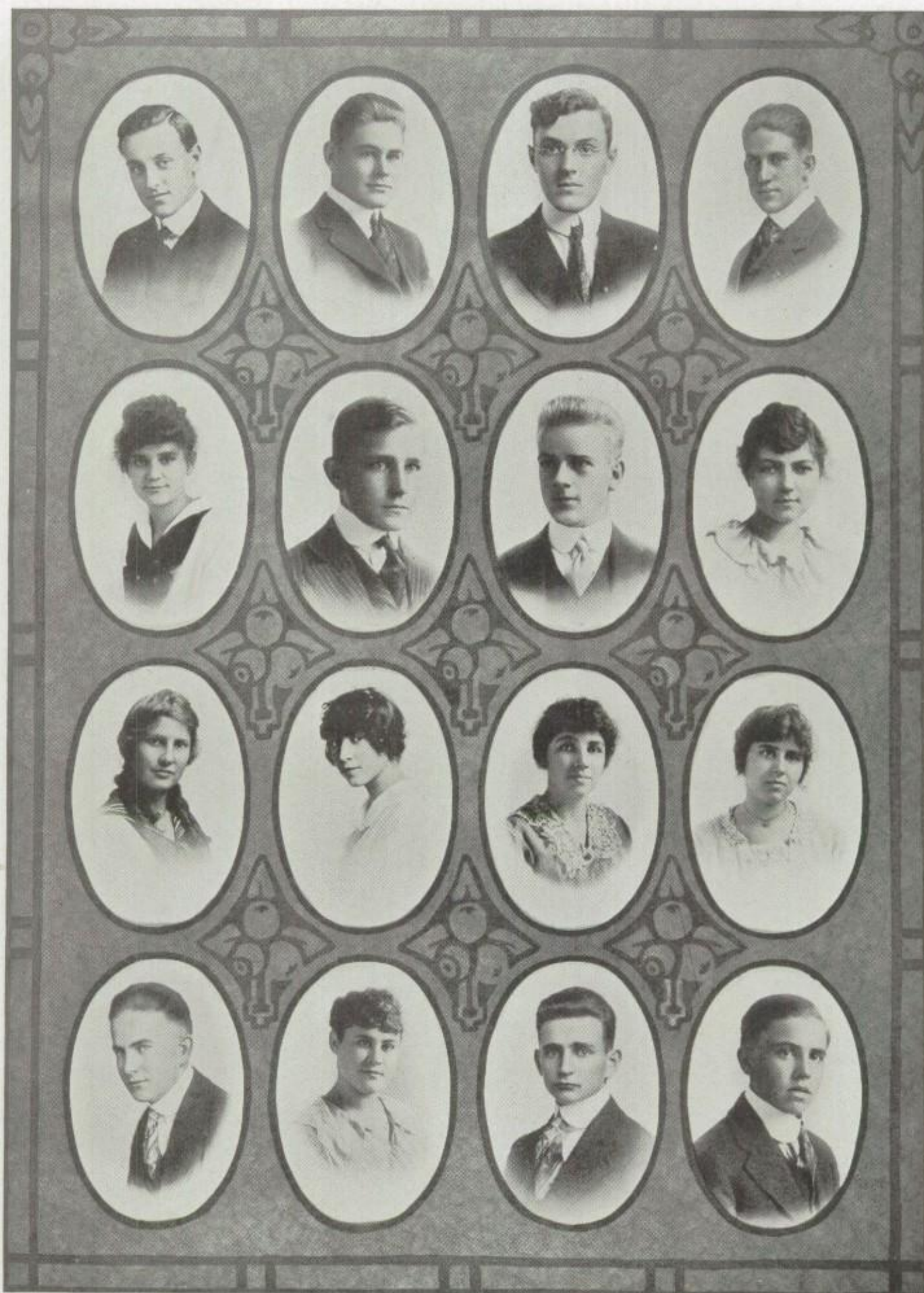


CONCHA ACUNA
ALICE ANDERSON
ALVINA BETZ
WINIFRED BRIDJETTE

FLORENCE ALCOCK
CORA ANDERSON
SAMUEL BORNSTEIN
STAFFORD BUCKHAM

CHARLES ALLEN
MARION ANTENREITH
ELSIE BRAGAW
LORNA CALKINS

PAUL AMES
NELLIE BAILEY
FALLS BRIDGES
HAROLD CASHIN



CHARLES CASPER
VERDA COONS
PANSY DAWSON
RAYMOND DOSTA

ED CHILTON
FRANK DAVIE
HAZEL DEICHEN
HUGHETTA DOYLE

DONALD CLAREY
LEROY DAVIS
HELEN DICKEN
GEORGE DUDLEY

GEORGE COMEY
HELEN DAWSON
DORIS DICKENSON
STANLEY DUNMIRE

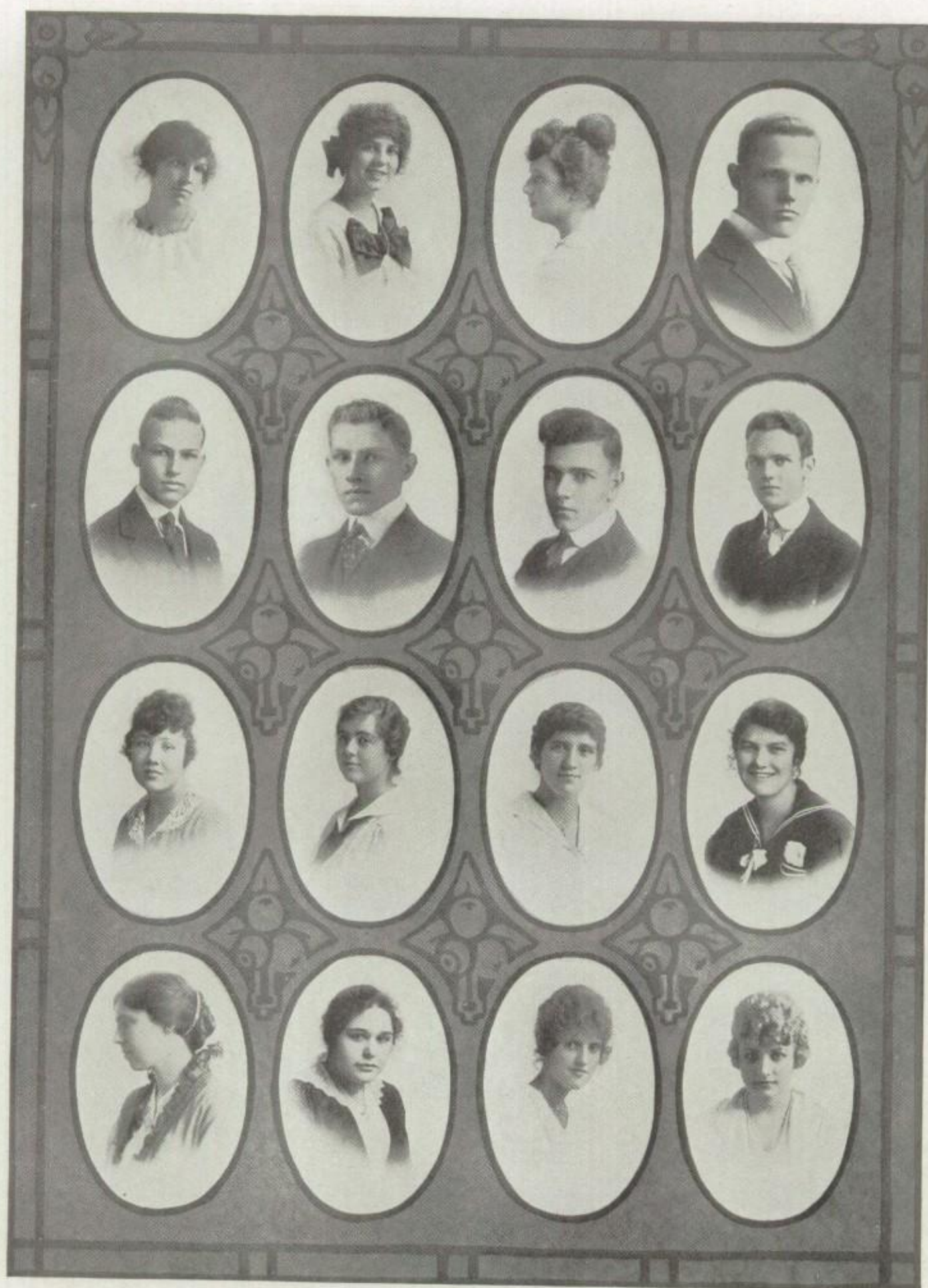


CECILIA EBE
WIENAND ESGEN
LAURENCE GINGERY
HELEN HAMMOND

MARIE EGINTON
ETHEL FERGUSON
VICTOR HORNUNG
ROBERT HAGERTY

PHILIPS EDSON
ELEANORA GRESS
ANNA HOFFMAN
MARIE JONES

ETHEL EPSTEIN
LILLIAN GOODMAN
MILDRED HAZELTON
ERNEST KALTE

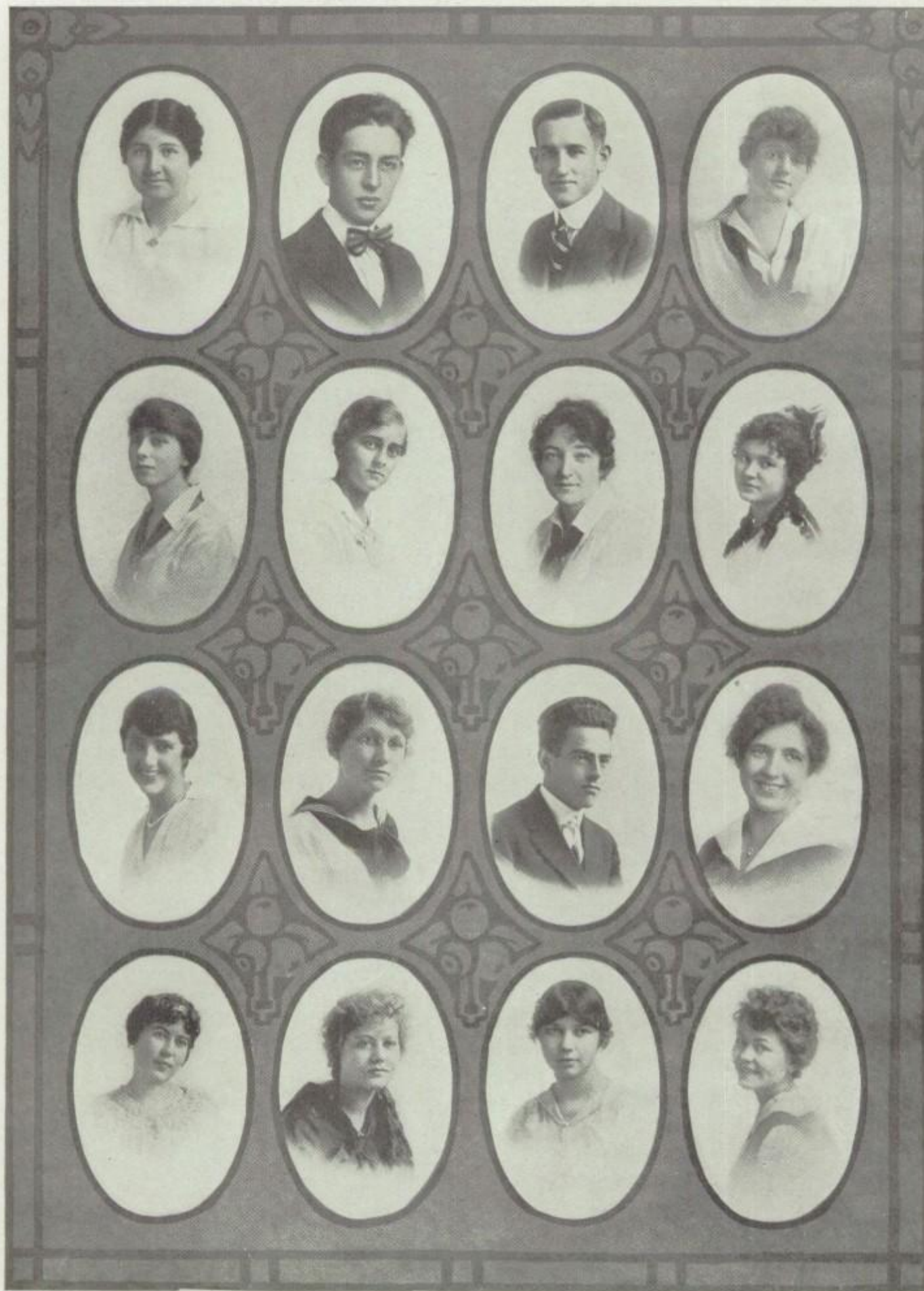


MARIE KULP
ROBERT LEE
BESSIE LOWER
JUNE McLAREN

MABLE KITCHEN
ROBERT LEHNER
KATHLEEN MASSIE
ABALONE MEENZHUBER

FLORENCE LAMER
FRANK LONG
BERTHA McGEE
JUDITH MITCHELL

HARRIS LARSON
J. McVICAR LOVEJOY
HELEN McILVAINE
CARRIE NEMETHI



ELIZABETH NOAKES
 IRENE PARROTT
 MARJORIE PRINCE
 MARY REYNOLDS

KENNETH NORRIS
 MARGUERITE PAYNE
 VEDA RANDELL
 RUTH REYNOLDS

ERNEST ORFILA
 VIOLA PETERSON
 HAROLD RAZEE
 LOUISE RICHARDS

OLIVE PAPE
 DOROTHY POWELL
 ETHEL REYNOLDS
 HELEN ROBERTS



CLIFFORD ROBINSON
 IRENE SCHLOSSBURG
 HORACE SMITH
 ALMA STEINMEYER

ELSA ROBINSON
 VIVIAN SHELDON
 EDITH SNOW
 LUCILE STERN

PUTH RUTHERFORD
 HOWARD SHICKLE
 PUTH STAUB
 VERNON THOMPSON

RUSSELL SCAZIGHINI
 JOHN SLAUGHTER
 GUS STEIN
 WALTER THOMPSON



GRACIE TILLIS
WALLACE WAGY

EARL TOSTESON
EDWARD WARD
NELL WILSON

THERON VAN WYE
RITA WERNER
MABLE YOUNKIN

HELEN VOLK
SANFORD WILLIAMS



WARREN D. LAMPORT
PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY

THE DUSK HAS FALLEN,
THIS DAY IS DONE;
EAGER OUR HEARTS
FOR A LARGER ONE.

YES, ALMA MATER, WE MUST LEAVE THEE,
AGAINST OUR WILL.
BUT THOUGH WE GO, OUR LOVING THOUGHTS
BE WITH THEE STILL.

AND MAY THE SUN FADE FROM OUR SIGHT
ERE WE FORGET,
FOR THOUGH A MILLION YEARS MAY PASS
WE'LL LOVE THEE YET.

C.



Among two hundred others, two scrubs sat on the steps of the administration building, awaiting their chance to enroll. They had camped on the steps for half the night and were almost dead to the world.

A tap on the shoulders awakened them from their doze and they were instructed by Dr. Wilson to enter with the others of W '16 class.

Having been registered with difficulty they started on a four years' grind.

Fully a week passed before everyone was settled down. We ran to and fro inquiring of dignified Seniors the way to such and such a room.

In March, 1912—the year of our stately entrance to Manual Arts—the corner-stone of the Central Building was laid, an event which afforded us scrubs much amusement. The Administration Building stands to this day with the names of the W'16 Class hidden within its corner-stone.

Another important epoch of our history dates back to March, 1912, when our Track Team made its debut in the City League. Many of W'16 were seen trying out for the team.

Among the most noted of our track stars is Don Stewart, who has the reputation of being the best all round athlete in Manual Arts. We are proud of the field records of Don Stewart, and of our chain-lightning sprinter, "Red" Larson.

In basket ball, the class of W'16 claims the fastest team in the history of the school. Among our heroes in this sport are Earl Tosteson, Donald Clary, Wallace Waggy, Don Stewart, and Kenneth Norris. Not only can this quintet outplay any class in the school, but they also bid fair to win from any high school "Five" in the city.

In base ball we have Theron Van Wye, Captain of the school team last year, Jesse Lovejoy, and Don Stewart.

In October, 1915, the Senior A football team gave the Senior B's their hardest fight of the season, a 0—0 score. At this game the class of W'16 turned out in full force and rooted for their team.

Our football stars are Earl Tosteson, Stafford Buckham, "Red" Larson, Falls Bridges, and Ed Chilton.

In the old days of our beginnings at Manual, we had no side walks, no gardens, no paved streets, and very few seniors.

On the first Arbor Day, we scrubs saw the first trees scattered about the campus by the different classes and societies.

In the latter part of our Freshman year the Vermont car line was extended from Santa Barbara Avenue to our school. This extension added greatly to our few conveniences. Those were the days when there was nothing but bare fields across the street from the school.

When school began in the fall, we found the central building practically completed, and we promptly abandoned the old machine shop, with its stage built upon the boys' wash stands, and its bleacher-like seats, and held our first assembly in the new "Aud." No longer were the girls subjected to the inconveniences of sharing the boys' gym. With all our fine new offices and beautiful arcades we thought we had little left to wish for.

Our career had been marked by many successful class picnics and parties. Most memorable of these perhaps, were the Alumni, Senior A, and the Senior B dance in June, 1915.

Our Senior B day was a triumph of originality. Everyone will remember how our "small but mighty" class marched in with a flourish of corn yellow and blue.

The records of the class in various school activities are a matter of pride to all of us.

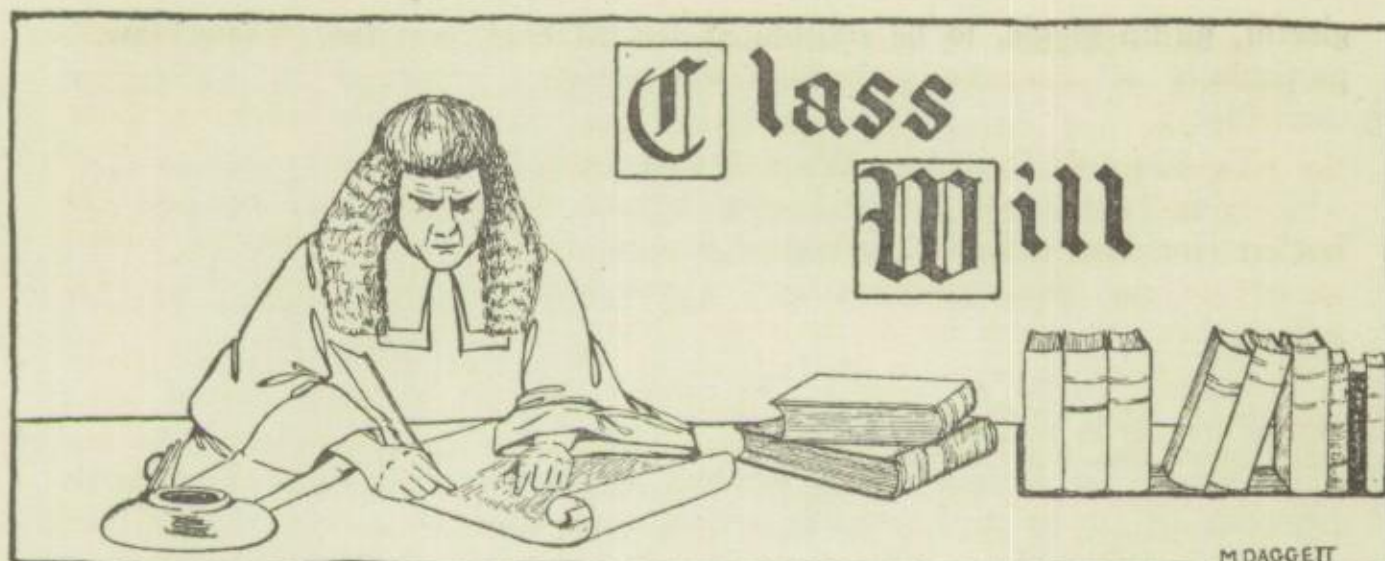
In dramatics we have Irene Parrott, Olive Pape, Helen Roberts, Vivian Sheldon, Jesse Lovejoy, and Stafford Buckham.

Student Body Officers are not lacking in the Class of W'16, for we have Olive Pape, the girls' vice-president of the Student Body; secretary, Cora Anderson; and boys' vice-president, Bob Loehner.

Through our four years at Manual, we have had with us our friend and advisor, Miss Levy. Miss Whinery and Mr. Fenwick joined us last year. They have always worked for the good of the class and have given good advice at the most opportune time.

Our last term has been the best of all. We have come to know each other better and have been drawn more closely together, as our interests center on the same great landmark in our lives—graduation.

Now as we leave our dear friends and pass from this school, we trust that our memory and deeds will remain forever; for wherever our changing fortune leads us, it can never be that we shall forget the pleasant associations which were ours in these high school days.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

We, the class of Winter '16, are about to leave Manual Arts; we hate to give anything away, but upon consideration of the fact that we are leaving forever, and that it will be very difficult for the school to continue without us, we have decided to leave behind us some of the things we have acquired during our never-to-be-forgotten high school days.

First: We will and bequeath to Dr. Wilson the everlasting respect and profound admiration of the entire class.

Item: We will and bequeath unto Miss Levy, Miss Whinery, and Mr. Fenwick, the lasting friendship of every member of Winter '16.

Item: To the class of Summer '16 we bequeath our hall of learning, 329. (May you rest and learn much in its scholarly seclusion. Altho you are twice our size, you will have to strive long and climb high to surpass our Olympian heights on the ladder of fame.)

Item: To Mrs. Farnum we will and bequeath the model behavior of Louise Richards, Alice Anderson, and Lucile Stern, to be used in the future as examples for poor beknighted scrubs. (Many times have we hastened by your office with fear in our hearts and a strained look on our sweet young faces. Now that we are gone we can say "Long live the System.")

Item: To Russell Kimble we will and bequeath any gray hairs that might be found on Frank Long's curly pate.

Item: To Margaret Shedd we will and bequeath our ponderous dictionary, to be taken in small doses and used to confound some hated enemy.

Item: To Harry Lamport we will and bequeath Happy Thompson's highly specialized queening powers, to be used to console some of the girls who have lost their hearts over him in his football suit. (Why do you scorn us, Harry? Don't you like the girls?)

Item: To all the dramatically ambitious we will and bequeath Olive Pape's beloved little book on "How to Become a Famous Actress."

Item: To Lucile Wallace we will and bequeath the poise, modest reserve, and quiet composure of Ruth Staub, our vice-president.

Item: To Martin Zolle we will and bequeath Miss Levy's gurgling,

gleeful, girlish giggle, to be substituted for his cruel mirthless "Haw-Haw," particularly at dramatic gatherings. (Suggestion submitted by auditorium committee.)

To Kenneth Repath: We will and bequeath the tactful manner with which Stanley Dunmire, our treasurer, suavely and persuasively extracts our last cent for dues, subscriptions and other purposes.

To John Petermann we will and bequeath Bob Leohner's anti-fat remedy.

Item: To the president of the coming class we bequeath Robert Lee's tactful manner in calling 329 to order.

Item: To Frazee Burke we will and bequeath Stafford Buckham's pompous air (to be used carefully and in small doses).

Item: To Harry Schoeppe we will and bequeath Phil Edson's ever-joyous laugh and happy disposition.

Item: To Ted Watrous we will and bequeath Jesse Lovejoy's surplus altitude.

Item: To those musically inclined, we will and bequeath Abalone Meenzhuber's art of "tickling the ivories."

Item: To those working for college "recs" we will and bequeath all our precious and well-worn note books. (These, however, should be handled with loving care and preserved for the class next in line.)

Item: To any who may need them we will and bequeath Lucile Stern's extra A's.

Item: To Miss Howell we will and bequeath whatever dramatic ability we may have. (Of course she doesn't need it herself, but she may wish to divide it among new aspirants to dramatic fame.)

Item: To the dear little "freshies" we will and bequeath our dignity and self respect.

Item: To anyone wishing it we will and bequeath Sam Bornstein's nominating ability.

Item: To Charles Toney we will and bequeath habits and manners in Harold Cashin's classes.

Item: To any Senior B wishing to become famous we will and bequeath Jesse Lovejoy's book on "Why I Am Well Known."

Item: To Paula Norton we will and bequeath Irene Parrott's dramatic achievements.

Item: To those hunting musical fame we will and bequeath Russell Scazighini's, Elsa Robinson's, Robert Hagerty's, Anna Hoffman's and Kathleen Massie's places in the orchestra.

To Paula Norton we leave the dramatic ability of Miss Olive Pape. It's up to you to be the leading lady some day, Paula.

To anyone that may need we will and bequeath Robert Lee's little book, "Law and Order in 'A' Classrooms."

To Dorothy Hewes we leave, as fashion models, Marjorie Prince and Irene Schlossberg.

To anyone wishing it we leave Alvina Betz' gentle art of bluffing botany recitations.

To the whole school we say, Goodbye and Good Luck!



TWO BIG REELS

"SEEING LIFE"—EPISODE NO. 1916W.

A series of short trips personally conducted by the experienced traveler, Mr. I. Muir Fate, to the haunts of famous people. The Winter 1916 class of M.A.H.S. features this episode.
One Day Only !! Feb. 1, 1930
Life Theater

LADIES and GENTLEMEN—

Before we begin our little journey this evening to the present haunts of our former friends, we will go back for a few moments to their later school days to see some of their surroundings and their early ambitions. Therefore, the first section of this episode, showing a few scenes from the early part of their last term in high school, will be titled "The Beginning of the End."

Part I—*The Beginning of the End*

Scene I "Moving Day"

That large double door, labeled 329, opens into the home-to-be of our friends during their last term in high school. All is quiet now, but wait a moment. Now watch closely. The passing bell has rung and that pushing, rushing, tumbling, shoving mass, which seems to burst suddenly forth from all sides, is merely the student body hurrying to get first choice in new class rooms.

Scene II—Programmes

We will now enter and see the dignified seniors making out their last programmes. Note the puzzled appearance of all, the worried appearance of many, and the discouraged look of a few. Note, also, the vain attempts of a certain young lady to quell the disorder so current in the room. This

good women, the Misses Bailey, Foster, and Wilson. Here hundreds of cats of all kinds, some only temporarily ill, some afflicted with deafness or blindness, some feeble-minded, and some even somewhat insane, are carefully nursed and fed.

Scene XIII—This is the interior of the Wetecchia District School and the teacher at the front is Miss Mable Kitchen, sole ruler of the twenty-one submissive subjects of all ages. The teacher's habit of controlling people by her not-to-be-doubted word or glance was acquired in high school days and is now of great use to her.

Scene XIV—This gentleman, a spieler for "Porkshopus, the African Whale," a Venice amusement concession, is entertaining a group of giggling girls by an up and down motion of head, hair, ears, eyes, shoulders, and voice. Altho this little spieler (his name is Leroy Davis) is so accomplished, he can not long hold a job, for the show within is continually losing trade because of the attraction outside.

Scene XV—This is a familiar street car ad:

"Don't grow old!! My treatment will save anyone under 90 years. Why be unsightly, wrinkled-up, and crabby when relief is at hand? Write today! All questions confidentially answered. Mlle. Volk, rooms 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, Kidd Building, Giggieburg, Utah."

The following six or seven scenes are all in the business section of Los Angeles:

Scene XVI—Here is the store of the Irish American Clothing Company, Ltd., located at 333 South Spring Street. During the semi-annual bankrupt Sale now being held, it has been necessary to construct those wooden railings in the doorway. The gentleman standing on the curb, waiting to steer prospective customers inside, is the proprietor, Mr. Gus Stein.

Scene XVII—This is a scene in the "Dippydome," one of Los Angeles' high class vaudeville theatres, operated by Miss Rutherford.

Notice the two performers in the midst of an "illustrated" comic song. On the program they appear as "Horace-Smith and Lower-Bessie in 'When the Fish Man Blows His Horn.' " Rumor reads that the above may soon read: "Horace-Smith-Bessie."

Scene XVIII—This little shop is called "Kulp's Kandy Kitchen" and is one of the city's most select confectionery stores. It is patronized by the most fashionable society women, as for example, that extremely well dressed woman leaving the store with her little girl. She is one of the foremost society leaders of Pasadena and has always been a model of fashion in Southern California. Her present name need not be mentioned here, but before marriage she was Miss Irene Parrott.

Scene XIX—This insignificant little shop with a barber-pole in front, is no "barber shop," but is "Ames' Shaving Parlors." The curly-haired shaver is Mr. Ames himself.

Scene XX—That large office building contains the headquarters of the "Civic Sociability Extension League." The list of directors of the organization contains the names of the following of our friends: Harry Maier, president of the society; Edythe Snow, vice-president; and Sanford Williams, manager. Some of the honorary members are Ed Ward, well known architect, and Vernon Thompson, concert-violinist of international fame.

Scene XXI—Here you see the exterior of Randall's Lecture Hall. Every evening Miss Veda Randall, manager of the hall, has some notable speaker. We will enter and see who it is tonight.

This tall and somewhat stooped gentleman, who seems to jar his snowy side-whiskers as he pronounces each word and points to his chart, is Professor Lovejoy, A.M., Ph.D., F.R.G.S. His subject, "The Habits of the Blow-fly," seems to be giving great enjoyment to the audience. Such peaceful repose is not to be had in the softest easy chair at home.

Note the announcement at the side for tomorrow evening's lecture. Dr. Ruth Staub, of the "Weerit College of Mycology," will hold her audience with "The Psychological Phenomenon of Pusillanimous Pessimism." This promises to even surpass Professor Lovejoy's lecture.

Scene XXII—This serious and melancholy-looking building with the fancy glass windows, houses the establishment of "Clarey and Razee," the well known undertakers. Despite the fact that you see no one about, business is fair and profits are good.

Scene XXIII—Here you see the office and waiting room of "Doyle's Auto Service" located in the Los Angeles Grand Central Station. From here taxicabs and "jitneys" are continually dispatched by the owner of the service, Miss Huggetta Doyle. Safety is guaranteed to passengers by employing only women drivers. The exceedingly tall driver, giving her manager an affectionate goodbye, is Miss Marie Jones, a most competent driver. These goodbyes are common with passengers and drivers in Miss Doyle's service.

Some of the other "driveresses" whom we would like to see are the Misses Lillian Goodman, Ethel Reynolds, May Noakes, Marie Egington and Grace Tillis.

Scene XXIV—Here we have a scene at the Los Angeles Speedway, where the annual Auto-Aeroplane races are being held. The first is about to begin; between the Eight Cylinder Monoplane and the Twelve Cylinder "Stringbean," which may be seen on the starting line. The tall, slim driver getting into the "Stringbean" is Howard Shickle, while the abbreviated, rapid-fire aviator is George Comey. Mr. Shickle is not regularly a racing driver, but is manufacturer of the Gaspenstop Collapsible Flivvercar. Mr. Comey however, is a "bird-man" in every sense of the word.

Scene XXV—Here you see the Orchestra in "Allen's Auditorium," one of the West's largest moving picture theaters. Several of our friends play in this great orchestra.

Notice the sweet-faced "leaderess." She is said to have quite a history: in younger years, some thirty-three young men gave suit for her hand, and she, not wishing to disappoint thirty-two, refused all, to remain Miss Kathleen Massie. I can not vouch for this tale, but it is certain that she has rejected

In the following scenes, we shall conclude this episode by returning to Manual Arts to see some of our friends who have taken up the work of their former teachers.

Scene XXXI—Here we are back at the old "print shop," where our friends' last literary effort was printed. You will not find Mr. Greenup here now (he is spending a quiet life raising chickens), but the gentleman to the left, in hard-working clothes, Mr. Gingery, succeeds him. The "Daily Toiler" gives Mr. Gingery no time for "fiddling."

Scene XXXII—Here we are in a Roman History class of which that exceedingly tall, slender person, writing an announcement on the board, is the teacher. Miss Mabel Yonkin, for it is she, has adopted many of the methods of her predecessor, Miss Whinery, particularly her "outside-reading" system.

Scene XXXIII—These open-mouthed students are not gaping for lack of sleep, but are merely practising vowel-pronunciation in one of Miss McIllvane's Voice Culture classes. Besides her school classes, Miss McIllvane conducts a private school in Voice Culture. Many noted orators are graduates of this school. Miss Hazel Deichen, prominent champion of women's super-rights, received her training under Miss McIllvane.

Scene XXXIV—This is a view of a Manual Arts chemical laboratory. This seems impossible without the customary savor of H_2S . The teacher in the "pulpit," with the large spectacles, is Mrs. Ebe. The strained attention of the class is due to the fact that Mrs. Ebe is explaining the "Theory of Electrolytic Dissociation."

Scene XXXV—Here is a glimpse of the Manual Arts Cooking department and the teacher within the "hollow square" is Miss Bertha Magee, head of this department. You may be interested to know that the cooking rooms are no longer located beneath the Arts Building. Hence the Latin classes attempting to devour Cicero, need not have chili sauce and pickles as side dishes, as was done in 1915.

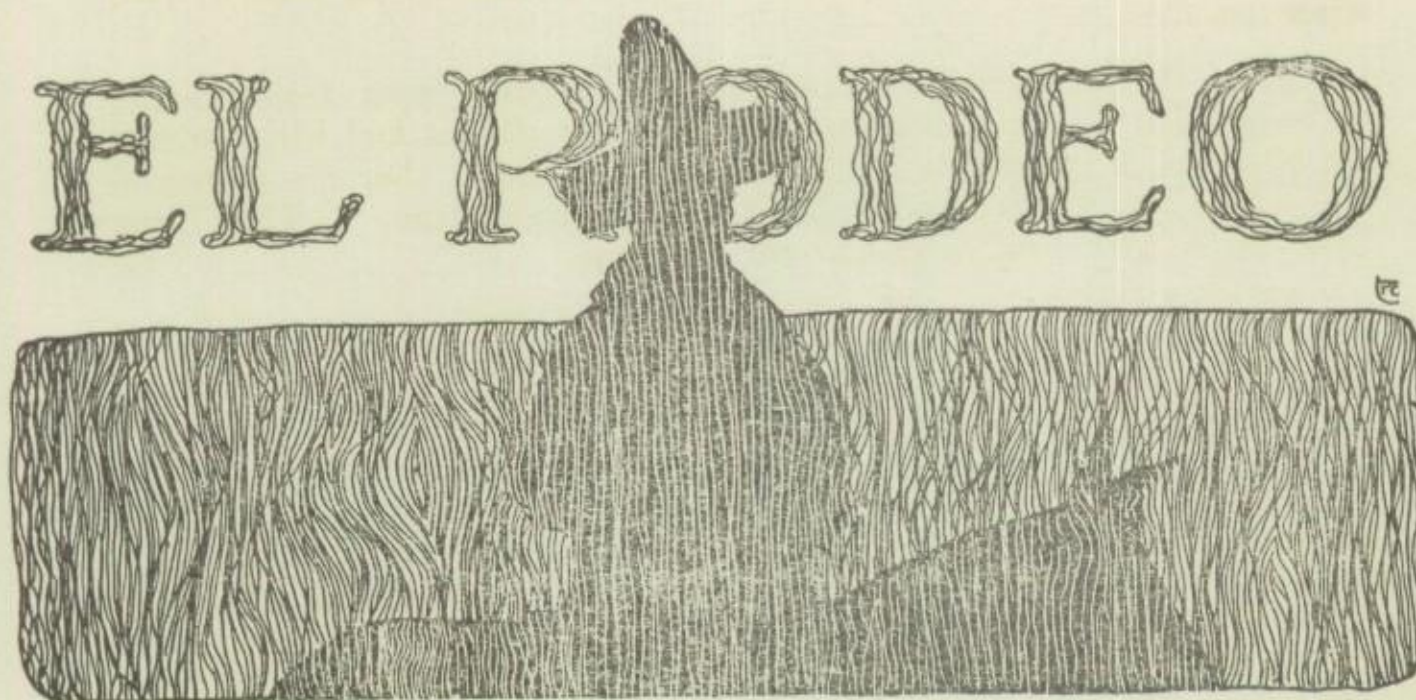
Scene XXXVI—This madam, whose head you see above the black, cumbersome-looking gym suit, is Miss Pansy Dawson of the Girls' Physical Training department. She is just entering the gym to conduct a fancy-dancing class. Sorry we cannot enter, but it is forbidden ground.

Scene XXXVII—This husky gentleman in bathing-suit and trousers is Dr. Chilton of the Boys' Physical Training department. Note the whistle in his mouth and the little record book, the reminder of those troublesome things called "make-ups."

Scene XXXVIII—Here you see the interior of the office of the Girls' Vice-principal of Manual Arts. The person speaking so confidentially to the two little girls is the Vice-principal, Miss Lucile Stern. Miss Stern truly lives up to her name at times, but is liberal with the students in general.

With this, we conclude our program this evening. We hope you may have gained a little information, if not a little pleasure, from this episode, and that you may be encouraged to visit some of your old friends by "Seeing Life."

Good Night!



- ACUNA, CONCHA.
- ALCOCK, FLORENCE S. Senior Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Quartette 4; Self Government 4.
- ANDERSON, ALICE MARIE. Mimerian 1, 3; Self Government 3; Pen and Pencil 3; Cabinet Member Girls' League 3; Spanish Club 4.
- ANDERSON, CORA. Mimerian 1, 2, 3; Gym Club 3, 4; Council 4; Private Secretary to Miss Putman 4; Secretary of Senior B Class 4; Commercial Club 4; Secretary of Student Body Organization 4; Commencement Speaker 4.
- ALLEN, CHARLES.
- AMES, PAUL. French Club 3, 4; Treasurer French Club 4; Chemistry Society 4.
- ANTENREITH, MARION. German Club 4.
- BAILEY, NELLIE C. Choral Club 4; Spanish Club 4.
- BETZ, ALVINA. Dancing 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Secretary Adelphic 4; Girls' Self Government 2; Choral Club 3.
- BRAGAW, ELSIE. Girls' Self Government 2, 3.
- BRIDJETTE, WINNIFRED. Girls' Gym Club 3, 4; Private Secretary to Doctor Wilson 3, 4; Secretary of Senior A Class 4.
- BORNSTEIN, SAMUEL P. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary Glee Club 4; Self Government 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary Self Government 3; Pen and Pencil 2, 3, 4; German Club 3, 4.
- BRIDGES, FALLS. Gym Club 3, 4; Wrestling Champion, 135 and 145 pounds; Football 4; Water Polo 4.
- BUCKHAM, STAFFORD. Artisan Staff 4; League Debater 3; Council 1, 4; Self Government 2, 3; Spanish Club 4; Interclass Cup 3; Senior B President 4; Football 4; Players' Club 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Adelphic 3.
- BOETTCHER, LILLIAN.
- CALKINS, LORNA. Artisan Staff 4; Self Government 4; Girls' League Cabinet Member 4; Pen and Pencil 4.
- CASHIN, HAROLD. Pen and Pencil 3, 4; Artisan Staff 4.

CASPER, CHARLES. Self Government 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4.

CHILTON, EDWARD M. Gym Club 4; Self Government 4; Football 4; Wrestling 3.

CLAREY, DONALD.

COMEY, GEORGE M. Vice-President of German Club 4; Self Government 1; Council 2, 3; Adelphic 3; Artisan Staff 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Gym Club 1.

COONS, VERDA. Self Government 2; Self Government Jury 3; Council 3.

DAWSON, HELEN. Dancing 2, 3; French Club 4.

DAWSON, PANSY HARRIET. Gym Club 3, 4 (President 4); Glee Club 4; Hockey 3, 4; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Rooting Club; Self Government 2.

DEICHEN, HAZEL. Self Government 1; Council 1.

DICKEN, HELEN E. Mimerian 1, 2, 3; Pen and Pencil 2.

DOYLE, HUGHETTA. Self Government 2, 3, 4 (Sergeant 3).

DICKINSON, DORIS.

DAVIE, FRANK. Self Government 3; Council 4; Spanish Club 4.

DAVIS, LEROY WESLEY MATHEN. Dollar Marks 2, 3, 4 (Treasurer 3).

DOSTA, RAYMOND C. Manager of Basket Ball 4; Treasurer of Adelphic Society 4; Spanish Club 3, 4; Manager of Artisan 4; Pen and Pencil 4; Press Association 4.

DUDLEY, GEORGE.

DUNMIRE, STANLEY. Mimerian 3, 4; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4 (President 4); Treasurer of Senior A Class 4.

EBE, CECILIA B. Spanish Club 3, 4.

EGINTON, MARIE B.

EPSTEIN, ETHEL.

EDSON, PHILIPS F. German Club 4; Boys' Glee Club 4; Self Government 1, 3, 4; Trail Club 4.

ESGEN, WIENAND.

FERGUSON, ETHEL D.

FOSTER, EDITH M.

FERGUSON, ALAN.

GOODMAN, LILLIAN.

GRESS, ELEANORA. Mimerian 3, 4; Spanish Club 3, 4.

GINGERY, LAURENCE. Orchestra 2, 3.

HAMMOND, HELEN SOMERVILLE. Pen and Pencil 3, 4; Girls' Tennis Team 4; French Club 2, 3, 4.

HAZELTON, MILDRED.

HOFFMAN, ANNA. Senior Orchestra 3, 4; Orchestra 2; Hockey 3.

HAGERTY, ROBERT. Self Government 2; Treasurer Self Government 2, 3; Self Government Jury 4; Orchestra; Band.

HORNUNG, VICTOR. Self Government 3; Camera Club 3; Trail Club 4.

JONES, MARIE. Latin Club 3, 4.

KITCHEN, MABEL. Mimerian 4; Self Government 2; Vice-President of Adelphic 4.

KULP, MARIE.

KALTE, ERNEST LOUIS. German Club 4; Football 3; Self Government 3.

LOWER, BESSIE. Self Government 1, 2; Chorus 3.

LAMER, FLORENCE LOUISE. Fancy Dancing 1, 2, 3; Self Government 3.

LARSON, HARRIS. Football 4; Boxing 2.

LEE, ROBERT. Self Government 3; Council 4; Vice-President of Adelphic 4; President of Senior A Class 4.

LEOHNER, ROBERT. Boys' Vice President of Student Body 4; Self Government 2, 3; Artisan Staff 3, 4; Boys' Vice-President of Senior B Class 4; Debating 4; Council 1, 4; Pen and Pencil 4; Latin Club 3.

LONG, FRANK. Artisan Editor 4; Artisan Staff 3, 4; Press Club 3, 4; Pen and Pencil 2, 3, 4; Council 4; Self Government 2; Players' Club 4; Student Press Association 4; Weekly; Latin Club 3.

LOVEJOY, J. McVICAR. Senate 1; Student League 1 (Vice-President); Adelphic 1, 2, 3; Players' Club 3, 4; Debating 3, 4; Base Ball Manager 4; Weekly Manager 2; Council 1, 2, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; President Glee Club 4.

MASSIE, KATHLEEN. Senior Orchestra 3, 4; Orchestra 2.

MC GEE, BERTHA. Hockey 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club 4.

MCILVAINE, HELEN. French Club 3, 4.

MCLAREN, JUNE. Vice-President of Latin Club 2; Mimerian 2, 3, 4; Girls' League Cabinet Member 4; Fancy Dancing 3, 4.

MEENZHUBER, ABALONE. Dollar Marks 4; Artisan Staff 4; Mimerian 3; Private Secretary to Miss Putnam 4; Private Secretary to Mr. Chase 3.

MITCHELL, JUDITH ST. JOHN. Spanish Club 4; School Historian.

NEMETHI, CARRIE. Artisan Staff 4; Pen and Pencil 4; Self Government 3.

NOAKES, MAY.

NORRIS, KENNETH. Mimerian 3, 4; Tennis 4; Chemistry Club (President) 4; Senior B Treasurer 4.

ORFILA, ERNEST R. Spanish Club 2, 3, 4; Latin Club 4; Self Government 2, 4.

PAPE, OLIVE ESCOTT. Self Government; Players' Club 4; Spanish Club 3, 4; Fancy Dancing 4; Vice-President of Student Body Organization 4.

PARROTT, IRENE. Mimerian 2, 3, 4; Self Government 2; Adelphic 2, 3, President 4; Players' Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Players' Club 3; Fancy Dancing 4; Archery Club 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Glee Club 3.

PAYNE, MARGUERITE M. Latin Club 2; Spanish Club 3; Chemistry Club 3.

POWELL, DOROTHY RENTCHLER.

PRINCE, MARJORIE. Vice-President of Glee Club 4.

PETERSON, VIOLA MAE. Self Government 1.

RANDALL, VEDA M. Chorus.

REYNOLDS, ETHEL. Glee Club 1, 2; Adelphic 2, 3.

REYNOLDS, MARY PARRY. Self Government 4; Senior Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Secretary and Treasurer 4; Quartet 3, 4; Latin Club; Spanish Club.

REYNOLDS, RUTH.

RICHARDS, LOUISE HARRIETTE. Assistant Editor of Artisan 4; Mimerian 3; Spanish Club 3, 4; French Club 4; Secretary of Girls' League 4; Press Club 4; Latin Club 3.

ROBERTS, HELEN. Players' Club 4; Vice-President of Senior B's; "Snow White;" "Blue Bird."

ROBINSON, CLIFFORD.

ROBINSON, ELSA. Self Government 1; Pen and Pencil 3, 4; French Club 4; Adelphic 3.

RUTHERFORD, RUTH R. French Club 3, 4; Archery Club.

RAZEE, HAROLD. Council 4.
 SCHLOSSBERG, IRENE. French Club 4.
 SHELDON, VIVIAN. Blue Bird 4; Adelphic 3.
 SNOW, EDYTHE. Self Government 1; Self Government Jury 3.
 STAUB, RUTH ANNA. Mimerian 1, 2, 3, 4; S. G. 3; French Club 4;
 Cabinet Member of Girls' League 4; Artisan Staff 4; Girls' Vice-President of Senior A Class 4.
 STEINMEYER, ALMA. German Club 1, 2, 3; Secretary of German Club 2.
 STERN, LUCILE. Artisan Staff 4; Council 3; Mimerian 1, 2, 3, 4; Self Government 1, 4; German Club 1, 2; Pen and Pencil 1, 4.
 SCAZIGHINI, RUSSELL. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4 (President 4); Band 1, 2, 3, 4 (President 3).
 SHICKLE, HOWARD. Council 2; Self Government Jury 3, 4.
 SLAUGHTER, JOHN. Self Government 2, 3; Agricultural Club 4; Trail Club 3, 4.
 STEIN, GUS.
 TILLIS, GRACIE MARION. Archery Club 4.
 THOMPSON, VERNON. Senior Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Junior Orchestra 3, 4; Chemical Society 4.
 THOMPSON, WALTER HARRY. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Council 1, 2; Self Government 1, Secretary of Self Government 2; Dollar Marks 2, 3, 4.
 TOSTESON, EARLE C. Basket Ball 2, 3, 4 (Captain 4); Football 4; Self Government 2, 3; Council 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4.
 VOLK, HELEN FRANCES. German Club 2, 3, 4 (Secretary and Treasurer 3); Glee Club 4; Fancy Dancing 2; Self Government 2; Girls' Rooting Club 3, 4;
 VAN WYE, THERON. Base Ball 3, 4 (Captain 4); Council 3; Vice President Senior A Class 4.
 WERNER, RITA IMELDA.
 WILSON, NELL.
 WAGY, WALLACE. Basket Ball 4.
 WILLIAMS, STANFORD
 WARD, EDWARD G.
 YONKLIN, MABLE R. Self Government 1, 2.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



ADELPHIC OFFICERS



SENIOR B OFFICERS



WEEKLY STAFF



PHIL REYNOLDS



RUTH HAWLEY



JAMES BLEWETT



ANNINA DOYLE



JOHN PETERMAN



MAY MORTLEY



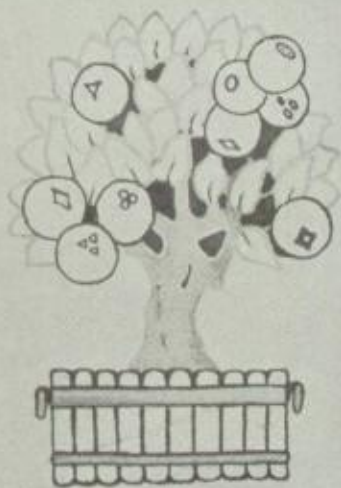
FRANK MOIR



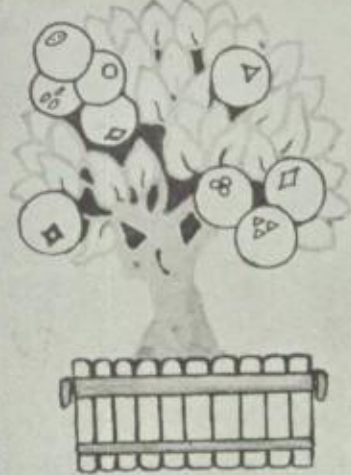
LORENE SPENCER



ELMO LOWE



MARGARET SHEDD



SELF GOVERNMENT OFFICERS



LEROY REESE



EDITH BOSTWICK



ZERELDA WALL



VIRGINIA TITUS



RICHARD COLES



ANNINA DOYLE



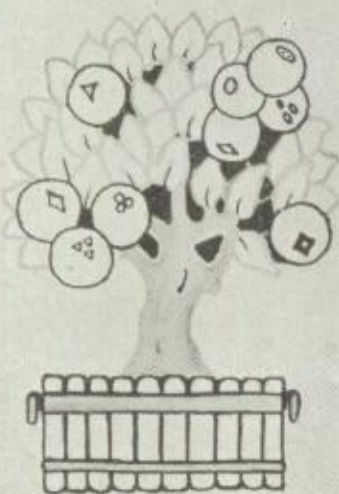
LEORA GRIFFIN



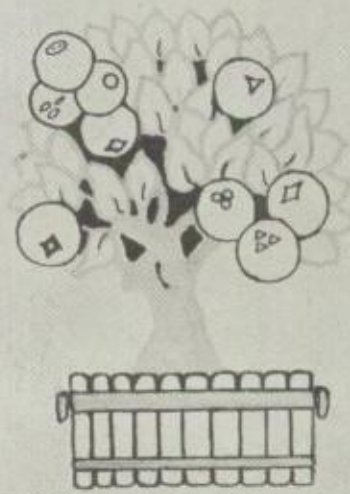
LENA CANATELLA



HARRISON WILEY



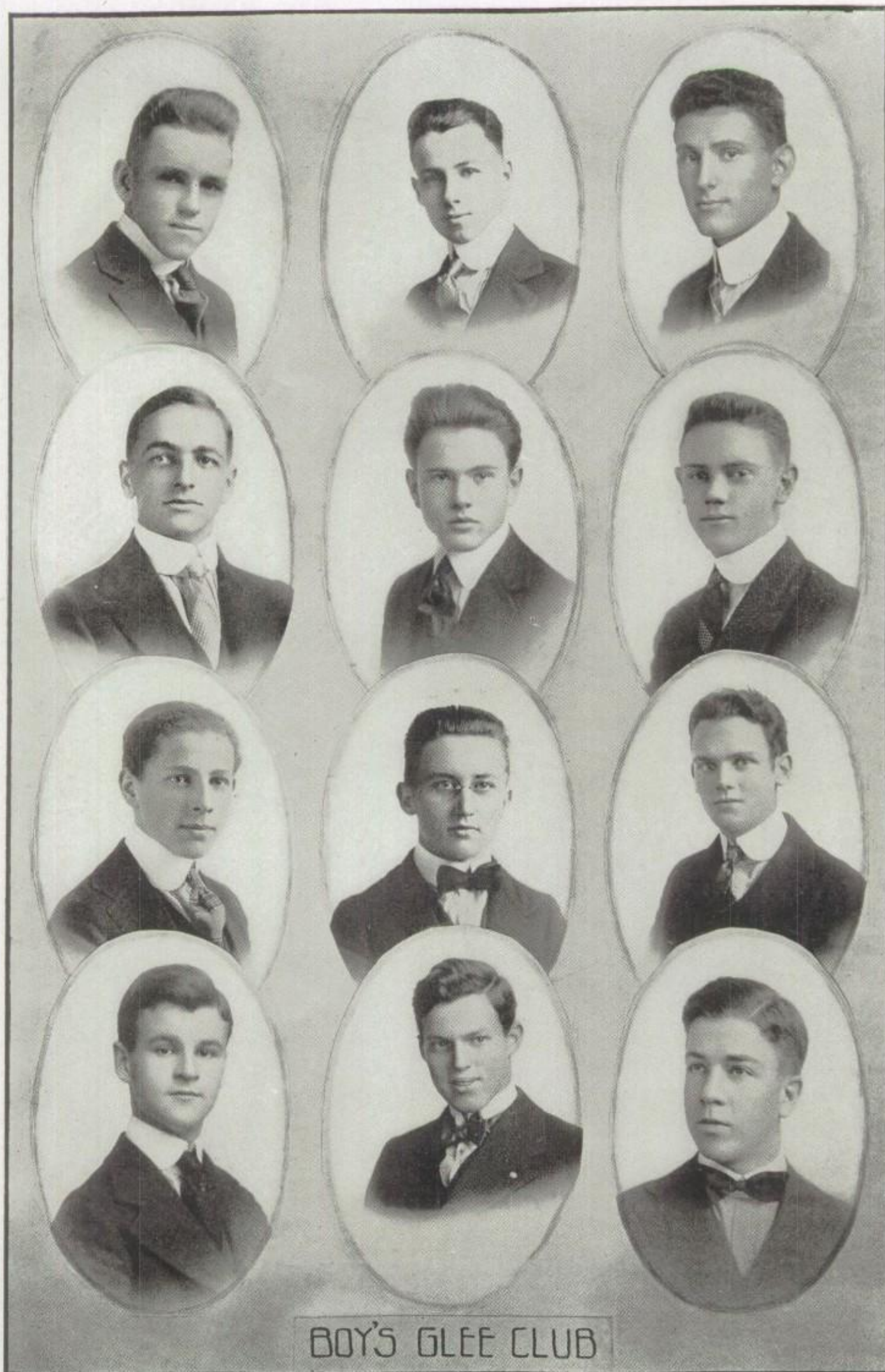
GERTRUDE LEWMAN



PEN AND PENCIL OFFICERS



GIRLS GLEE CLUB



Lawrence G. Hallock



KENNETH BROCKMAN
BOOK EXCHANGE



LAWRENCE HALLOCK
BOOK EXCHANGE



MAYNARD CRAWFORD
ASSISTANT MANAGER



ERNEST PULFORD
ASSISTANT MANAGER



קאונסיל



THE BAND



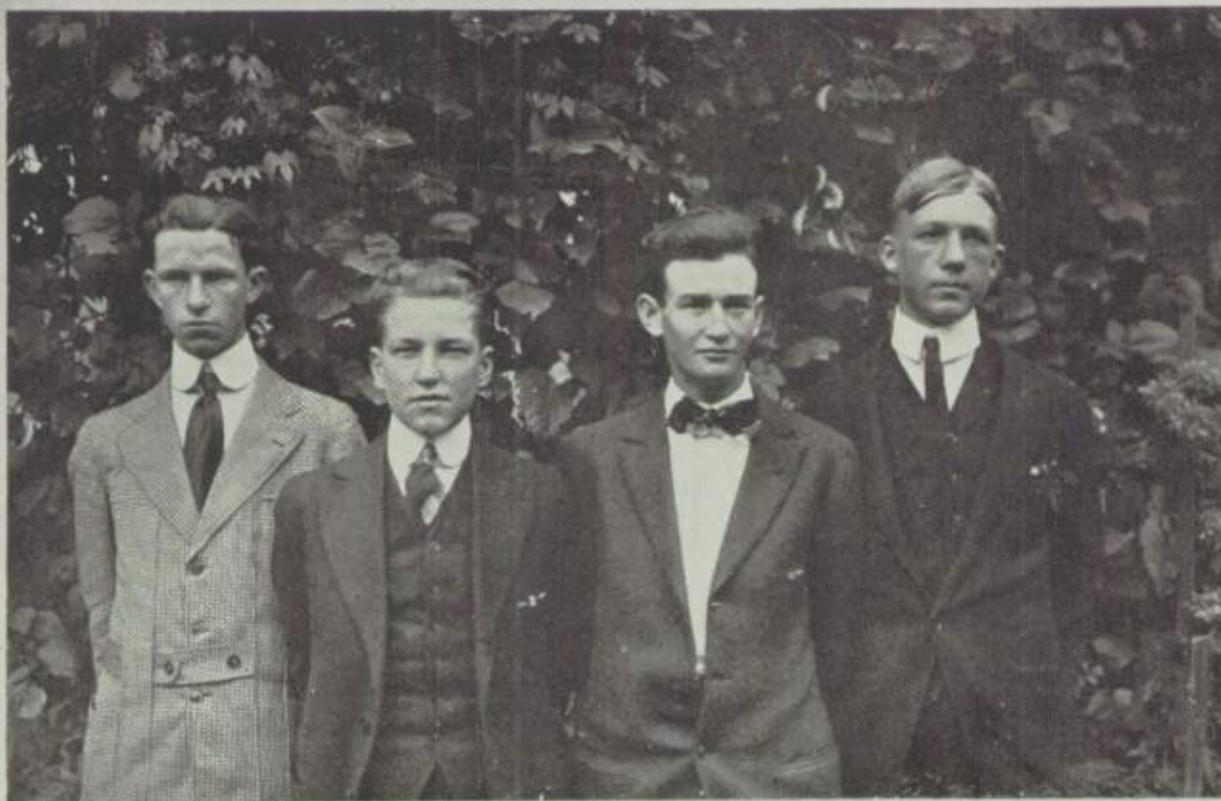
PLAYERS CLUB



ORCHESTRA



RAGTIME ORCHESTRA



COMMERCIAL CLUB

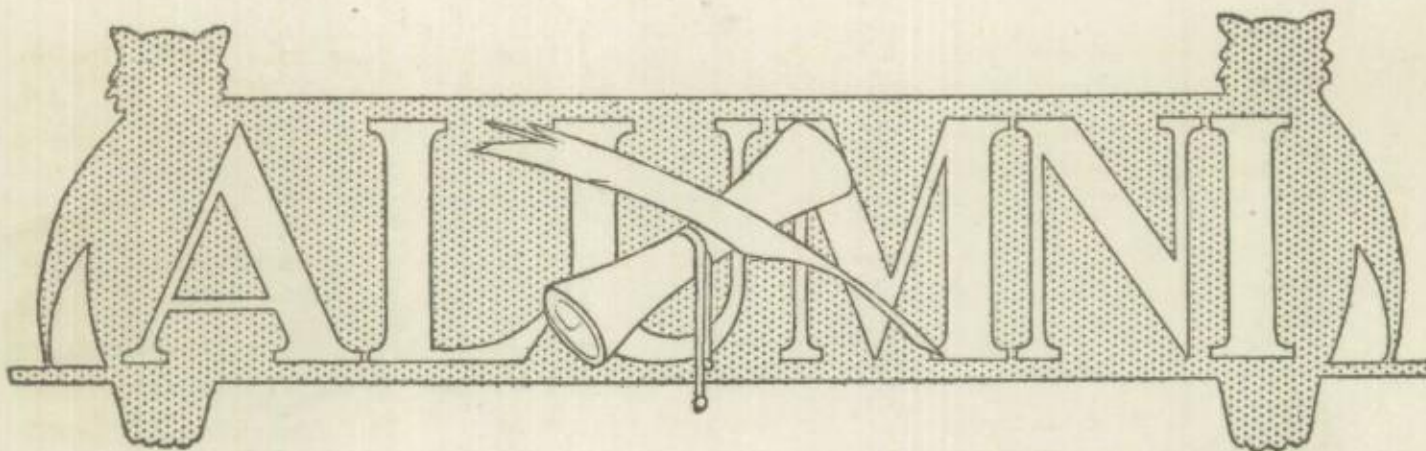


MIMERIANS



Organizations





L. A. Normal School,

Nov. 30, 1915

Dear Frank:

I felt quite flattered when I received your welcome epistle inviting me to write up the Alumni association for you. Use this letter if it is worthy, or consign it to the cold winds and I promise you that it will not hurt my feelings.

I suppose you were at the Alumni party on Hallowe'en so you know for yourself what a worthy president Charles Casey is. He surely did the honors like an expert presider that evening. Long live Casey! I suppose you saw those people dodging around looking as if they were trying to lose some one who seemed to be shadowing them, didn't you? Those poor hunted creatures were trying to ditch the tax collector, or treasurer, Henry Epstein, now of U. S. C. Law. I ran three blocks before he got me and painlessly extracted two-bits from me for dues. He has agents at Normal, L. A. Jr. College, and at Manual, so it is a pretty hard proposition to escape paying Alumni dues any more. Rachael Kimball, at Normal, is vice-president, along with Ray Vandervoort. I believe he is at Berkeley now. Rhea Courtney, at Manual, is Secretary and seems to be keeping track of all graduates to the satisfaction of all. She gave me much information concerning their whereabouts.

Dorothy Smith S '15, and Anita Veale W '15 are now worthy opponents of our illustrious Fred Horowitz at U. S. C. Law. Some of our other future lawyers are George Blair W '15, Leonard Comegys S '15, Louis Kaufman W '15, and Elliot Banks S '15. Herbert Brown W '15 is about our only representative at U. S. C. Dental, I believe. Faye Hughes S '14 is starring in Dramatics at U. S. C. and Willis Allen S '15 is one of the yell leaders there—we have some notable graduates.

There is quite a little Manual colony at Stanford. Goodwin Knight W '15, Langdon Smead S '13, Forrester Chase S '14, Clark Teitsworth S '15 and Paul Williams S '13 are there, while the girls' rights are upheld by Lucy Wislizenus and Winifred Senneff, both of S '15.

Gerald Ryder of S '13 is, or was at Harvard when I last heard of him. Elgy McNary W '15 and Keniston Root S '15 are helping out at Occidental. Helen and Ruth List of S '14 are at Mills College, Mildred Ellis S '14 is at the University of Wisconsin, Clifford Davis S '13 is at the College of Mines

in Colorado, and Amy Phillips W '15 is brightening up Dana Hall, Boston. Throop College of Tech. has three of our boys, Clarence Bjerke W '14, Phil Peterman S '14 and Reginald Coles S '14. Reginald made quite a name for himself recently by winning a scholarship at Throop.

The University of California is well supplied with members of our Alumni. Among those at Berkeley are: Franklin Harper S'14, Angelina Chapman S'14, the Edward boys—Charles and Richard, Ynez Lowe S '14, Lillian Shattuck W '15, and Harrington Brown S '13. Lester Kiggins S '15 is now treasurer of the Los Angeles Junior College. Charles Fulmer S'15, Lynn Newcomb S'15, Charles Kendig W'15, Beatrice Holdridge W'15, and Louise Hamilton S'14, are also there.

There are many would-be teachers. Harry Campbell S'15, Millson Downs W '15, Marjorie Davenport W '14, Viola Lownes S '15, Frances Steed S '14 Irene Swarthout S '14, Lois Booker W '15 and Esther Gleason W '15 are a few of those attending Normal.

The Weekly has had an unbeatable Alumni column this term, and as far as can be ascertained thru it, no Manual graduates have as yet broken into, or out of jail. Friend Morton threatens to hang out a shingle as a lawyer this spring. Well, I never did think that boy would amount to much. Pearson and I are teaching printing at Normal. Never, Frank, never, think that teaching is a lead pipe cinch. Man, I never did respect my teachers as much as I do now, after trying it for awhile. I'll never speak harshly to one again, so help me.

Say, wasn't that party we had *some* party? Those costumes—nuff sed. And that apple cider. They had to carry some of us away from the source of supply by main force. I ate so many doughnuts that I can't pass a bakery now without blushing. Even Dr. Wilson seemed a bit shakey on his feet when he got up to make a speech, after a visit to the punch bowl. On the whole, Normal, U. S. C., U. S. C. Law, the Junior Colleges, Stanford, California, and every other school in the state seems to swarm with Manual graduates. One of them is driving the ice wagon around my place.

Well, time draws apace, as the books say, and I must close before this letter becomes tiresome, if it has not already succeeded in doing so.

Best wishes for the Artisan from

ELMER KING.

SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores compose the solid body of a high school. By the second year, students have passed the period of strangeness, or perhaps even of lonesomeness, and feel at home in the school. During the Sophomore year they rarely take very active part in school activities but seem rather to be developing a basis of character upon which to work in the future. So, perhaps, in the light of character building, the second year is the most important, since in the quiet of that year the principles of life are born and developed.

POST GRADUATE

Old room 215, the home of many former post graduate classes, has once more completed her never tiring task of sheltering these members of the school. The room seems to understand that no one but those who have finished their high school careers are allowed to reside within its doors. A very peculiar atmosphere is present in 215. It is one heavily laden with the fragrance of knowledge which no one but the haughty inmates can appreciate.

There is one person in 215—one who never tires of a task that she holds dear to her heart. This person is no one but our own dear friend and wise advisor, Miss Fowler. Miss Fowler is more like a mother to the post graduates than an advisor.

When the term is over each and every inmate of 215 will feel a great loss at having to part from such a good friend.

This year the post graduate class of Old Manual contains many representatives from other high schools. Nearly every high school in Southern California is represented and not only the schools of California but many of the leading institutions of the United States. Also student representatives from several Universities have come to Manual Arts this year to complete their education.

SENIOR B'S

Of course we are a great class, we of summer sixteen, we of the silver and maroon. Why should we not be? There are two hundred and eighty of us. That is to say, one student in every seven is a Senior B. It is then, quite normal, but none the less highly fortunate, that we should be able to boast such members as Howard Bean, the heavy-weight man, Seichi Isobe, the Charlie Chaplin of art circles; Harry Lamport, Senior B Class President; Warren Lamport, Student Body President; Kenneth Ramey, our nervy football captain; the Reinke brothers of tennis renown; Theodore Watrous, founder of the Players' Club; Martin Zolle, Borneo javelin thrower; Douglas Churchill, the original funny man; Annina Doyle, who does many little things that others shirk; Elenore Barclay, President of the Girls' League of Southern California; Maybelle Newberry, fluent with her pen; Margaret Shedd of renowned eloquence; and Lina Tarault, whose genius expresses itself in song.

It is right and proper that so large a body should send representative talent to all the school activities. We have ground for pride in these and in many other stars that it would be a pleasure to mention. This, however, must be left until such time as we shall put out our own issue of the Artisan.

We say we honor our specialists, but we have also a more basic virtue. It is not merely the cream on top, but it is the richness of the milk below the cream that claims our final attention, because it is that part that is most strongly in the majority. It is our sincere belief that we have a higher standard of Artisan-ship and right to claim more aggressively than any preceding class, that splendid achievement of modern education, "a sound mind in a sound body." But even in this we will not be too blatant of self. We will look with increased devotion

to the source of our well-being and thank more devoutly than ever the splendid institution from which we shall in twenty short weeks go out to meet the world's problems as they should be met. We shall go fitly equipped, because of the social intercourse, friendship, and instruction enjoyed in this school of schools for lives of useful service.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

(A Modest Appreciation)

The Junior class! How important this is may be measured by the looking up of the under-classmen and the glowering glances of the Seniors. These Seniors, self-styled as "it," strut about the halls with as much of a royal look as they can muster. Because they are soon to leave the school, and knowing that they will not be important as college scrubs, they try to put on all the airs they can for the short time remaining.

But the Juniors, the life of the school, understanding well the haughty looks of the Seniors, spend much time on the different activities of the school. And that is the reason why the Juniors lead in athletic and literary lines. They burn the midnight oil, and any club whose mainstays are not Juniors is not worth mentioning.

Our great productions on the stage received their very life from the Juniors, who are everywhere, doing more than their share to make Manual greater.

Among the great and near-great of the school are a multitude of Juniors, but, as they are legion, their names are not appended to this article.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

At the beginning of the school year a crowd of boys and girls, fresh from grammar seniorships, gather in the Auditorium and the rituals of Scrubdom are gone through.

Then after the dust of the scramble for class-rooms has blown over, you know us in Aud. calls by our quietness and refusal to participate in disturbances in said place. Also, we can be identified by our absence from the Bar in the lower hall—when we are out of money.

But suppose, though, that you should step into a Freshman class-room; you would be surprised at the quietness that prevails and the attention to work that is our teachers' delight. The red marks on our cards will testify to the truth of our statement.

No, we have no societies or social delights, for the majority of room locations and those lessons for to-morrow keep us occupied.

But, students of Manual Arts, we are the exponents, raised to the ninth power, of industry, modesty and courtesy to our elders, for we believe in the old adage, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold Fast is infinitely better." So watch the class of summer '19. "By their Fruits ye shall know them."

THE STUDENT BODY ORGANIZATION

Manual Arts began history September 15th, 1911. On that day some seven hundred students assembled to begin their high school careers and to lay the foundation of the greatest high school in the south.

Imagine the feeling in the hearts of those seven hundred. No beautiful surroundings to meet their eyes every morning, except a pumping plant and weeds on all sides. No assembly hall to meet in except the shop, and hard benches to sit on. No athletic fields to train on except a grain field with dust a foot deep. Who cares to enter a school under these conditions? But those seven hundred had the right stuff in them.

Our school has been growing at a tremendous rate from that time. We have not only grown ourselves, but have been the cause of the rapid growth of the southwest part of the city.

Since that time we have obtained the finest assembly hall to be had, the finest equipped stage in the city, the finest athletic field an athlete could wish to train on, and have beautified our grounds. There is something about the hugeness of our school which gives it a different appearance every time one looks at it.

Our Student Body Organization has no equal anywhere. I have found many of the large high schools charging dues for membership in the student body organization. Where this plan is followed only about two-thirds of the students become members.

Our Student Body Organization has been so efficiently organized that no fees at all are necessary. We do not charge more at the gate or at entertainments to make up for this. I believe we charge less at our games and entertainments than any other high school.

And what is the result of this giving everyone a chance to enjoy the Student Body activities?

A school spirit and a backing unequaled anywhere. One football game will show this to be true. Our first game was outside the city. Out of three thousand boosters, Manual had nearly two thousand. I sincerely hope this spirit will always continue.

You, fellow students, have surely given to me a great backing. As a result we have advanced.

I can no longer serve this great Student Body as its head, but I am going to do my best to serve it as a student. Let us be behind our next president and be loyal and I am sure we shall do even bigger things in the future than we have done in the past.

Your President,
WARREN D. LAMPORT.

MIMERIAN SOCIETY

The Mimerian Society has been active during the past term in helping students who are new to the school and who are failing because they do not understand the subjects they are taking.

Miss Doyle, the president, who is an experienced and conscientious worker, has adopted the motto, "Give help to all students who require it."

The study halls have been secured and Mimerian helpers have worked systematically to eliminate the unsatisfactory marks.

Some work has been done in respect to adjusting the courses of students who are not taking suitable subjects.

The Mimerians are taking active part in all school activities and helping to build up all lines of work. Nevertheless all members are endeavoring to put before the school the fundamental principle of academic life, "Scholarship First."

The officers for the past term were: Miss Annina Doyle, president; Mr. Mortimer Kline, boys' vice-president; Mr. James Polsdorfer, secretary and treasurer.

THE COUNCIL

One of the most successful organizations at Manual is the Council. The Council is composed of all class room presidents and the student body officers. The president of the Council, who is also president of the Student Body, is responsible to all the students, and each class room president is responsible to his class room.

It is here in the Council that the laws of the school are made. Here also the school constitution may be amended, the policy of the Self Government changed, or the nature of certain assemblies determined.

To be a member of this organization is a real honor. Each semester a new Council is elected and it is very interesting to see what new laws the Council makes.

The Council this term has proved a success, and it is to be hoped that the future law making bodies enjoy the same success as did the Councils which have served before.

THE ADELPHIC SOCIETY

I wonder if everyone knows what the Adelpic society really stands for? To begin with the word Adelpic means brotherhood, and one of the purposes of the society is to promote brotherhood and sociability between the Senior A's and the Senior B's. It also aims to promote good government by example and Senior control; to promote talent in dramatics and music. This term the society has substantially helped to establish and encourage the scholarship fund.

Our committees, under the direction of Miss Hifle have tried this semester to bring new people before the school on every program and I think we have in some measure succeeded, but yet there is much to be done. We want the underclassmen to feel that they are at perfect liberty to try out at any time for appearance.

We want you to help us to promote brotherhood in the school.

IRENE PARROTT.

DEBATING

Success has followed Manual Arts High School this term in her Debating activities. With a good start in the State League her chances seem promising for the championship of this league. On the 17th of November, Manual's teams met Santa Monica and Poly teams in a triangle debate. The decisions in both cases were 3-0 for Manual Arts High School. Two days later the teams met Pomona and Pasadena High Schools. Altho neither decision was gained, unusually brilliant debating was heard.

Mr. Olmstead, whose voice and words are a model to all young aspirants to the rostrum, has been head coach. Mr. Boughn, new to Manual Arts but a debating coach of broad experience, has assisted Mr. Olmstead in his work. Both coaches are firm believers in the gospel of Work. The debaters, aware of this fact, have spent many strenuous hours in the library delving among documents and encyclopaedias. The management of all the debating interests has been in the hands of Margaret Shedd, who is also president of the Manual Arts Debating Association.

Those who have debated this year are:

Against Poly, Nov. 17: Laretta Bender and Harry Schoeppe.

Against Santa Monica, Nov. 17: Edgar Hervey and Morton Margolyes.

Against Pomona, Nov. 19: Margaret Shedd and Mortimer Kline.

Against Pasadena, Nov. 19: Howard Porter and Charles Cooley.

Against Hollywood, Jan. 7: Morton Margolyes and Edgar Hervey.

Against L. A., Jan. 7: Laretta Bender and Charles Cooley.

Against Santa Ana, Jan. 23: Mortimer Kline and Florence Silvermane.

Against Lincoln, Jan. 23: Howard Porter and Leland Mock.

It is splendid comment on the resuscitation of debating in Manual Arts to note that many of the debaters are entirely new to the debating work. Mortimer Kline has never debated before. Despite this fact he is showing himself to be one of the best thinkers and speakers Manual has seen.

Laretta Bender combines in her speaking, the firmness of conviction and the power of persuasion. Miss Bender's rebuttal is of a remarkable quality.

Morton Margolyes and Edgar Hervey are a perfectly fitted team as is evidenced by the decisions in their favor. Mr. Margolyes is a rare addition to the Manual team.

Charles Cooley, according to all who have heard him debate, is a phenomenon and a whirlwind. Possessing the poise of an experienced speaker, he is still able to sweep his opponents off their feet.

The Pomona debate is the ninth in Margaret Shedd's career, making a record never before equaled at Manual Arts. Swift rebuttal is Miss Shedd's strong point.

Leland Mock and Howard Porter are able to cope with all that they meet and are able to cope well.

Those who receive debating pins this term are Morton Margolyes, Charles Cooley, Mortimer Kline and Laretta Bender.

BOYS' SELF GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION

The organization of the Self Government in this school has been modified somewhat by the adoption of the commission plan of selection for committeemen. This plan arranges for the selection of the most desirable officials from an eligible list submitted by the classrooms.

Under the efficient and earnest application of the officers, the Self Government bids fair to outdo all previous administrations. With Phil Reynolds as president, James Blewett as vice-president, John Peterman as secretary, Frank Moir, sergeant-at-arms, and Elmo Lowe, prosecuting attorney, it is evident that the organization has a most able corps of officers.

To Phil Reynolds as president, and to George Blewett and Charles Casey as commissioners, falls the burden of developing the theory of self government. This development is very slow in most instances. But in Manual's particular case it has been so rapid that we are recognized by authorities as having the highest type of student self government at the present time.

GIRLS' SELF GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION

"Better Self Government," with the emphasis on "Self," has been the slogan of the Girls' Self Government this term. The result has been fewer arrests and better order on all occasions. Probably the most important problem this organization has had to deal with this term, was the order in assembly. With the co-operation of the Student Body this problem has been well met. Another feature of the term's work has been the successful attempt at co-operation between Boys' and Girls' Self Government. President Ruth Hawley, the Girls' president, has been very active in this work. Those who assist her as officers are, vice-president, Annina Doyle; treasurer, Dorothy Brazelton; secretary, May Mortly; prosecuting attorney, Margaret Shedd; and sergeant-at-arms, Lorene Spencer.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

A short time ago the students of Manual Arts, desiring to be up to date, decided to have a fire department. This has not been forgotten, altho appearances probably lead the student body to think otherwise.

Altho nothing has been done to establish a brigade, midnight oil has been burnt and theories developed concerning the needs of this high school. A better method of clearing the auditorium is needed and also a better fire drill.

This movement is to be regarded in a serious manner. There is much to be done.

Thus far, the student body has helped with its usual spirit, and there is every indication of success.

FRANK WICKING, Chief.

MANUAL ARTS WEEKLY

The Weekly is one of the most important institutions in the school. It is the means of conveying news to all in school and out, while it is the medium of expression for the student body. It promotes school spirit and boosts all the school's activities and undertakings.

The development of the Weekly is interesting history. The advance has been steady, term by term, each staff adding its improvements, until now it stands as a model of what a school newspaper should be. The Weekly is perhaps one of the best known school papers in the United States. Letters asking for information and for sample copies come in frequently from schools in all parts of the country that are contemplating the starting of school papers or the improvement of papers already in existence.

The aim of the Weekly is, first, to give all the school news in an impartial way; and secondly, to entertain. One of the most remarkable features of the paper is its large supply of home-made jokes from the humorous happenings in class rooms or about school.

The staff owes much to the untiring help of Mrs. Maynard. On account of her large fund of newspaper experience, she has much to give the reporters in suggestions and inspiration; and, by her encouragement of real newspaper methods, much is added to the efficiency of the Weekly.

PEN AND PENCIL CLUB

The Pen and Pencil Club has been entirely re-organized this term. A new constitution brought many changes. One of the most radical and most needed changes was that concerning the method of admitting members. At the present time, altho the membership is decidedly decreased, all who have withstood the change are worthy of belonging to the only literary society in the school.

Monthly programs have been given during the term. Literary contests have been held, and the successful offerings have been read at the meetings. The party given by the club on October 18 was one of the most charming of the term.

Members have shown a marked interest in the work of the club. The officers are; Zerelda Wall, president; Harrison Wily, vice-president; and Virginia Titus, secretary.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has been transformed into one of the liveliest activities in school. Two years ago there was an unknown organization called the Camera Club, but before this year it was never active. This term the club organized under Mr. Quintin's supervision and has covered the pages of the Weekly and Artisan with clever photographs and snap-shots. Besides taking pictures, some real knowledge is obtained by the members of the club, as the technical and artistic side of the work is discussed in the meetings.

THE STAGE CREW

Romance has forever flown—at last successfully routed by the prosaic scientists. Magic, likewise, they have thoroly taught the world to disbelieve. Both of these, they tell us, have no scientific foundation; consequently we must dismiss them, courteously but firmly. In spite of these earnest people, however, both Romance and Magic still exist. And we believe in them, and have experts to help us in believing in them. These experts are our stage men, those whom we have to manufacture our Romance; and we allow them to do it by the most singularly magic means.

They are very efficient magicians. They can "strike" a mountain top in two minutes; and, in two minutes more, have a fine drawing room before you in the very same place. They shove castles around, break up prison walls, and move whole landscapes with most appalling nonchalance. They are the most arrogant of beings, too—for they have no respect for anybody, royalty or beggary. One is just as likely to see them playing mumble-peg on the king's marble throne, or doing a fox trot up and down the main audience chamber with one of his best blue-stained chairs, as to see them surreptitiously tapping the barrels of the poor tavern keeper. Or, you may spy one of them joshing with the queen, as he leans one elbow comfortably on her grand equipage. The king would never allow this, but he is powerless against these ill-mannered and all-powerful magicians. And they are the most unromantic people in the world. They wear brown jumpers and ragged derby hats.

Their chief pastime is work. They work at all times and in all places. They work up in the hot, stuffy loft until the floor below them is covered with pools of perspiration; and they work on the stage floor all night before productions, going thru all the scenes, until they have everything in perfect running order. That magic of theirs requires a tremendous amount of work. All their work, tho, as well as their play, goes on behind the curtain.

They possess many extraordinary talents. The pride of their organization is the quartette. It is composed of Hubert Baty, Property Man, who sings ultra-soprano; Ray Roney, Electrician, who sings mezzo-baritone; Chuck Wells, Stage Manager, who sings second bass; and Ed Lynch, Stage Carpenter, who sings in between times. All together, they certainly make a "combination that spreads extermination." Their favorite mode of attack is as follows: One of them at work on the gridiron sets loose a single mellow and pathetic refrain about a bonny with only one lung, and the next person below him, in the fly gallery, perhaps, takes it up and sends it forth with another line; then another fellow somewhere else on the stage adds the third line, till finally it reaches a man on the floor, who buries her. Then they join in chorus and sing it all over again. By this time, the building is cleared, everybody else having suddenly conceived a violent passion for his happy home.

Another impressive talent of theirs makes one wonder why they all have not been mustered into the German Aeronautic Service. This is the highly specialized skill they have achieved at dropping hammers, monkey wrenches, and other miscellaneous objects to the stage floor from above, at infinitesimal distances from the heads of the unsuspecting and God-fearing people below. It seems a shame to waste this valuable talent on hammers and wrenches when there are so many bombs to invite one's ability just at this time.

Then there is Glenn Rice, Assistant Property Man, who keeps the crew from becoming melancholy with his fine speeches and his eloquent antics. He is never at a loss to find an appreciative audience in Harry Hammerman

and George Ulysees, flymen. Frank Kreitman, Assistant Carpenter, works and is silent. They know not what great thots he is brooding in their midst.

Last in this galaxy of talent come the scenic artists, Paula Norton, Margaret Jernegan and Perry Dilley. Their work is to take the director's rough designs of the settings, and work them up in suitable form in miniature in collaboration with Mr. Beswick, Mr. Wagner, and the director. Later, they superintend the building and do the painting of the scenery on the full scale. These are comparatively quiet people, their little temperamental quarrels among themselves rarely getting beyond the four walls of their tiny studio under the stage. Their chief joy comes on production night, when, obliviously happy in their seats in the audience, they see before them in succession the total result of all their toil, trials, and tribulations for the many preceding weeks and their dreams put at last into realization.

THE AGRICULTURE CLUB

On October 7th 1915, a number of the students interested in agriculture met for the purpose of considering the formation of a club. After the plans for the future club had been presented and a model constitution read, a free and open discussion followed. Every comment made was an expression in favor of such an organization and before the meeting adjourned a date was set for the election of officers.

The charter members met on the 13th of October for the purpose of electing the officers. Nominations were made from the floor and the nominees voted on by ballot. The result of the election was: president, Dickson Oyler; vice-president, Robert Bell; secretary, Florence Silvermane; treasurer, James Blewett.

The officers immediately made arrangements for the raising of money for equipment necessary for the history and permanent records of the Club. At the meeting it was suggested that our Club send to each agricultural club in the state an announcement of the formation and also greetings from Manual Arts. After brief discussion October 28th was set for the next meeting, when a special stereopticon was given for the initial program.

The Manual Arts Agriculture Club will mean to each student just what he puts into it. Those students who are most ambitious for the welfare of the organization will succeed in their work after the responsibility of each member has been relieved. Not only will the members enjoy papers, stereopticon lectures, and the exchange of ideas; but also social times and trips to nearby industries. An apple chew, or a special feature program will add from time to time to the value of the club spirit.

The democratic spirit which is so prevalent throughout Manual will prevail in the Club. We will work together for the common good of all. Some of the suggestions which will be considered by the members are—1. Conducting of contests for individuals; 2. Establishment of an Agriculture News Leaflet; 3. Maintenance of a Student Employment Bureau. With hopeful prospects for success, and a determination to make good, the members enter upon their new field of activity.

SAME OLD CLUB

A band of Manual Arts students were seen recently at the southeast corner of Eighth and Main Streets making great haste for some unknown quarters. The crowd was followed for several blocks; bits of conversation covered every football, track, and baseball man of any importance in the South. Several "greens" were also on hand, if proof were required.

About a quarter of seven the name of this organized band was learned. It was the "Gallery Birds" turning out to see the Beef Trust Chorus. This club was exposed last year by Elmer King, and has been found to be the most progressive organization in the school. Its chief object is the uplift of the stage—maybe.

The members of this club are too numerous to mention. The officers this year are, Chan Mitz-Fack, Jesse Hategloom, Born Samstein, Buckford Staffham, and Howard String Bean.

Meetings have been held at the Century, Princess, Hip, Regal and occasionally at the Burbank and other high class places.

THE TRAIL CLUB

The Trail Club has become an institution at Manual. During the past term it has completed its organization, taken three hikes, and started work on a ledge in the upper Fish canyon, eight miles from Monrovia.

The camp site procured from the Government is a high, shady plot overlooking miles of mountains and canyons.

Lovers of the mountains and of nature are invariably dreamers; dreamers who dream of taking the beauties of nature and placing them within the reach and admiration of all.

The Trail Club is doing this and when their cabin is complete and garden designed, there are whisperings of an open house at the M. A. lodge.

The officers of the club are: Ralph Barnard, president; Harold Cassidy, vice-president; Ray Roney, secretary. Mr. Newell is faculty advisor.

DOLLAR MARKS

This club, which is called the "Commercial Club" in more dignified moments, was organized some years ago to provide a means for members of the school appointed to financial responsibility under the Student Body Organization, to descend from the heights of responsibility and climb from the depths of hard labor to a common level of social enjoyment. Once or twice a semester these hard working, money-grabbers get together for a good time, either a picnic or a party, or "bless the mark," even a properly chaperoned, very decorous dance. At these times, as in Longfellow's time, the cares that invest the day "fold their tents like the Arab, and silently steal away."

The officers for the present semester are: president, John Kimball; vice-president, Milton Johnson; secretary, James Morrison; treasurer, Paul Anderson.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Girls' League is growing. It has spread thruout the Southern part of the state until nearly every school is united under the Girls' League Federation.

The first convention of the Federation was held at Long Beach, where it was decided that Manual Arts, being the founder of the League, should have the honor of electing the first president of the Federation.

This year the convention held at Manual was a great success. On November 19, about fifty delegates and guests assembled here to spend Friday and Saturday. Dr. Wilson gave the whole day to the girls. The dress rehearsal of the "Blue Bird" which the visitors were permitted to witness gave a unique and delightful afternoon's entertainment. A cabaret supper was served by the Senior A's in the cafeteria.

At the Round Table business was discussed, each school bringing forth its difficulties and successes for the benefit of the others.

The Manual Arts officers acted as hostesses and guides thruout the two days. The Federation officers are, Lenore Barclay, president, Manual Arts; Lena May Horton, vice-president, Long Beach; Lois Miller, secretary, Pasadena; Willmot McKenzie, treasurer, Santa Monica.

Our local work has prospered this year. In co-operation with the Mimerian and Adelphic presidents, scholarship and fun have prospered alike.

Miss Magee has been the efficient faculty advisor, while the cabinet members who have done their part of the work for the various sections are June McLaren, Lucile Roberts, Virginia Titus, Katie Harrington, Lena Canatella, Marie Hills and Marjorie Scott. Secretaries—Louise Richards, Mildred Granger, May Morris, Virginia Davis, Betty Wanrig, Zilpha Walbridge, and Hope Hepburn.

GERMAN CLUB

Das Deutsche Kraenzschen, organized in 1910, to promote more fluent speaking of German, is a delightful uniting force among those students in the school who are especially interested in the German language, literature, and men of note. The meetings, which are held twice a month, are interesting and helpful, the business meeting being followed by singing, an essay, story, poem, monologue, or some other suitable paper in German. Mr. Buehner, our faculty advisor, and Doctor Wilson, contribute interesting talks. Near the end of each term the Kraenzschen gives an afternoon entertainment with dancing, stunts, and German refreshments, to which guests outside of the club are invited. This winter the club has about fifty members. The officers are: President, Ida Bloomfield; vice-president, George Comey; secretary, Katharine Fitch; treasurer, Winston Squire.

THE SPANISH CLUB—LA PUERTA DEL SOL

Miss Lemos, the founder and most enthusiastic booster for La Puerta Del Sol, has left the school, so the club was rather slow in starting this year. The first meeting was to elect officers. The favored ones were, Mr. Dunmire, president; Virginia Titus, vice-president, and Theron Van Wye, secretary-treasurer.

Between them, these three live officers have given the club some good meetings and parties during the term. It is hoped that the next officers will be as successful.

THE FRENCH CLUB

The French Club this year is, as ever, a lively organization. The main purpose of the club is to give those studying French a chance to converse in that tongue. All the meetings are conducted in French. The minor purpose of the club is to promote sociability. After business meetings are over French plays and readings are often given for entertainment.

Miss Levy, who is much interested in the progress of the club, is its faculty advisor. Miss Margaret Shedd is its able and earnest president.

THE SENIOR AESTHETIC GIRLS

Miss Adamson's dancing class has done a great deal of commendable work this term. The dances given in the "Blue Bird" were composed entirely by the class, under the instructor's supervision. The dainty duet presented on Senior Adelphic day by Lenore Barclay and Pansy Dawson was composed by Miss Adamson. Altho the class is too large for much individual talent to be brought out, the work as a whole has been splendid. The program which gives the student body a chance to see these girls is sure to be a success, as nothing is more pleasing than interpretative dances in costume. Here's hoping we have more of it next year.

THE KANDY KOUNTER

A thirty minute rush makes the Kandy Kounter the most progressive organization in school. Each day from twelve-fifteen to a quarter of one, Lewie and Shorty supply about 1000 "goodie" eaters with sweets. Four years ago the Kandy Kounter consisted of several boxes of candy and a few bags of peanuts. Now a complete line of assorted candy is handled. No matter how much the cost is raised or lowered, the price to the Manual Arts student is always the same.

This term under the management of Lewie, this organization has made a splendid showing. About thirty dollars is taken in each day from the sale of sweets.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club has only appeared before the school once this past term, this being when they sang for the Girls' League Convention.

The cantata, "The Fate of Princess Kiyo," which was given January 14, 1916, under the direction of Miss Olive P. Wilson, has kept them busy. The leads were, Princess Kiyo, Cordelia Storey, and Sada, Mary Teitsworth.

It has always been one of the aims of the club to give the best music that can be obtained. The officers are, president, Cordelia Storey; vice-president, Florence Plischke; and secretary-treasurer, Mary Teitsworth.

The members of the club are; Alvina Betz, Hanna Berger, Florence Brown, Martha Emmons, Cordelia Storey, Margaret Cocke, Leonora Case, Isobel Dignum, Irma Getz, Gertrude Seaman, Leslie Smith, Ila Bloomfield, Loraine Noble, Inith Ballenger, Leda St. Clair, Anna Reynolds, Nancy St. Clair, Mildred Tryon, Ruth Ryan, Mina Willis, Mary Teitsworth, Margaret Case, Lina Tarault, Rose Brizius, Bernice Wirick, Carita Moore, Frances Silverstein, Emma Fletcher, Madge Biddle, Florence Plischke, and Josephine Perluss.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club had a serious setback in the sickness of Miss Groves. However, her position was ably filled by Mrs. Stickles.

The boys in the club, thru their earnest efforts, have made this one of the best seasons yet. Some new songs have been added to the library that are well suited to the voices. The club is very well balanced, as there are only four voices for each part.

The officers of the club chosen at the beginning of the term were Jesse Lovejoy, president; Wylie Cooper, vice-president; Sam Bornstein, secretary-treasurer. In Mr. Cooper's place, Mr. Phil Edson was appointed as the third member of the executive committee.

THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club is organized in order that Latin may become as lively, as interesting, and as profitable as any other subject at Manual Arts. The club is composed of students taking third and fourth year Latin and is known as the Res Publica Romana.

The two consuls take the place of a present day president. The aedile is the chairman of the program committee. The duties of the quaestor are those of a secretary and treasurer. Richard Watson and Carol Bay are acting as consuls this year. Opal Beebe is aedile and Gaynol Ramage is quaestor.

The club believes in play as well as work, and gave a most interesting program in the Auditorium for the benefit of the Student Body. "The Pageant of Hades" was enacted. The play was based on the Sixth Book of Virgil and furnished a great deal of amusement to the audience assembled.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra of the school is one of which we can well be proud. During the past year the orchestra has furnished music for many entertainments. The string quartette, selected from this organization, has given several programs and has played for assemblies.

The high standard of these organizations has been reached and maintained by their director, Miss Groves, and her able assistants.

The club consists of the following members:

Claud Griswold	Concert Master
Bourne Jones	2nd Concert Master
Earl Lawrence	1st Violin
Harry Johnson	1st Violin
Florence Alcock	1st Violin
Anna Hoffman	1st Violin
Edward Zuchelli	1st Violin
Lucille Gosser	1st Violin
Ed. Putney	1st Violin
Frances Ostberg	1st Violin
Hazel Ostermann	1st Violin
Ruth Sturgis	1st Violin
Lyndon Ballou	2nd Violin
Virginia Darnell	2nd Violin
Frances Smith	2nd Violin
James Pearce	2nd Violin
Joe Eccleston	2nd Violin
Florence Taylor	2nd Violin
Wm. Launspach	2nd Violin
Marcia Fisher	2nd Violin
Richard Lyon	2nd Violin
Inith Ballenger	Piano
Mary Reynolds	Cello
Russell Scazighini	Oboe
Lewis Korn	Flute
Chas. Casper, Soloist	1st Cornet
Ruth Ingalls	1st Cornet
George Crumerine	2nd Cornet
Wallace Hamlin	2nd Cornet
Roscoe Shapland	Clarinet
Harold McDonald	Drums
Harry Blanchard	Traps

THE RAGTIME ORCHESTRA

The Ragtime Orchestra proved to be one of the biggest factors in all our rallies this year. The orchestra was organized by John Oshanna for the purpose of pleasing the popular music taste in the school. Not too much credit can be given the boys in the orchestra, for they receive no outside help, and do their practicing after school. The orchestra has played at many rallies and social functions this term.

THE CHEMISTRY SOCIETY

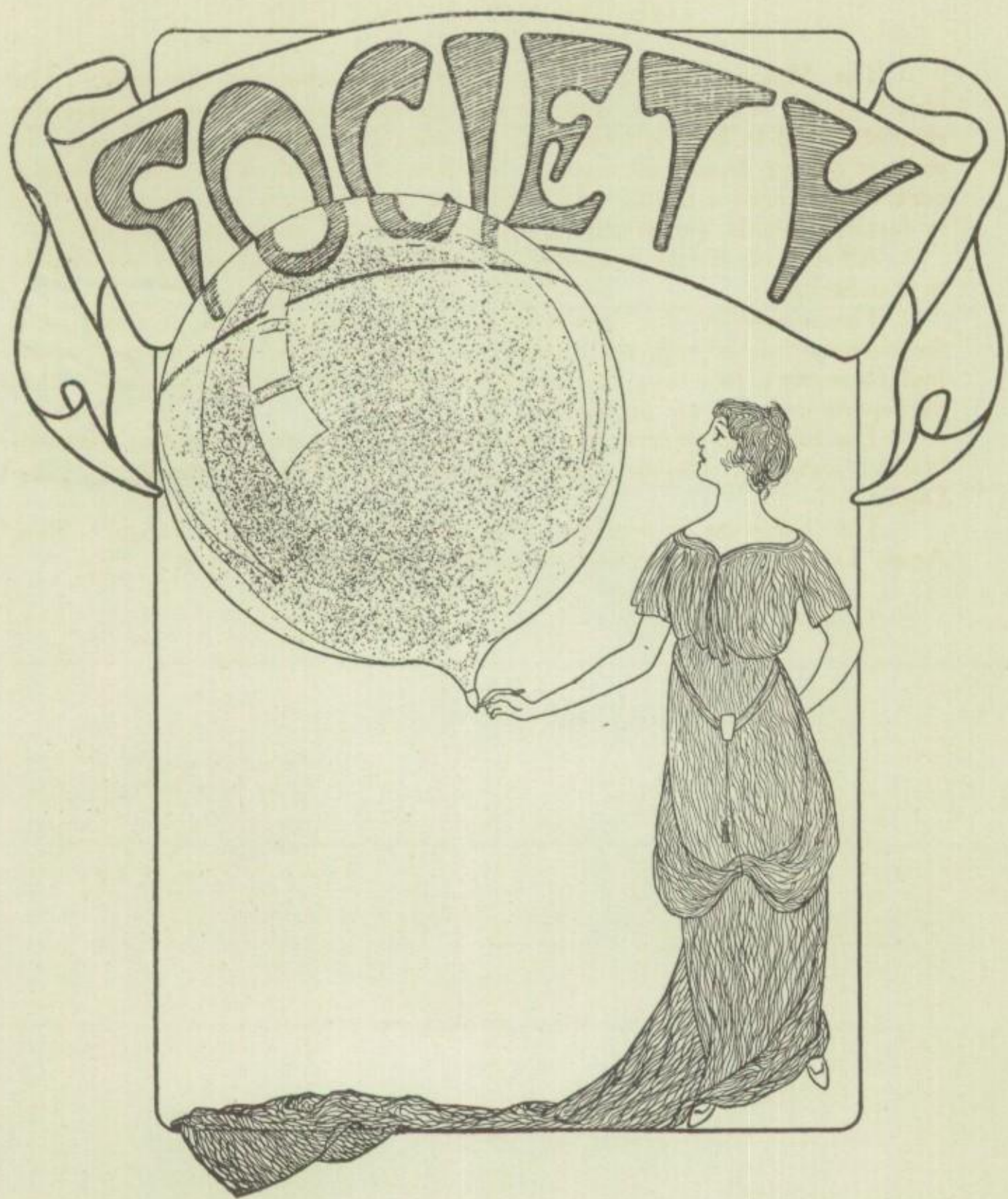
The Manual Arts Chemistry Society was organized this term. The object of this society is to increase the general interest in science, especially chemistry, and to keep in touch with the scientific occurrences of the day. In order to do this, reports are made by members of the club at the meeting, which occurs about once a month. It is the idea of the society to arrange for trips to factories, plants, etc, which would be of scientific interest to the club.

All students having completed one term or more of chemistry are eligible to membership.

The society has but three officers, namely, the president, secretary, and the chairman of the program committee. The last mentioned officer appoints four co-workers, two boys and two girls, and it is through this committee that the reports and trips are arranged.

The following officers were chosen for the initial term: president, Kenneth Norris; secretary, Heloise Cottle; chairman of program committee, Leon Dupuy.

The following co-workers were appointed by Leon Dupuy: Paul Ames, Dorothy Hughes, Sarah Stoneham, and Donald Young.



ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN JINX

The annual Hallowe'en Jinx of the alumni association was a grand affair. The lucky under-graduates who received "invites" were the Artisan Editor and Manager, officers of the Adelpic Society, the school officers and the Senior A class. Everybody was so well acquainted and so glad to see each other again that it was a lively crowd. A short play opened the program and was followed by musical numbers in the form of solos, quartettes and a bottle solo. After the in the auditorium everyone went to the Girls' Gymnasium to have dancing and "cats."

THE THREE-TWENTY-NINERS

On the twenty-second of October the high and mighty ones had a party in that good old trysting place—the Girls' Gymnasium. The "Humanograph," a new invention, was tried out and the patent is now applied for. The class was surprised at having a dancing teacher to show them what was what and what was not what. Dancing by the whole class seemed to satisfactorily conclude the afternoon's entertainment.

THE SENIOR B PARTY

It certainly was an original program which the Senior B's gave at their party on the sixth of November. The program was given in the Auditorium and every one was very much entertained. "The Pursuit of Love," besides being a great eye opener to some of us, was one of the best stunts ever given here at school. After the program everyone adjourned to the Girls' Gym, which was fancily decorated for the occasion. The music was rendered by the Ragtime Orchestra. Fox trots were trotted and one steps stepped and the thirsty ones were refreshed and re-refreshed by a particular well flavored brand of punch.

IN PURSUIT OF A GOOD TIME

The foot ball team was honored with a party in the Girls' Gymnasium on the evening of Saturday, December eleventh. The decorations were very Christmassy and the tree with its appropriate presents was very much enjoyed. The entertainment committee had planned a lot of jolly stunts and those that did not dance were provided for, as well as the dancers themselves. The Girls' League should be given a great deal of credit for the work that they did to make this occasion the success that it was.

THE SENIOR B'S ARE CHARMING HOSTS

The class of summer sixteen gave the class of winter sixteen the time of their lives in the Girls' Gym on the fifteenth of January. The decorations were very attractive, the color combinations being particularly effective. The Senior Bs' are right there when it comes to getting up original programs. The music seemed unusually good and the punch bowl had its usual share of attention. The Senior As' went home feeling that they had been royally treated.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Such a shaking of hands and exchanging of questions as took place at the Alumni reunion on the evening of the twenty-eighth of December in the Girls' Gymnasium! The party was a joyous reunion of old friends and everyone was glad to see every one else. Even the students from the colleges and universities were glad to hie themselves back to Manual. The meeting of old friends was the biggest and happiest feature of the evening's entertainment. The program consisted of that wonderfully appealing play, "The Maker of Dreams." The acting was very free and finished and the setting was very artistic. The whole atmosphere was very good. We wish that more plays of this sort could be given at Manual for we certainly appreciate them. There was some dancing in the gym and everyone was loathe to leave when the time of parting came, for Manual seems to hold a big place in all their hearts.

EXTRA! ALL ABOUT THE SENIOR A'S

On Thursday evening the sixth of January, the Senior A's held forth in the Girls' Gym. This is the last time the class had an affair all its own and it certainly took advantage of the opportunity. The colors were those of the class—panama blue and corn yellow. A fringe of pennants around the balcony helped to make the gym a real cheerful looking place. The program was nearly all musical, the selections being rendered by the class artists in a truly finished fashion. A debate gave literary zest to the entertainment. The extra, a nice gossip little paper, proved to be a very entertaining surprise. The music was very lively and one-stepping was enjoyed. Two very novel dances were given, a match dance and an elimination dance. Both of them were lots of fun.

THE PLAYERS' CLUB PARTY

Everyone saw stars at the party of the Players' Club on the evening of January the eighth. Stars shone in the gym that night because this was that gathering of the people that have done big things in a dramatic way. Each member of the club was allowed three extra invitations for members of the school. All of the cast of "The Greatest Thing in the World" were voted members of the club and the party was given largely in recognition of the work that the cast has done. The alumni members of the club were present and had a large part in making the program a success. The club certainly knows how to put on an entertaining program. Every number was artistic as well as extremely interesting. The gym was decorated with large emblems of the organization. The program was the biggest part of the evening, although a few dances were enjoyed.

CALENDAR



Joe B

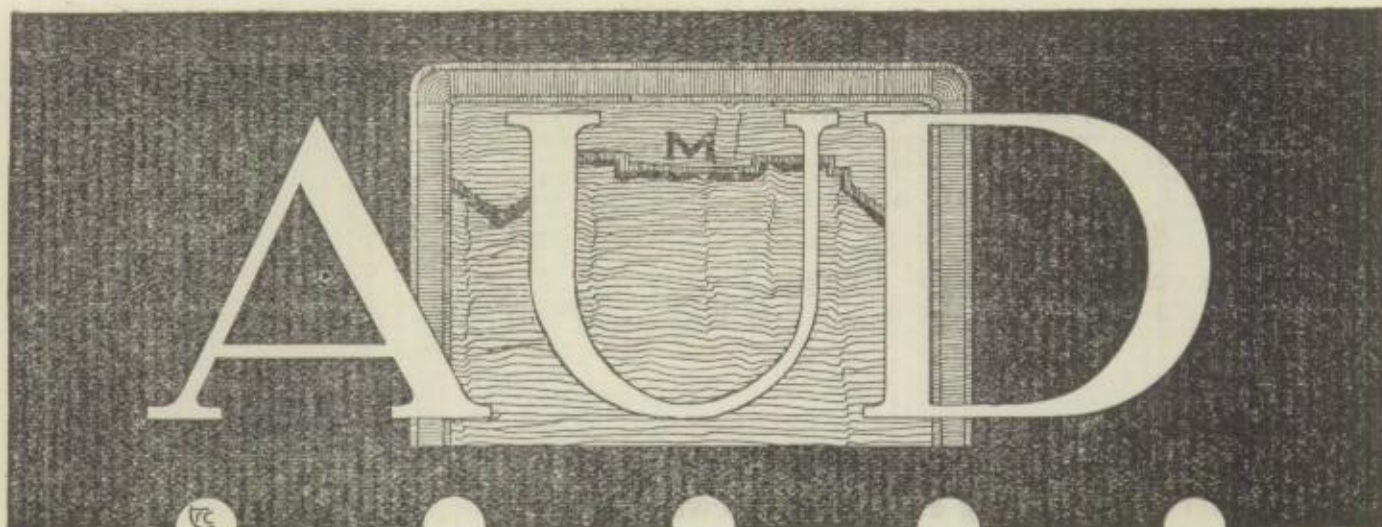
- September 13. Mob scene—five injured—several hurt. School opens.
- September 14. Chariot race thru halls for classes.
- September 15. It runs in the family. Seniors work old graft and get pick of classes.
- September 16. Lamport—Rah—Rah—Van Wye, Junior and Big Stick make their appearance.
- September 17. Popularity of 329 increased. Piano arrives, to the great satisfaction of all.
- September 20. Presidential Tournament. Which knight will be crowned?
- September 21. Here's our toast to King Robert Lee!
- September 22. Football game—On a blackboard.
- September 23. Look who's President of Senior B's.
- September 24. Stafford Buckham delivers gavel to Bob Lee.
- September 27. Adelphic nominations.
- September 28. Oh, you senior B's! Some game, wasn't it?
- September 29. Funeral today! B. A. D. Pest seems to have been exterminated. Buried him anyway to make sure.
- September 30. Senior girls have a private meeting.

- October 1. Camera Day!—Did we get Alvina and Zolle?
- October 4. The P. G's entertain their friends, the Seniors.
- October 5. New addition to Manual's equipment in form of ragtime band.
- October 6. To whom shall we dedicate the Artisan?
- October 7. Mr. Greenup is the Senior's choice.
- October 8. Committee meetings are the most popular indoor sport these days.
- October 11. Irene Parrott is the hard-working Adelphic President.
- October 12 to 14. What happened?
- October 15. Weren't the sandwiches good? Football Feed. (Senior A's only.)
- October 18. Musical composer found in 329. "So long Manual" is Senior's new Song.
- October 19. Manual is flooded—With Unsatisfactory Cards.

October 20. Girls' League Convention is coming.
 October 22. Seniors manage to take the exhibition dancing with good grace.
 October 23. Long Beach is tied to our apron strings 0 to 0.
 October 25. That U. S. C. crowd is some noisy bunch. Do you blame them?
 October 26. The Blue Bird is flying high.
 October 27. The spirits are stirring. Hallowe'en is coming.
 October 28. A "danceless" and "boyless" party. Some say,—"everyone enjoyed it." (Girls' League.)
 October 29. The Poly game. It was great. The Alumni party.

November 1. Nothing exciting but news.
 November 2. Governor Johnson's our friend. Holiday
 November 3. Adelphic program. The Seniors aren't jealous, but S'16 colors are Raspberry and dirty white.
 November 8 to 15. Vacation. Everyone is at San Diego.
 November 15. Half Holiday. Everybody saw the Liberty Bell.
 November 16. All papers out with an "extra." Senior vs. Faculty game. Side remarks with Ohlsson for the hero.
 November 17. What's an Epoch Making Speech? Go, ask Lovejoy! Senior Play Dispute.
 November 18. The Fortune Hunter—The Senior's Play.
 November 19. The Bees are Busy today. Especially the Queens. Girls' League Convention. Senior A banquet.
 November 24. Second Adelphic program. Manual's Movie Stars are shown on the Screen.
 November 29. Everyone is sleepy after Turkey Day.
 November 30. Liberties are taken with the Flag Pole. Senior A's get busy. Senior A's ultimatum to Senior B's.

December 1. Once again, "The Star spangled banner in triumph doth wave." "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Senior A's.
 December 2. What part did you try for? Senior Play tryouts.
 December 3. Olive Pape and Stafford Buckham are lucky leads. Conditional Play Cast announced.
 December 4. Why aren't we So. Cal. Football Champs? We whipped Riverside.
 December 6. Intervention by Neutral Parties. Peace Conference of Senior A's and B's. Pennant regains former shape.
 December 7. What's the matter with L. A.?
 December 8. Everybody busy. Artisan Staff cartooned.
 December 11. Last game of the season. Another victory!! Reception to Football Fellows.
 December 13. Unlucky day—Too much Football Party!
 December 14. Harold Galloway is Manual's Horseshoe for 1916 Football.
 December 16. The Blue Bird. Words cannot express it.
 December 16. Artisan goes to press.
 December 17 to February 2. Good times for Senior A's. The Farewell note is struck.



Who could say our Aud calls were dry? Just turn to the jolly athletic rallies with their tense excitement and think of those noble heroes trying to make speeches, each telling us, "I would rather fight in all the games for Manual than to get up here and make a speech. I thank you." Then those rousing cheers—"Rah! Rah! Manual!"

Our lectures by famed men were few but good. It is certain that we will always remember the forceful talk by Dr. Winship, the great educator who gave us the surprising statement that Los Angeles County had more high school students in proportion to its population than any other in the world. Prof. Walter Mulford's lecture, November 5, with stereopticon views, delighted the audience, and so we might go down the list.

The girls will not soon forget the gathering of the First Girls' League Convention of Southern California, November 19 and 20. The auditorium call introduced us to the various representatives from outside schools which brought us in closer touch with each other. Short but effective speeches followed.

Who was not delighted when the word came, "Adelphic Program tomorrow noon"? We all look forward to the home-talent stunts. These programs have been of a very high standard. They have tried and succeeded in bringing out much new material. Another aim has been to cultivate in us an appreciation for good music and drama. Just to cite a few examples which we recall. "The Fashion Show," that clever little French shop with its beautiful as well as charming living models. November 24th presented us with the Senior B Keystone Comedy with its professional "Ford Sterling" and "Arbuckle" heroes. Also the stage crew gave us a little of that "behind the scene" stuff of setting up a scene in one minute. A song by Van Wye and selections by the String Quartette were greatly enjoyed. A whistling solo by Josephine Landrom took the audience by surprise. Upon another occasion we will remember the little skit entitled, "The Lost Hat," wherein the numbers on the program were, Piano Solo by Mr. Schwab, Vocal Duet by Lina Tarrault and Alvina Betz. The Senior A String Quartette, consisting of Mabel Kitchen, Florence Alcock, Mary Reynolds, and Elsa Robinson, also entertained us with splendid music. Two sweet vocal solos were rendered by Miss Emma Fletcher.

Alumni Day, December 28, is a day which is always one of the most interesting to the students. This year there were a great number of students home from college, and it seemed mighty good to be able to welcome them into our midst again. A program was given by various members of our Alumni. Goodwin Knight, our former student body president, gave us a few ideas about Stanford. Paul Elliott, another once-popular student, represented the University of Southern California. Alfa Siegfried and Adelaide Gosnell furnished the best of music. Then came the opera. All expected a high class, polished production, but ah, not so. Our dignified Alumni showed us that, even tho they attend college, they can still act as children. The voices were wonderful and the chorus ranged from a policeman to the high class actress.

Three of our best known former dramatic stars presented the playlet, "The Maker of Dreams" on December 31st. The names Ynez Lowe, Lawrence Tibbetts, and Henry Reinicke, will immediately tell you the success of the play.

Who does not smile when he thinks of "The Pageant of Hades" presented by the Latin students December 7? That comical as well as tragical burlesque took us on a trip across the River Styx, to the land of torture for the evil doers, and lastly to the Elysian Fields, where all are happy.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"Why, hello, Williams! Visiting Manual to-day? That's good. So am I. Suppose we go out to the print shop and look over the 1915 exchanges this period.

"Oh, I say! Here's 'The Poinsettia' from Hollywood. Pretty cover, isn't it? But I think the cuts are rather small. But say, boy, this book has some josh department, believe me!

"'Copa de Oro' from Fillmore High—hm! Rather a clever idea for the staff pictures. Dandy cuts—and talk about your clever sketches!

"McKinley Intermediate has a rather clever book here, 'Purple and Gold.' Looks as if they have a pretty live school.

"'Cardinal and Gold' from Oxnard Union High is nicely bound even if the color and the name fail to correspond. They have some dandy stories here all right and I like the way things are arranged.

"Say, boy, here's a dandy book, 'The Summary,' from Los Nietos Valley Union High. 'Senior Totems' sure is some clever idea. Chance for improvement in the literary department.

"Most of the 'Blue and Gold,' Fourteenth Intermediate, is devoted to the literary department. It would be more interesting if they had a few more cuts.

"Here's a book that's decidedly different from the rest. 'The Class Scribe,' from Oakland Technical High School. Its originality makes it interesting.

"Here is 'La Revista' from Ventura. Can't say that I admire their cover. They have too many blank pages, but the josh and exchange departments are especially good.

"'Olive and Gold' from Santa Barbara, has a great sport department.

"Huntington Beach has a clever book, 'The Caldron.' It has an especially good literary department.

"'The Montrovia' has a fine cover and splendid picture arrangement.

"'The Tiger,' Hastings High School, has some fine pictures. Not enough stories.

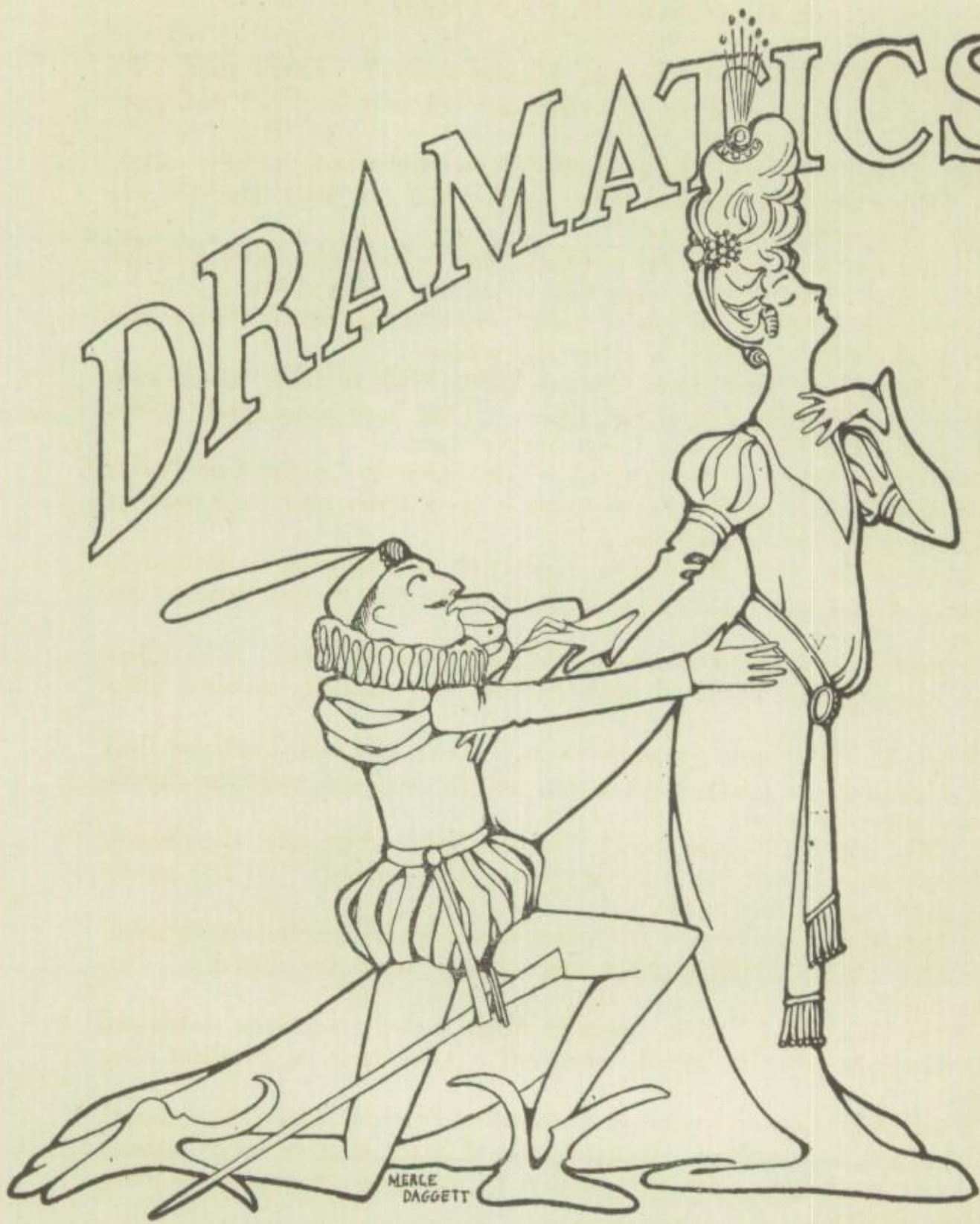
"'The Guard and Tackle,' Stockton High, is sadly lacking in joshes and I think the cover might be greatly improved. They have an excellent class prophecy.

"I will surely take off my hat to 'Polytechnic Student' literary department! They sure have some stories! A great deal of space is given up to pictures but they are good ones. All they need is an exchange department to make their book complete.

"Sentous Intermediate has an interesting little book here, the 'Brown and Gold,' but the very first page contains an advertisement which spoils the appearance. They might also improve on their josh department.

"Well, Bill, here's hoping a few more of these annuals will adopt an exchange department. It's interesting to hear yourself criticized."

DRAMATICS



"I can see how you could put on such an artistic and finished production with the collaboration of so many intelligences; but I can not see how you could do it on the money you spent." This was Henry Warnack's comment on Manual's production of the "Blue Bird." Likewise, comments came from many other people on the same production. By this, the term's big play, Manual put herself on the map as having a professional standard.

There have been fewer plays this year, but their quality has been unsurpassable. Miss Howell, coming back from a year in New York, had a great fund of ideas and inspiration. And under her stagecraft class, the costume class and the dramatic classes have performed wonders this year. The "Blue Bird" was essentially a homemade product, both the scenery and costumes having been made in the school.

"The Blue Bird" and "Fortune Hunter" were the big masterpieces of the term, but the other little classic was "The Maker of Dreams," which was given by the Alumni when they were here. The principal parts were taken by Inez Lowe, Laurence Tibbet, and Henry Rienicke, and was acted most admirably by these three old favorites.

THE BLUE BIRD

"It is blue, blue, blue—as a blue glass marble!" cries Tyltyl as he finds a blue bird in his grandfather's memory cottage. As James Polsdorfer gave these, perhaps the most beautiful lines in Manual's most beautiful play, "The Blue Bird;" as the boy's exquisite voice almost seemed to sing these lines, an audible tremor of delight went thru the audience: "Perfect, perfect, perfect."

Indeed it almost seemed that perfection had been reached at the fourth performance of the "Blue Bird," Friday evening, December 17.

Preceding the play, carefully and systematically arranged advertising was carried on. Every Intermediate and High School in the city was informed first by mail and later by posters, of the production of this most sumptuous play. Results were reaped without limit. The Advertising classes under Miss Oyler had proved their efficiency. Three capacity pay houses were entertained. 7000 people witnessed "The Blue Bird."

And each of the 7000 felt when the curtain fell for the last time that they had been carried from their wooden chairs and rustling programs right into the hearts of two little children, that they had seen behind the silence of water and fire, sugar and bread. In fact it wouldn't be surprising if some of them would begin to treat their dogs and cats and lamps and milk-jugs as if they were human beings.

And why wouldn't they, indeed, if upon the mere turning of an apparently innocent diamond, a harmless looking oven should open wide, and out should pile a hale and hearty loaf of good brown bread, accompanied by many little buns? And wouldn't their amazement increase when a humanized blaze of fire, swirling and hissing, and curling with smoke comes writhing from the fire place in a wild mad flame-dance? And then when Sugar stalks from the cupboard and Milk follows in meek dismay; when Water runs in undulating sweeps from the fountain; when an old woman turns into a fairy; when Mr. Cat and Mr. Dog, once so silent and sleepy wake up and politely come forward; and finally when the lamp crashes and Light appears, arrayed in crystalized moonbeams and powdered stars; after all this who indeed would doubt but what the world had turned topsy-turvy?

But this was only the beginning. After this marvelous awakening, the "animals and things" are sent to the Fairy's palace, and from there are properly started, in company with the children, on a search for the elusive blue bird of happiness.

Now the audience finds itself in the Land of Memory. There is a mist and an old dead tree and a sleepy atmosphere. And there also is Gaffer Tyl with a stiff leg, while Granny suffers from the rheumatics.

The programs rustle while the sturdy stage crew transform our stage into a Palace of Luxury and feasting. Coarseness and grossness seem to generate from the luxurious red light and from the uproarious guffaws of the fat sleek Luxuries. Even the yawns of the jelly-eyed, macaroni-legged drones seemed luxurious.

Then with a whirl comes the Palace of Night, sombre, oppressive. Here Madame Night reigns supreme. And here the real character of skunking Mr. Cat is revealed. It is here too, that a blue bird lives, sitting on a high limb of a phantom tree and eating a moonbeam. But, alas! Tyltyl cannot catch him.

Now the audience rests, wondering what will come next.

Blueness, brilliancy and beauty dominate the Kingdom of the "children

who are not yet born." It is no wonder that the audience applauds, gently only, so that they may not break the spell, as bearded Time enters to carry the children to earth. His galley sail is flapping, and the sky is pink and blue and soft behind him. The curtain falls slowly, slowly as a song wonderful, far off, rises, and the audience knows that as Light says, "it is the song of the mothers coming out to meet the little ones."

The year, to which the journey was limited, is over now. The animals and things are saying Goodbye. The audience waits breathlessly, sadly for the hour to strike when all must return to the land of the Silence of Things.

When next morning comes and the sun is shining thru the shutters, the audience wants to rub its eyes in wonderment with the children and wonder what it is all about.

The part which must necessarily dominate many of the scenes, and which all. They witnessed clever acting in all its phases. To act just as if you are a nine-year old youngster with a big bump of curiosity, when you are really fifteen, president of your class room and half a dozen other things, is in itself a very spectacular bit of work. This was the task before James Polsdorfer. James made a success of the part, and he also made for himself a place in the estimation of all connected with the play. It was he who picked up the forgotten cues, and as Miss Howell had it, "If James says it, it must be right."

Little Miss Schock, or Ruth, as she should be called, was a charming little Mytyl with a charming unconcern of surroundings or of admiring eyes.

The physical labor thru which Emel Smith went during the rehearsals and productions of the "Blue Bird" can be little realized. But the wondrous and constant grace and liveness of his agile body was a joy to behold. The make-up for Fire, which was Mr. Smith's own creation, was effective in the extreme.

Bread! Bread indeed! How we loved to watch him waddle with sylph-like motion. And how obliging and eloquent he was. John Peterman can bask in a well earned popularity.

The Cat was villanous to his fingertips. The very curve of his wrist and twist of his expressive tail showed him to be a competent and clever actor. Much praise must be given Glenn Rice.

The Dog was a happy contrast to the Cat, and was duly fierce and impolite. This part was taken by Mr. Churchill.

That is a whiff of what the 7000 spectators saw. However, it is not must contrast strongly and beautifully with all the other parts is that of Light. The part was played with fine grace and stateliness by Margaret Shedd. She interpreted the part with the true touch of earthliness and divineness that the character demanded. Every time she appeared on the stage the scene seemed pervaded with spiritual light. Her acting was decidedly atmospheric.

Other parts, too numerous to mention, were carried with strength and fitness, and Miss Howell cannot be too highly praised for her unfailing judgment in picking out the exact type to represent each part. Miss Howell, in her remarkable direction of this play, added to her already overtopping pile of laurels for plays successfully and dramatically staged.

Mention, warm and emphatic is made of the untiring work which Mrs. Grey and Miss Hodge put into the costumes used. The Stage Craft Class, already famous for their work, must again be praised for their most active part in perfecting the whole.

Like a rare and wonderful sapphire gem the remembrance of "The Blue Bird" will be hidden away in the hearts of those 7000 who saw it.

Always its pureness and simple complexity will live as a joyous thing in the memories of all who participated in and who witnessed this play—the acme of Manual's achievement—"The Blue Bird."

The cast:

Tyltyl	-	-	-	-	James Polsdorfer
Mytyl	-	-	-	-	Ruth Schock
Light	-	-	-	-	Margaret Shedd
The Fairy Berylune	-	-	-	-	Helen Roberts
Daddy Tyl	-	-	-	-	Martin Zolle
Mummy Tyl	-	-	-	-	Mildred Eby
Gaffer Tyl	-	-	-	-	Karl Haberlein
Granny Tyl	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Beuschell
Time	-	-	-	-	Lawrence Parson
Night	-	-	-	-	Helen Dicken
Neighbor Berlingot's Daughter	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Burke
Tylo, the dog	-	-	-	-	Douglas Churchill
Tylette, the cat	-	-	-	-	Glenn Rice
Bread	-	-	-	-	John Peterman
Fire	-	-	-	-	Emel Smith
Water	-	-	-	-	Vivian Sheldon
Milk	-	-	-	-	Myrtle Pollock
Tyltyl's brothers and sisters					
Pierrot	-	-	-	-	Emil Freed
Robert	-	-	-	-	Rodney Kistler
Jean	-	-	-	-	Eugene Smith
Paul	-	-	-	-	Carol Canatella
Madeleine	-	-	-	-	Jane Canatella
Pierette	-	-	-	-	Lena Canatella
Riguette	-	-	-	-	Carmela Grace Canatella
Luxury of being rich	-	-	-	-	Thaddeus Knudson

"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

"The Fortune Hunter" was chosen by the Class of Winter Sixteen as their class play, after much thoughtful discussion and careful consideration. The play committee was chosen carefully, and they felt it their duty to present the best play possible. The try-outs were open to every member of the class, and so much splendid talent was brought to light that Miss Howell found the selection of the characters a very difficult matter. When the cast was finally chosen everyone felt that no better cast could be desired. The leads were bestowed upon Olive Pape and Stafford Buckham, who are well deserving of the honor and lived up to the hopes and expectations of everyone. Vivian Sheldon and Lorna Calkins played their parts in a way which showed a thorough knowledge of the character they were portraying. Philip Edson and Walter Thompson played their parts admirably. In fact, every member of the cast is deserving of praise. The play has been considered a very great success.

The plot of the play is one which holds an audience well. Nathaniel Duncan is a young "New Yorker" who has worked very hard, but failed in business. He becomes discouraged. An old friend of his begs him to try his pet scheme, which is to go to a small town, create a sensation, and succeed in marrying the richest girl in town. "Nat" decides to try the plan, and goes to a small town where he gets a position in a drug store. He falls in love with the poorest girl in town, but goes on courting the rich girl and finally becomes engaged to her. Then his better self comes to the front, and he realizes that he can never marry the rich girl. He gets a chance to break the engagement and does so, in the end marrying the poor girl.

The cast of "The Fortune Hunter":

Nat	-	-	-	Stafford Buckham
Kellog	-	-	-	Jesse Lovejoy
Burnham	-	-	-	Raymond Dosta
Jim	-	-	-	Le Roy Davis
Larry	-	-	-	Earnest Orfila
Bartlett	-	-	-	Stanley Dunmire
Robbins	-	-	-	Vernon Thompson
Newsboy	-	-	-	Robert Hagerty
Graham	-	-	-	Philips Edson
Lockwood	-	-	-	Frank Davie
Barnett	-	-	-	Walter Thompson
Tanner	-	-	-	Theron Van Wye
Willing	-	-	-	George Comey
Mrs. Sperry	-	-	-	Helen Dicken
Watty	-	-	-	Samuel Bornstein
Hi	-	-	-	Earnest Kalte
Herman	-	-	-	Russel Scazighini
Betty Graham	-	-	-	Olive Pape
Josie	-	-	-	Lorna Calkins
Angie	-	-	-	Vivian Sheldon
Mrs. Schoenan	-	-	-	Helen Roberts
Miss Sophionia	-	-	-	Anna Hoffman
Mrs. Kellog	-	-	-	Marjorie Prince
Gwendolyn Kellog	-	-	-	Marie Jones
Miss Evelyn Granger	-	-	-	Alice Anderson
Rosie	-	-	-	Ruth Staut
Grace	-	-	-	Eleanora Gress
Mollie	-	-	-	Winifred Bridjette
Annie	-	-	-	Kathleen Massie
Jane Graham	-	-	-	Mildred Hazelton
Laura	-	-	-	Marion Antenreith

ART & LITERATURE



THE MISSING SHOE BUTTON

BY LAVANGE PHELAN

My wife and I had quarreled. Not that this was anything new or unexpected, for, since the coming of "Mother" into our originally peaceful household, quarrels had become as natural and necessary as our daily repast. "Mother" either put a damper on my earnest efforts to be amusing and entertaining, or else plunged all three of us into heated argument from which my wife usually withdrew in tears, leaving the verbal combat to "Mother" and me.

"Mother," with incomparable tact, could make one feel eight kinds of a criminal, blended into one mere man, I being the man. She had long ago hammered into my brain that I was in no way fit to be the husband of her daughter. I believed this, for I adored my wife, but I rather resented the source of the information.

This last quarrel of the trio occurred at breakfast. The cause was trivial, not worthy of mention, I thought, but "Mother" cleverly magnified details; and silently I bowed my head in shame before my accuser and wisely said nothing.

"Mother" had been talking unceasingly while I munched my toast and stirred my coffee. Soon there was an unaccountable silence, broken only by the pitiful sobbing of my wife.

Fearfully I glanced up from the corner of one eye to learn the cause of anything so unusual. "Mother's" lips were pressed in a thin line, while the corners of her mouth were drawn down almost to the base of her chin, which feature trembled threateningly.

I finished my coffee, set down the cup cautiously, kissed my wife, and without another glance at "Mother" I left for the office. The day dragged on, and so it was that I welcomed a club member without outstretched arms, when he stopped at my office to leave some invitations for a masque ball soon to be given at the club. I was happy at the thought, for my wife always masques and I thought this would be a good opportunity for "making up."

I hastened home, anxious to impart the joyous news. I entered the living room with the intent of surprising my unhappy wife. I felt pangs of remorse and twitches of a guilty conscience when I saw her cuddled up on the divan and crying inconsolably on an unsympathetic sofa pillow. I slipped up to her put my arms tenderly about her, eager to learn the cause of her tears, to comfort her and, above all, to tell her of the ball. Immediately at my touch, she turned swiftly, pushed me aside, and cried all the harder.

"Mother's gone and it's all your fault," she sobbed.

I hadn't the slightest doubt that it was, but that her absence should cause such torrents of tears, was indeed mysterious to me. I felt more like hopping about. As it was, I stood awkwardly by, on one foot, then on the other, while I nervously fingered the invitations in my coat pocket. Unceremoniously I slipped the white envelopes into my wife's hand while I rapidly explained the contents. Without any feelings of regret at my disappointment, which I tried to make evident, she informed me that she had no desire to attend balls,— masque balls or any other kind; and how, oh, how could I talk of balls when "Mother" had just left? I thought it a most fitting subject and would have suggested a banquet in celebration of the absence of this part of our household, but again I held my peace. I had dinner alone. Breakfast was a sad and

silent affair. Each day became more stupidly monotonous than the one preceding.

At last the day of the ball arrived. I thought I would again broach the subject to my wife, but when I arrived home she seemed more glum than ever. Impossible! I could not muster up the courage. After dinner, disconsolate and lonesome, I wandered up to the club. All were enjoying themselves in the irresistible allurements of the dance. A red garment thrown carelessly across a chair attracted my notice, and I, curious, examined it. A domino! Who had left it there? But what cared I? Hastily I slipped it on, drew the mask over my eyes and glanced into a convenient mirror. I laughed at my image. I could not go; my wife was at home. Guiltily I began to remove the garment. But why should I not go? Had I not asked her and had she not refused me? Spurred on by my own self-pity and injured feeling toward my wife I turned and with quickening steps hurried into the ball room. Immediately I espied an elfish creature in brown whose dancing eyes twinkled mischievously from behind an alluring brown masque. Breathlessly I followed her. She fled coquettishly down the long hall, pausing occasionally to throw a side-long glance at me from behind her masque. Suddenly she turned and sped noiselessly into a dimly lighted balcony. I followed close in her wake. When I entered she was sitting on a bench laughing gleefully. I seated myself beside her. Was I mad? But the very madness of the moment held me a willing victim to the entrancing figure in brown. She drew herself farther away from me into the corner of the seat. Without a blush of shame, or a troublesome thought, I followed. Again she laughed and this time I joined in her merriment, although neither knew the cause of our mirth. We talked of meaningless things, while my approving eye swept over her petite figure. Casually I glanced at her feet. They were small, and incased in tiny brown suede shoes fastened with brown buttons, which I noticed were set with pearls. I know not why but the absence of a button annoyed me beyond belief. I found myself continually looking at that empty hole and foolishly wondered what had become of the absent member. A passing breeze rudely lifted the lower part of her masque, displaying an oval chin and laughing mouth. That chin! Where had I seen that chin? With a quick movement she lowered the covering and in so doing her arm gently brushed mine. I made an ungraceful movement to grasp her hand. She laughed tantalizingly, and ran from the balcony. I turned just in time to catch a glimpse of a small brown heel as it turned the corner. I made rapid progress for home.

I entered my own house as a thief might have done and with stealthy movements crept into the living room. I cautiously removed my shoes so as not to disturb my wife while I made my way to my room. Noiselessly, step by step, I rose. But what in creation was on the stairs. I knelt and felt carefully along the step and my hand came in contact with something small, round and confoundedly hard. With reckless haste I made my way to the room, turned on the light, and held up the small article for inspection. Ye gods! A shoe button! A small brown one set with a pearl. This was the button that had been on that woman's shoe. That woman. My wife! Was this not evidence? I could have cried aloud at the agonizing thought of her faithlessness. She would not go with me. No, but alone! On that balcony I was a strange man to her and she coquetted glibly as the commonest might have done. My wife! Furiously I paced the room. Sleep was impossible. With torturing slowness morning came, and I could hear the servants below. I descended the stairs and took refuge in my den. Soon I heard my wife busy in the breakfast room. Then I heard the servant tell her where I was. I put my hand in my pocket. Yes, the button was safely there. My wife was singing softly. How unusual!

She had not sung since "Mother" had gone. "Mother," bah!

My wife entered my den. My back was turned from the door and I was looking into the fireplace. Two soft arms stole around my neck. I shook them off rudely, drew my hand from my pocket, and tragically produced the button.

My wife's eyes grew wide. She put forth one small hand. Ah, then she was guilty, and I could have groaned aloud. Then she took the small brown article from my hand.

"Why, where on earth did you get that shoe button? Mother lost it just before she left."

Silently I clasped my wife in my arms. The shoe button lay unheeded before the grate.

A BALLAD OF SHIPS

BY RALPH CLEVELAND

Four battleships lay in the crumpled sea,
 (Oh beautiful, white, and fair were they.)
Asleep were the guns, oh silently:
 (And dark was the night, and misty grey)
No fear for the ships of the enemy
 That gleamed o'er the sea-paths far away.

But through the mist and the dark of night
 (Oh fierce is the joy of battle play,)
The foe creeps in so light, so light
 (As soft as the ocean's spuming spray)
The dragons that lay on the vessels white
 Belched shuddering flame in the gloom and grey.

The boom, and the hiss, and the answered roar,
 (Oh red were the sea-troughs where they lay)
The battle-greed waxed with the shells that tore,
 (The enemy's ships, oh where were they?)
That tore, and that hissed from the cruisers four,
 So quietly moored at dawn of day.

Four battleships lay on the crumpled sea,
 (Oh beautiful, white, and fair were they)
Asleep were the guns, oh silently,
 (The dragons that belched in the battle play)
And asleep were the ships of the enemy,
 Awash 'neath the sunlit green and gray.

OUR NEW GHOST

BY RHEA COURTENAY

At last we have one. We now belong to the tiny, fortunate minority who have spirits in their homes. Marjorie has been looking for one for years. Every house has one, she said, if you can only find it. Everytime we heard a bumpy noise in the hall she insisted on rushing out to see if it was our ghost. We were always terribly disappointed because it invariably turned out to be only father falling down stairs again, or some ordinary thing like that.

Marjorie knew that he would appear to us on the stairway—the ghost would, that is—because they always do, so we tried to keep an ear open for noises in that direction. We heard the dog making a terrible commotion the other day and we scurried to the hall, our hearts in our mouths for fear she had killed him. We found Alice (that's the dog) on the landing, running around a big black beetle that seemed to be trying to stand on its head. That was interesting, but there was nothing spiritual about it.

Last night we found him!—I mean the ghost. We heard a perfectly lovely noise and rushed out in the hall. The bumping had such a sincere sound that we were almost afraid to look for fear it was only father, but it wasn't. It was a *wonderful* ghost—one of those thin, slender, willowy, lace-curtainy ghosts that you look at a long time and then discover that you were only studying the design on the stair carpet.

We stood and stared and stared until we happened to think how very ill-mannered we must seem. Then one of us looked awhile, and the other turned her back, and then we changed places. The visitor swayed and twisted like a column of grey smoke. We couldn't see his face very well on account of the things back of him showing thru so distinctly. He was wonderfully aristocratic looking. We named him George Washington then and there. He didn't look a great deal like Washington, but we felt that we should honor our first president some way.

George stood there awhile and then sat down and leaned over just as cool as could be and bumped his head on the landing. It made the most wonderful noise. We wished that father had been there to hear how much George could beat him on the bumps, and using only his head, too. He kept that up for about five minutes and it was simply fine. Then he started down stairs. He was very wobbly as to outline. We would just get him sorted out of the stair carpet when he would be somewhere else. That elusiveness was rather trying, but quite in keeping (so Marjorie said) with the character of ghosts she had read about.

Marjorie and I wondered how we should start the conversation. George didn't seem very communicative so we stood there and let him walk right thru us before we could think what to say. Marjorie felt terribly about losing him so soon. Tho we rushed out after him right away, we couldn't find a trace of him. I thought perhaps the light wasn't quite right, but Marjorie insisted that he had fallen down a mole-hole or something and was quite inconsolable—that is, Marjorie was. She is more hopeful tonight, tho. We are going to have the butterfly-net and the corn-popper with us, so if he comes again we hope to capture at least a slice of him.

A MAN EATER

BY WHEELER NEWMAN

"Heard the news, Roberts?" exclaimed Carl Nordway to his chum one sweltering hot afternoon in Central China, near the city of Kukiang. They were resting from a long climb up "Kuling," a large and heavily wooded mountain.

"No! what is it?" replied Roberts, lazily watching in the distance a little launch swiftly churning its way thru the muddy waters of the Poyang Lake, some six miles distant.

"Why! you must be deaf, Roberts. Everybody from the cook down to the house coolie has been talking of it and nothing else since yesterday morning."

"All right! I guess I must be deaf, Carl; but let's hear the news."

"Well, I was getting to that. Day before yesterday, as the wife of the headman of one of the mountain villages was going down to the village pond to wash out the rice for a meal, she was carried off by a tiger. Yes, sir, a tiger. That's the first time for ten years that a tiger has been seen here; and yesterday a little boy was snatched from the door step where he had been playing, right from under his own mother's eyes."

A look of anger spread over the homely Irish face of Roberts as he heard this news.

"Whoop!" he yelled, leaping to his feet. "Now we've got the chance to show these yellow devils around here that we and our guns are all right. Come on, let's hustle home, get our outfit together and then go to the place of action."

"You're on!" replied his chum, and soon they were tramping swiftly thru the rice fields to their home under the great wall of the city.

It was sundown before they were ready to start for the little village in the mountains. They each had a gun of high caliber, a revolver apiece, strapped to their waists, and on their belts each had a large sharp knife of Chinese make. A coolie was carrying their duffle tied to the ends of a pole across his shoulder, while another coolie was holding the little ponies that were to carry them to their destination.

"All aboard!" sang out Carl, and mounting swiftly they rode clattering down the narrow street and out into the country beyond.

It was a beautiful country, made more so by the soft dusk of a semi-tropical country. To right and left of them stretched rice fields, from which the frogs kept up a continuous chorus. In front of them dimly seen was the mountain, rising against the sky like a huge purple cloud. Except for the frogs and a few cicadas, there were no other sounds.

Now and then they would pass thru a bamboo grove, or some times their road led thru a little village, the houses of which had their doors and windows securely barred, as there was no telling where the tiger would turn up next.

Soon the road began to rise and in some places became so steep that once or twice the boys had to get off and walk.

"We must be near the place," muttered Carl. "Chong Fu!" he called to the coolie carrying the luggage, "How much farther that place belong?"

"No belong far," came the coolie's voice from back down the road.

"Place belong very close. All same very near."

"Guess he's about right, Roberts. It ought to be just around the bend."

Sure enough; turning the bend, they saw the little village below them. Everything in it and close by it was plainly visible, as before every house there was a large bon-fire, and also from projecting rafters and gables hung many large lanterns.

Over it all rose the wailing of many women and children, while now and then the pack of village "wonks," or dogs, lifted up their voices in the general chorus.

Riding into the village the young fellows asked to see the headman. Soon he appeared—an old weatherbeaten Chinaman, with white hair and beard, at present dressed in a white robe and wearing a white cloth band around his head, the mourning costume of a Chinese gentleman.

On being asked what they wanted, Carl told him that they had come to shoot the tiger, and that they wanted lodging for the night and some men to act as beaters on the morrow.

The look of gratitude that passed over the old man's face as he heard this news nearly repaid the boys for their trip. He immediately took them to his house, a substantial brick affair, and giving them a room, ordered them something to eat. This they declined. When their baggage arrived, they spread their bedding on the floor.

They were awakened in the early dawn by a great commotion outside their window. Hastily slipping into their coats, they rushed outside, colliding violently with the headman, who was rushing into the room.

"Shuma doonsie?" asked Roberts, whereupon the old man told them breathlessly how the inn-keeper's son had started out in the early morning thinking the danger past, and how he had been pounced upon by the tiger and carried off. But the boy had been able to raise an alarm, and soon a large crowd was following up the trail of the beast, and the tiger, becoming alarmed, had dropped the boy and made off. The boy had been brought back, and "would the white gentlemen take a look at him and see what they could do for him?"

The young fellows quickly assented and were led to a little cottage close by. On entering they saw the boy lying on a bed, and he was a terrible sight. One arm was badly mangled and his face and neck were torn to shreds.

Going quickly to the bedside, Carl called for some hot water and after washing out the wounds, bandaged them up, first applying boric acid powder to prevent blood poisoning.

After making the boy as comfortable as possible, Carl told the head man that they wanted forty beaters and that they would start out on the trail right away while it was fresh.

The old man soon got the required number of men, and getting their guns and ammunition, the boys started off.

The trail was easy to follow, the great pads of the tiger making tracks the size of the hand of a large man.

Soon they came to the place where the boy had been dropped. From there on the trail was harder to distinguish, but they quickly picked it up and following it, were soon led into a great bamboo thicket, dark and gloomy looking.

"Whew!" muttered Carl, wiping the perspiration from his brow with his shirt sleeve. "Looks kind of bad to me."

"You bet it does to me too," Roberts whispered back, peering into

the thick scrub ahead of them. "Let's wait for the beaters and start them to beating the thicket. We will get on the other side, and give him his when he is driven out."

"Right, Roberts," replied Carl. Soon they were on the other side of the thicket, while coming slowly thru like a line of skirmishers, armed with long bamboo poles, knives and old flint-locks, the line of beaters slowly advanced, yelling, and throwing stones into every bunch of covert.

Soon they began to approach the edge of the thicket near the boys.

"Wonder if the beast is in there after all," Carl said to himself.

Just then he heard Roberts shout, "Back, look back."

Turning hastily, he saw the tiger, an immense one, standing on the edge of the thicket, its lips drawn back in a nasty snarl and its tail going in quick little jerks.

Hastily the boy brought his gun to his shoulder, but the tiger had gone, slipping noiselessly and swiftly into another and larger thicket ahead.

"He's gone!" sang out Carl. When Roberts caught up, they both plunged into the bamboo on the trail of the beast.

The work was slow, following the trail thru such brush; one boy would follow the trail for a way, while the other one kept on the look-out, then the first watched while his chum took the trail.

The day was hot, and inside the bamboo the air was moist and clouded with mosquitos, gnats, and other flying pests, and soon their bodies were wet with perspiration and their faces lumpy with insect bites.

The boys had made about fifty yards in this fashion when they were brought to a quick halt. Fifteen yards ahead they heard the tiger. They could not see it, but the beast would every now and then snarl in a horrid way that made the boys' hair rise in an alarming way. The snarls would end in a high drawn whine, and those sounds, breaking the intense stillness of the thicket, were not pleasant to two humans crouching in the thick scrub.

"For heaven's sake! What shall we do?" whispered Roberts, "I can't see anything to shoot."

"Same here," replied Carl. "Wait."

They did so, and soon the sounds ahead ceased. There was a silence broken only by the soft rustling of the bamboo stems in the evening wind, and the boys, who knew that the tiger was stalking them, prayed that it would stop and leave them a chance to tell where the beast was by the movement of the tall grass.

"What was that?" Roberts whispered, pointing to a place that had seemed to his excited imagination to have been disturbed by other forces than heat or wind.

Giving the place a searching look, Carl discovered nothing suspicious and turning to look the other way found himself staring straight into the face of the tiger.

It was crouching some ten yards away, under a small clump of bamboo, bringing its feet under its body for the spring.

Quick as a flash Carl threw up his gun and just as the beast sprang, he fired.

The next instant he was knocked over flat, all the wind out of him.

But the beast had been dead before it had hit the boy; the bullet entering his left eye, passed thru the brain and out at the base of the skull.

Roberts quickly sent another bullet into the body threshing around in the tall grass, but it was not needed, and, standing over the great striped body, the two chums shook hands.

A CLEAR CASE

BY HELENE SMITH

The police said it was a clear case; the attorney for the railroad said it was, and it looked like a clear case. Yet with the perversity of her sex, Ethel Conger, who was known for her kindness toward small boys, gave more heed to her sympathies than to the reasoning of men, who were familiar with the facts.

"Why, it's absurd to call that little fellow a train-wrecker," she exclaimed, as she was walking toward the cell door.

"It does sound sort of harsh," admitted the police captain, "but he wrecked a train all right. Of course, it was in a spirit of mischief rather than of crime, but he wrecked the train."

"How did he do it?" asked Miss Conger.

"Why he and some other kids spend a good deal of time loafing in the railroad yards when the special police don't drive them out," explained the captain, "and two of them climbed on an engine that was standing and started it. Then they couldn't stop it. Of course it ran into one of the main tracks and hit an incoming suburban. At least, that's the way the railroad police explained it to me."

"Where's the other boy?"

"Oh, he jumped and ran when he saw they were going to hit the other train."

"Why didn't this boy jump and run too?"

"Too frightened, I guess. It's a wonder he wasn't hurt, but he got off without a scratch. It's the luck those kids have. Six or seven people on the suburban were injured, altho no one was killed."

"What right had they to leave an engine there like that?" demanded Miss Conger indignantly.

"Well, now, you'll have to ask the railroad people about that," replied the captain. "But they tell me there's an engineer looking for another job."

She found the boy curled up in one corner of the cell.

"Never wrecked no engine," he blurted out in answer to her question. "It was going when I got on. Never wrecked no engine," he insisted. "You'll find Billy and he'll tell you."

"Who's Billy?" asked Miss Conger.

"He's the boy that jumped and ran," said the captain.

"Where can I find him?" persisted Miss Conger, addressing the boy.

"Well, if you can find out that," laughed the captain, "you're smarter than the police. We've got half a dozen men looking for him."

Then they left the cell and went back to the captain's office.

"May I go back and see the boy alone?" she asked; "I think perhaps he will talk to me."

"Certainly," said the captain. "You might see if you can find out how to get hold of the other boy. This one can tell if he will."

"I'll ask him," she said.

She entered the cell and seated herself on the iron shelf meant for a seat.

"Would you be willing to be put in my charge, Joe?" she asked having learned that his name was Joe Kerns.

"I ain't done nothin'," declared the boy. "It ain't fair. I tell you I ain't done nothin' wrong."

"I believe you, Joe," she said. "But I am afraid they won't, Joe, unless you promise—"

"I ain't done nothin'," declared the boy. "It ain't fair."

"Very well, Joe," she said. "I'll look for Billy and see what I can do."

"Please don't give him away to the police," he exclaimed hotly.

"Certainly not," she replied.

The captain intercepted her as she was leaving.

"Did you find out anything about the other boy?" he asked.

"I am going to get him myself."

"Get him yourself?" repeated the captain. "I'll send an officer with you."

"In that case," she said, "I'll keep away from the police for awhile."

The captain looked troubled.

"Will you bring him here?" he asked.

"I think not," she replied.

"But we must get him!" he insisted.

"I am going to see the railroad people now," she answered.

Miss Conger found the attorney for the railroad. He was courteous, but firm. They had a great deal of trouble with mischievous boys.

"But this boy isn't one of that kind," asserted Miss Conger.

"He says so, of course," replied the lawyer. "If the judge wants to, put the boy in charge of a probation officer."

"The boy will not consent to that," interrupted Miss Conger.

"Who won't?"

"The boy. He would have to promise to report regularly, before the judge would do that, and he won't promise anything. The story that he—"

"Oh! I know about those stories," interposed the lawyer. "It would be hardly worth while to repeat it."

The lawyer looked after her in a bewildered way as she left.

Next, Miss Conger looked up Jim Hoskins, the engineer. Hoskins told Miss Conger all he knew of the boy. He said he was crazy about engines. He often bothered around the yard asking questions.

"Why haven't you said so before?" demanded Miss Conger.

"It wouldn't do any good," explained the engineer, "and the other kid did it—"

"He says he didn't," exclaimed the lady. "If you're not a coward, you'll come into court and tell the judge what you've told me!" she added hotly.

So he consented to testify at the trial.

Before evening she had engaged a lawyer, and the railroad discovered that the case was to be more than a mere incident in the routine of its legal department. Arthur Redly, a young lawyer, asked and obtained permission to have the case put over, and the fact made the railroad thoughtful. Before the week had ended they learned that the other boy had been found.

"That Conger girl found him and took him home with her," explained the policeman, to the captain.

At ten o'clock the morning case was opened, Billy appeared with Miss Conger.

The case was opened by the plaintiff's attorney. Then Joe, the defendant, took the stand. The testimony was short.

All who heard that testimony said it was a clear case.

Billy Stevens, "the other boy," was encouraged by Miss Conger to tell his story.

"Jedge," said the boy, "de engine started itself. Me an Joe was comin'."

along when we see it movin'. 'That's going to smash somethin', Joe.' says I. 'I kin stop 'er,' says Joe. So us kids jumped on the train and tried to stop it. Joe says to me 'jump', so I did. Joe did his best, jedge—he tried to stop it."

There was a moment of silence after Billy had spoken. His story carried convincingly, because of its simplicity.

"Mr. Gray," said the judge to the attorney for the railroad, "is there so much of material of which faithful engineers are made that you can spare this boy?"

"No, your Honor, we want him," replied the lawyer promptly, and frankly, "Although," with a smile, "we can't promise him an engine just yet."

TO STEVENSON

BY RALPH L. CLEVELAND

Dreamer of dreams in a world of strife,
Vision wide for the good in life,
Seer of worth in the common lot,
Man of the high-born holy thought;
Heart-whole and child-pure,
Son of the land of heather-moor;
Weaver of fancy's luring web,
High tide, and no ebb.

Voice of the old-world majesty,
Voice of the new world minstrelsy;
Prose that slips, and runs, and glides
Fresh as the breeze from amber tides;
Gold true, and diamond fine,
Sweet as the breath of eglantine,
Woodland tang, and wildwood call
And graceful sweep of the waterfall;
Sombre sweet, with wholesome fun,
Child of the world is Stevenson.

JIMMY VS. THE LITTLE GOD

BY LA VANGE PHELAN

When the sixth grade teacher announced that the class was to have a New Little Girl as a member, Jimmy was very angry. Not that he hated girls, for he had never noticed them enough to entertain any violent feelings of either love or hate, but it annoyed him to have them around. And he knew that the New Little Girl would be ensconced in the only vacant seat in the room, that one in front of him.

"How do I know what she will be like?" he growled sulkily. "She might have pig tails, 'n squint, 'n freckles, 'n fidgets."

So when the New Little Girl entered clinging to the teacher's hand, Jimmy would not deign to look up from his geography, where for the first time in many days he was apparently diligently studying; and so before he knew it the New Little Girl was safely in the seat in front. After a while he slowly looked up and beheld the New Little Girl taking an extended survey of the room and its occupants. With a start the young "woman hater" saw her hair was not braided into those aggravatingly smooth plaits, but hung in a thousand tiny curls over her shoulders and around her face. He saw that, instead of squints she had big merry blue eyes, and instead of freckles daintily flushed cheeks and a saucy little red mouth. Jimmy looked long at his new neighbor and as he looked the anger and resentment in his heart slowly melted away, and in their place came—well, this was the first time he had ever noticed a girl.

"Say," he whispered, leaning over his desk, and blushing to the roots of his brown hair, "What's your name? Mine's Jim."

With a start the girl brought her eyes to his own brown ones, looked him over critically, shook her head and whispered saucily:

"Won't tell!"

"Dorothy Halloway," sharply interposed the teacher, "to whom are you whispering?"

"Nobody," promptly replied the New Little Girl. Jimmy's heart sang, for he now knew that she was not a girly-girl or a tattle-tale.

After school that night, taking his courage in both hands, and marching up to the fair object of his affections, he asked:

"Can I walk a ways with you?"

"Oh," answered Dorothy, coquettishly tossing her golden curls, "I'm very sorry, but I'm going with Percy Sheridan."

Jimmy's face turned black. Of all the boys in the wide world, he especially hated Percy Sheridan. "Mama's boy," he called him, because young Percival always wore stiff collars, kept his black hair combed, and had big blue eyes, shaded by long curling lashes like a girl's. Moreover he always stood at the head of his class, while Jimmy, on principle, maintained a secure place at the foot.

That night, perched on the edge of the bed, he displayed an unusual amount of interest in the toilette of his eighteen year old brother Bob, who was going to a dance that evening. Jim watched him awe struck, as he lathered his face and sharpened his razor, marvelled at his fortitude in managing to live while fastening on an impossibly high stiff collar, searched diligently on his

hands and knees for a wayward cuff link, and amazed his brother by offering to shine his dancing pumps.

"What's the matter, Kid?" Bob queried at last. "Got a girl?"

"Girl?" said Jimmy. "Naw! Can't a fellow do things 'less he's got a girl?" But notwithstanding this protest an unruly blush spread even to his ears.

The next morning he arose much earlier than was his wont, washed his face with an unprecedented attention to his neck and ears, managed to part his hair into something more respectable than the usual wandering line that started behind his right ear and ended over his left eye, insisted on the previously hated and despised stiff collars, stole his brother's most elaborate tie, blacked his shoes scrupulously, and even brushed his suit of clothes.

His chums geyed him unmercifully when they perceived his spotless attire, and commented disparagingly on his glowing cheeks and neat hair.

"Aw, gosh!" jeered Eddie Harris. "Look at Jimmie! Ain't he the dude?"

"Jimmy's got a goil," taunted Bill Meade, dancing delightedly around him.

"And she's a sissy," cried Freddie Connell.

"She ain't neither," yelled back Jimmie. "I'll fix you fer that," and before his startled friends were aware of it, he had thrown off his coat and jumped on the startled Fred.

"Hey, Jimmy!" yelled someone on the outskirts of the crowd. "Here comes your girl with Percy Sheridan."

Before Jimmy had time to assume a more respectable attitude, Dorothy, gallantly escorted by Percival, passed by the group with the disdainful remark to her cavalier, "My, what a disgusting sight!"

It was a very humble Jimmy who plopped into his seat behind Dorothy that morning. Timidly he had whispered "Hello" to her, but his only reward was a haughty toss of an adorable curly head. Grumpily he growled, "Dunno," to every question the teacher put to him. At last, not being able to stand it longer, he penned a note to his little inamorata as follows:

"Dere Dorothy, please don't be mad at me, I had to fite coz he said you waz a sissy an you ain't, are you mad and can I walk home with you to-night?"

Dorothy read this missive at first with a very haughty expression, but, suddenly dimpling, wrote back:

"No, I ain't mad and you can walk home with me tonight."

THROUGH MANUAL

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY YEABO BOISE.

On your left, ladies and gentlemen, is the Manual Arts garden. Not the weeds in front, but the space behind where the boy is standing leaning on the hoe while watching the archery class. This first large building is the Science building, which contains the school plants, animals, and cafeterias.— We now enter the Administration building, which is so called because most of the school affairs are administered by Dr. Wilson while he is walking around the other buildings. On your left is Doctor Wilson's office, where most of the meetings of the In-Bads are held. Directly adjoining it is the "Steady" room of the Student Body Officers and their friends. On your right is Mrs. Farnum's salon, where she holds daily informal receptions to her friends.— This large auditorium seats seventeen hundred and eighty people in assembly and two thousand in conversation. It has the largest school stage in the city. This is the place where celebrities meet and the stage crew lives.— The large room across the corridor is two-thirty-eight, one of our best study halls. You will notice that the pupils study their lessons here while one hundred girls stamp their feet above in unison to the tune of "So Long, Letty." Right up this way, folks, to the girls' gym. All the social affairs of the school are held here and the society favorites are regular visitors. Right on that dark spot to your left, King Reynolds himself was crowned.— This is three-twenty-nine, the habitat of that wonderful production of nature and learning, the Seniors. In this room those dark plans are concocted that keep the faculty puzzled and the rest of the school in admiration.

We now pass to the Arts building. First comes three-hundred-one, commonly called the "pen." We will come back here the tenth period and notice the bright and smiling faces.— Here we learn how they darned their socks in Ancient Greece. Just step over across the hall, please. This Art class is drawing a still life of Mr. Hague when excited.— These young ladies are sewing, not shirts for soldiers but dog costumes, etc., for our dramatic stars. That delicious odor which now reaches your nostrils is compounded in the cooking and wash rooms right below us. This is the Arts and Crafts room. The gentleman at the desk is trying to find the best way to make a gold ring of a piece of beeswax and a Lincoln penny. Right down the hall this way is the luncheon room, where banquets are served for 'steen cents a plate.— This cooking class is learning how to make fudge and other necessities of life.

We are now walking across the athletic field. We have several acres of football, baseball, hockey, basketball, etc. No, ma'am, that stout gentleman running around the track is not a student. Although he is joggingly pondering over the economic phase of exercise, his real object is to train for the faculty football game.— This is one-forty, where one of the faculty football idols spends his time when not wrestling, directing movies, or writing stories.

This is the Science building. The second floor contains plants and the animals, the third floor commercial activity, and the two are combined into eats on the first floor. On your right is the biology room. The young lady

tickling a lizard with her pencil is one of the deep thinkers of the school.— Here at this end of the hall you will notice the students measuring a foot ruler with a string, a match, and a pint of gasoline. Right up stairs, folks.— This floor is largely devoted to future commercial genius. Here they learn how to become expert stenographers, pound the keys, and chew Spearmint. **STEP BACK AGAINST THE WALL, FOLKS.** Don't run; this is not a fire, only the pupils passing to lunch.— This room is commonly called the East Cafeteria and up to this term has been monopolized by the "weaker sex." Now ten-cent lunches are served here which causes strong competition to the "Poodle Dog." This is the kitchen where ten hours every school day are spent in trying to provide for two thousand strong healthy pupils who need nourishment.— This is the west Cafeteria and as you notice is a mixed assemblage. The bolder or luckier natures eat their prunes and drink their milk together, here. Across the hall, folks. The faculty lunch room is an interesting place. In the far corner you will notice a noted writer being entertained with a square meal. The brisk young woman at the second table is wondering "Why girls go to the Movies."

On our way to the shops we will glance into the forge and the foundry. This large room is the machine and auto shop. Another auto shop is right next door. The gentleman in charge came here four years ago from the East for his health and he weighed ninety-three pounds. Look at him now—Yes, ma'am, climate.— This is the boys' gym. You will notice the many future Kellys and Drews around the place. In these woodshops the pupils make anything from a grand piano to a ukelooloo. This far end of the hall has been converted into a Weekly office. The young lady at the typewriter is a product of the commercial department. She is a true stenographer, pencil in her hair, chews gum, and wears four rings.— The Print Shop contains the Print Shop Gang and their leader. When not attending athletic games in a body, they print everything printable around and about school. At one a. m. they relax by stunts on the field and a few warwhoops. If you hurry back we can see the Hash Line in full force.— The young man to your right in rubber soles is the Chief of Police enforcing the traffic ordinances and quelling riots. The truck at the door of the kitchen is unloading ice-cream, candy, and other brain food for the pupils.

This concludes the trip. If you are satisfied, tell your friends; if you are not, take poison and keep still. Good-by, folks.

SOPHOMORES

BY ZERELDA WALL

Sophomores, Oh Sophomores, how soothing is the name,
We've passed the age of scrub-hood and aren't grasping after fame;
We haven't any worries, we haven't any bores,
We're just plain good and happy, because we're Sophomores!

A GRAD, A TRAIN, AND A GIRL

ADAPTED BY EMELIE SLOSSON

His build was like old Hercules,
And charms his vest did litter;
Two M's he'd won and honors high
Through many conflicts bitter.
A crowd of classmates followed him
And cheered with might and main,
How he did hate
To graduate,
As southward rolled the train.

A sweet young voice, the southern style,
Aroused him from his thinking,
A girlish figure nestled close
Without the slightest shrinking.
In absolute astonishment,
He turned, and saw her smile.
She blushed, thought he,
Quite charmingly,
Without a trace of guile.

"Beg pardon, sir," she shyly cooed,
And gazed with eyes entrancing;
The Manual grad just ground his teeth
To keep his brain from dancing.
"Ah'm awf'ly frightened, sir, you know,"
Continued she, confiding,
"Mah sister 'Fi'
Should go with me,
But now alone Ah'm riding."

With fatherly concern, he tried
Her fears with talk to smother.
Bewitchingly petite, she seemed
To treat him as a brother.
Her dainty lips upturned to his
Proved constant source of danger.
Try as he would
To act real good,
He loved this little stranger.

A tear-drop glistened in her eye
As red lips started pouting;
She looked at him with such despair,
There was no room for doubting.
She placed a soft, white hand in his
And said in tone reproving,
"Mah sister 'Fi'
Just cuddles me
When in the dark we're moving."

WHITE SWEATER

BY ROBERT BRUCKMAN

Indefinitely I remember her, the girl in the white sweater. In fact that white sweater is about the only material sign that I recall. I had put in a long day at the Fair and had decided to go back to the hotel without waiting for the illumination. After what I have come to recognize as my custom, I found myself, at the end of the day, wandering round and round my beloved palace of Fine Arts, muffling under my assumed man-of-the-world manner, my little gasps of delight as I got some new angle of vision and saw some wonderful new picture-composition that I had never before suspected in the old pile. I say old pile, but in reality it is brand-new lath and plaster, tho unlike any of the other structures, in that it makes me forget that it is a hollow shell and that the empire of my visions is real and pulsing with life.

But I allow my purpose to escape even under the cold memory. It is my vacillating way of doing things. For instance, I start to tell about the eternal girl in a white sweater and, just because she was sitting on a bench by the art palace, I wander on about paper palaces and things transitory.

As I say, she was sitting on a garden seat just outside the east-extending shadow of the palace, where she could warm her back in the sun and still feel a sort of companionship in the crowd that filled the bench farther along in the pleasant shade. I have never seen her face, nor her hands either for that matter. In fact I have seen nothing but the shadow under a mesh of rather ordinary hair, that is brown in the shadow and a sort of golden in the sun—and the white sweater.

She had some sort of a dress on—a dark colored green, perhaps. But I don't see what difference it makes what color her dress was, whereas it is somehow vitally important that her sweater was white and that her hair caught the sun like spun gold—yes, it did. That isn't simply a term I've picked up somewhere in my reading. That's just the way each swirling hair caught the light on the proper section of its arc. The cold-looking white sweater seemed somehow to have something to do with the way she sat; a bit round-shouldered, with her head inclined forward and her hands, in the shadow of her body, placed in her lap, probably clasped.

And right from here on I don't know just how to tell about us—or about her, rather. As I say, I have never seen her, and nothing happened; that is, practically nothing. Therefore I will tell just what is concrete and go no deeper into the matter. I walked past where she sat alone on her bench and then past an empty bench next to her. Then I stopped for a rather minute examination of one of the many out-door bronzes that help to make it my beloved palace. This took several minutes. All the time I wanted to turn just a little and look again, or in fact, for the first time, at the woman. (I said "girl" before, didn't I; but maybe "woman" is right. Anyhow I don't like to say "female.") I didn't look at her. I think now that I felt that she was looking at me, and I never give anything in petticoats the satisfaction of thinking that, because she can succeed in making most men look at her as long as their necks will stand the strain, she can surely make all men do so. Well, as I turned from my look at the figure, I caught a glimpse

of her white sweater just behind me, but when I glanced around after taking probably two or three steps, she was bent over, apparently absorbed in the bronze. I do not feel that she was looking at it at all. She had been there such an exceedingly short time that her wrapt attitude seemed artificial and assumed.

I walked around the Danish building and back to the same stretch of walk. She was sitting as before, snuggled together a little and with the air of having sat there since just after I had gone. I stood around with my map of the grounds and finally even sat down on the near end of the vacant bench, but self-consciously avoided looking her way. And I no longer felt her looking at me. I went over to the Italian Building, then passed her again and wandered up into the South Gardens. When I came back, she was gone.

Now that's all the story; and what of it? It is nothing. Yet is it nothing? Does a man's impulse play him so false as mine would be doing if this was nothing instead of—well, something more than nothing?

THE TRAIL OF THE SUNSET

BY RALPH L. CLEVELAND

Old hoss, we've loped for many a mile,
On the road called Life,
We've swung along on the perilous pike,
Thru storm and strife;
And we're always together, in good or bad weather,
We're always a'lopin' along by ourselves,
On the trail of the sunset, far away,
Thru the silver and gold, the black and the gray,
Jest you and I, old hoss.

What care we for the world outside?
It's a bad old place;
As long as you're you, and as long as I'm I,
We'll run our race,
And we'll stick together, whatever the weather.
We'll hustle along by ourselves,
Till we're lost in the sunset, far away,
In the silver and gold, the black and the gray,
Jest you and I, old hoss.

And when we have passed thru the mist of years,
A-lopin' along,
When we've left behind the sighs and the tears,
And the laugh and the song,
We'll still be together, a-bravin' the weather,
And swingin' along by ourselves,
A-lopin' up over the Great Divide,
To the valley of Peace, on the other side,
Jest you and I, old hoss.

NEVER AGAIN

By PHIL REYNOLDS

"Me go fishin' with you? No, sir! wha' do you think I am, anyway? Never again! An' say, you! You'd better not tell dad I'm goin' swimmin' either, or you know what I'll do."

"Oh, I say, Billy! Be a sport and come along; we are glad to have, or rather, we want you to go. Come on, Billy; it's not every day you can earn a quarter so easy."

Billie's flaming anger flickered and wavered at the sound of the twenty-five cents in nickles. A whole quarter would buy not only candy, but a new "fishin'-line." But the memory of his last Saturday's trip with his older brother held him firm, and with a look of haughty scorn and a hidden mercenary longing for the money, he turned to leave his fastidious brother to soil his well-kept hands on harness leather. No! he had "hitched up that ol' horse for the las' time for him."

"Very well, son, go ahead, but remember that the next time you want two-bits, you'll beg a long time. And that's not all, I'll—"

But Billy, in dignified silence, had hurried around the corner of the barn and away toward the creek accompanied by his sworn friend, Jimmy.

"Say, Billy, what's the matter with you, anyway?" said Jimmy as they hurried along toward the cool swimming pool. "Wish I had a big brother to go fishing with."

"Aw, you wouldn't want him long if he was like mine," grunted Billy.

"You go fishing with him Saturday?"

"Yep, but never again!"

"Why?"

"Can't tell. It's a secret."

"Aw, come on. I cross my heart, I—."

"Nix! I'll tell you, but keep it quiet. It's funny. He made me promise to keep it dark, when I heard him say he didn't care 'if the whole world knew,' an' some more bunk like that. Aw well, he's crazy, any way. Why, wha' do you think he took to fish with?"

"I d'know. What?"

"A iron fishin' pole! with a thing he called a reel an' about a thousand yards o' line 'bout the size of a thread, to catch cat fish an' carp. Uh! An' that's not all. He goes an' drags along a girl or carried 'er most o' the time. Now a girl a fishin' ain't no blamed use a' tall. You know that. She can't take off her shoes an' stockin's; this'n couldn't anyway, an' she ain't no good for bait. Well, anyway she goes along in the surrey, an' the first thing I knew, 'fore we got out o' town, they was holdin' hands!"

"Wha' for?" gasped Jimmy.

"Blamed if I know. They looked so foolish doin' it I was afraid some one 'ud see us. They was, too, I guess, 'cause, they let loose every time we passed any one. When we came to ol' man Clark's meadow, where you ha'f to leave your rig, you know that place by the split maple, I stopped and started to unhitch the ol' mare, an' she wanted to know—."

"Who, the mare?"

"Naw, the girl. She wanted to know if we had to walk all that way

THE NEXT TWO PAGES OF "NEVER AGAIN" ARE TRANSPOSED

of heightening their desire. The weed was there. What else was there to do but retire to the hay loft and smoke it?

This they did.

Now, according to all rules of the first smoke, it should make the smoker very sick. It does nearly always, but in this case the boys managed to escape. It was not long before the area in the alley under the mow window was strewn like a bachelor's hearth with cigarette stubs.

"Have another, Billy," remarked Jimmy grandly, and with a careless wave of a hand ornamented with a half smoked cigarette. "Lots more where them came from."

"Don't care if I do," replied his chum.

So things went. But such utter joy could never last. Someone was coming down the alley. Jimmy peeped cautiously out.

"Good night!" was the brief remark.

Bob reached the littered area, sniffed, and glanced at the ground. He picked up a stub with an exclamation, glanced at the loft and hurried on with a smile.

"Did he fall for it?" asked Billy anxiously.

"Don't know. He is still goin' down the alley. Guess he won't tell."

But such is the innocence of youth and the deceitfulness and treachery of twenty-one years. The wily Bob slipped around the corner and back to the house where his father sat complacently sunning himself, pleased with the world in general. The evidence was produced. The father, feeling not only grief at his younger son's deceit, but righteous wrath at the thought of the endangered hay mow, advanced on the barn. Jimmy managed to slide out the barn window. Billy slid into his father's arms.

Again the family assembled for the evening meal. Billy felt more like standing, but with some squirming he managed to take his seat. His jaws were set in great resolve. Had he ever "snitched" on any one yet? No, but he was resolved to commit that heinous crime now. He began:

"Dad, Bob's in love. He held her hand, he hugged her and he kissed her. Do you hear? He *kissed* her! I said I'd keep it dark, but (this to Bob) I'll show you whether you can run to Dad with what is none of your business!"

Somehow he felt that he had failed, for he was being laughed at.

"Dear me," said his mother. "Hasn't anyone told the child yet? Why, Billy dear, Bob is going to marry her next month. I thought you knew."

Billy relapsed into glum silence.

It was two days before Billy and Jimmy met, but the longing for a swim finally became irresistible; they hied towards the creek.

Tramping along the dusty country road, Jimmy finally came around to a question which had evidently been puzzling him quite a while.

"Say, Billy, did they fall in?"

"Who?" said Billy.

"Why Bob and his girl."

"Naw, they didn't," said Billy disgustedly. "I was fool enough to holler at 'em an' it scared 'em so they jumped up an' got back before she slid. Wish I'd kept quiet!"

across that horrid field, through those horrid weeds! and Bob got mad an' said I'd ought o' come another way, when he knew all along what we was comin' to. But they didn't seem to mind it. I carried all the truck, an' when they come to a weedy place, Bob ups an' carries her through. I got there first though. Once Bob said he couldn't find the path out, an' walked clean out of his way carrin' her—"

"Wha' for?"

"I do' know. He was in the path all the time. I came near sayin' so, but Bob shut me up for some reason.

"Well, we finally came to the lower pool, where there's a nice high bank; you've been there an' they settles down an' tells me to 'please fix the bait an' things!' Gee! but they was 'bout as anxious to fish as our calf is to quit takin' his dinner. It made Bob sore when he had to fix their own crazy contraptions. He called it a 'Bustol fishing-rod.' I use a fishin' pole when I fish. But even then I had to bait their hooks with those horrid squirmy things, an' Bob got mad 'cause I threw one at his girl an' she nearly fell in.

"Soon as I'd fixed their hooks, I beat it up the creek an' left 'em to fish! Haw-haw! I guess that's all the bait they used, 'cause when I come back down the creek, their poles was layin' on the bank, an' the lines was all razzled up together 'bout as bad as they was, 'cause he had one arm round her and was just sayin' that about the whole world an' had started to kiss her, when I seen the big bank they was sittin' on begin to slide—"

"Wow! here we are. I'll beat you in, Jimmy."

The boys had reached the longed-for swimming pool, and were racing madly to see who would be the first to plunge in head first. Billie won by a narrow margin—his shirt. For the rest of the afternoon they enjoyed themselves as only boys may on a hot day in July, free from clothes and worry.

At the supper table that night Bob glanced knowingly at a damp curl of Billy's half-combed hair, and received a frown and a kick on the shins for his interest.

"All right for you, kid; your time is coming," growled Bob.

"What's that, young man?" remarked the head of the family sternly.

"It seems to me Billy has been especially well behaved these last few days."

"Oh, yes! he's an angel all right," said the oldest son, "I can see his wings already."

"Well, well, let's be thankful for a little peace anyway, son."

"Hello, Billy."

"Hello, Jimmy."

"Come out in the alley, Billy, I got something," came from over the back fence.

"What is it?" grunted Billy as he slid over the fence, ignoring the gate which had the disadvantage of being closed with a latch—a terrible nuisance.

"Come here to the corner. Some one might see us here."

Billy, very much impressed with the mystery, complied.

Jimmy unfolded a small package, slowly and solemnly. The occasion was auspicious. When the paper was removed the awed Billy gave a gasp of delight. The thing they had longed for for months, they had at last attained. The deadly drug, tobacco, lay there in his hand.

Now, both Jimmy and Billy had been taught since the cradle-roll day at Sunday School that the most awful sin that man could commit was to drink whiskey, and next to that was the use of tobacco. Dire threats had been issued by fathers and mothers and pledges had been signed, but this only had the effect

OCTOBER, 1914

BY JOE RODRIGUEZ, S '15

Deep calm in an Alsatian village. Harvest time approaches, and the fields are covered with their precious golden product. The sky is blue, with here and there a long, straggly white cloud. A high wind above, more than likely. Below them the town lies amidst low rolling hills, made smooth by constant cultivation. Not a large town, yet a busy one. High white houses with roofs at a sharp angle, streets paved with smooth, round cobblestones, and crowded with venders of fruits, milk and candies, and with people hurrying to work. The summer sun has not yet dried the dew on the patches of grass growing between corners where even the busy broom of a German housewife does not penetrate.

Now rises the sun higher. Beneath it a column of dark clouds forms, and, aided by a mild east breeze, keeps pace with the sun. The town settles to the quiet of week days, after the temporary turmoil of the morning. Busy women chat shrilly across the streets. Far away, one can hear the steady puffing of a farm tractor. Pigeons utter little throaty cries of contentment, as they gather about a barn door.

The dark front of approaching clouds obscure the sun. The wind is no longer a breeze. A cold breath makes people stare aloft. Swiftly, silently, remorselessly, the storm comes on. Now a rumble. Again. Now, almost continuously. The clouds sweep resistlessly across the remaining piece of blue sky. It is almost dark. Then suddenly, whipped about by the high wind, falls the rain. A solid sheet of swift, heavy drops. Pools form instantly on the streets. People slam doors, and stray men run with their heads down, coat collars up, silent, busily picking their way across streets dotted with miniature lakes. A solitary woman runs blindly up the street looking neither right nor left, one hand clutching her hat, the other a child who stumbles behind. She leaves the streets deserted, silent save for the hiss of the falling rain, punctuated here and there by the dripping of a faulty drain. The sky is now one huge cloud. The eastern breeze, an eastern hurricane. The rain drops steadily.

But now to windward, the sky shows a rift of lighter gloom. It spreads. The wind increases in speed. It broadens. The narrow opening is now a trail of serene, blue heaven. Now half the enormous dome is won. A little more. The sun appears. It is the decisive stroke. The clouds melt, pursued by the merciless wind, and the benign, calm, warm and genial sun reigns peacefully again. The storm is over.

Cautiously the people peer from half opened shutters, the pigeons resume tranquilly their nibbling at the leaky grain sack, the streets resound to the clatter of belated wagons. Teamsters yell lustily, wheels creak, cobblestones shake, dogs bark, and the noise of a truck unloading barrels is heard above all. Outside, the wet still glistens. The color of the soil is darker, that of the wheat more golden. The whole earth is brightened by the myriads of mirrors in the meadows reflecting the afternoon sun. The fowls of the air ruffle their feathers, the dog shakes himself, the wet cat makes his careful toilette on the barn roof. A distant sheep-fold is a huge splotch of moving dead-grey, relieved sharply from the golden brown of the pasture

land. The land is again quiet, blessed by the opportune rain, warmed by the genial sun, glad for the break in the monotony of daily work. Peace and contentment reign supreme.

A horseman appears at the head of the main street. He rides leisurely, one hand resting on the pommel, the other laid carelessly on a swaying thigh. He wears a grey uniform, fitting badly about the shoulders. A cloth-encased helmet with a square top rests on his head. Two straps hang from his shoulders to his belt. His trousers have a broad red stripe. A long lance sways behind him, resting on a stirrup socket; on his collar band the number seventeen—a cavalryman.

A hundred yards behind, the first squadron of a regiment wheels into the street. All light cavalry. They ride easily, lazily, with a certain careless swing; the way one rides who has ridden long, who must follow the movements of the horse's back to obtain a little rest for wearied bones. The last squadron passes, followed by six mules. Two are loaded with square boxes, the others with metal parts, some encased in oilcloth—machine guns. As they pass, the sun sets, and soon after darkness settles, lights appear. A long train of wagons, with canvas covered tops now occupy the streets. A few have red-crosses painted on the sides. They follow the cavalry at a walk. The streets become deserted.

Then come more wagons. Heavier, two-wheeled carts, drawn by two horses. One, a long, tarpaulin-covered, sinister-looking thing, precedes another, a high, narrow box with two backless seats in the rear. A light field-gun, followed by its caisson with its deadly load. The streets are empty, absolutely silent save for the dull rattle of the moving train of blanketed wagons. Thirty of them; five batteries.

Then comparative silence; just a rhythmic rumble. Then suddenly, silently, stream after stream of grey-clad infantry file by—weary, heavily laden, identically laden. The same blanket-roll back of the shoulders, the same knapsacks under the blankets, the same ammunition boxes under the knapsacks, the same sword bayonet on every left side, banging on the same colored trousers, swinging simultaneously, the same boots clicking in the same way at the same time. The living, pulsating man was gone. The living, pulsating men melted into a myriad-footed serpent, the impersonation of resistless mass, a silent, grim flood. Tireless, sightless, reasonless. The highest, mightiest weapon on earth. The last argument of kings. An army corps. Forty thousand men.

The officers walk along the sides. Some are mounted. All carry swords. Not a man in the forty thousand utters a word. The rumble of their boots on the stone pavement becomes an unbearable sound, like the breaking waves on the beach. The spike-topped snake flows by. Not ten inhabitants of the village see them.

Once out of the town, the cavalry heads west. The supply, ambulance, and ammunition wagons step aside. So does the artillery. The flood of infantry clanks on. Some glance wistfully at the halted wagon train.

Twenty-four hours later, the town has no men. A small, inconspicuous poster on the billboards; a cavalry scout passes a red, white, and blue post; a chain of woolly puffs of white smoke in the sky; a sound as of burning bamboo or tearing canvas; a ceaseless stream of the covered wagons, passing back and forth thru the town—it is war.

It is war. It is lack of news, founding of hospitals, a nameless dread, an hysterical wish for something to happen, a gradual increase of mourning dress, shrieking headlines on some papers, the total disappearance of others.

Shortly after, squads of the reserve begin to march off. Middle aged

men these: their faces at the station are separate studies. Some are flushed, eager, others ridiculously embarrassed, a few pale, many who fear to speak, for their hearts are pounding in their throats, many who shoulder the heavy pack with a sigh, many to whom their pack is their little cross which they bear valiantly to their little Calvaries, many whose feet are cruelly pinched by the army boot, whose shoulders are cruelly galled by the pack-straps, whose heads throb with the pressure of the helmet. All going, they feel sure, to their deaths. Yet going quietly, with a certain gentle dignity, silently, and so blindly, childishly, that one's throat hurts, and one's eyes are filled with tears. It is the saddest sight, to see these husbands, fathers, men of family part with their kith and kin at the station. This time there is no music, no flowers. A few suppressed sobs, many wet eyes deep set in pale faces. The lesson is being learned. It is the saddest sight.

Of the huge bodies of men, many will return, many more will not come back, there will be the maimed, the crippled, the blind—the blind, who stumble awkwardly in the first steps of this new life, the crippled, who will always bear some badge of army life. A medal perhaps, a helmet, playfully, an old coat with the straps still on, boastfully, an old pair of army trousers, pleading comfort, but all, absolutely all, with the vanity of the former whole man, who wants it known that he has fought, bled, and been cruelly crippled for an unknown cause, a blind reason. Oh, vanity! oh, fame! oh, so-styled honor that can make a man happy because, forsooth, he is crippled! because the medal at his breast was won thru blood! because he wore the garments of those who sought to spill blood! Such is war.

LIFE

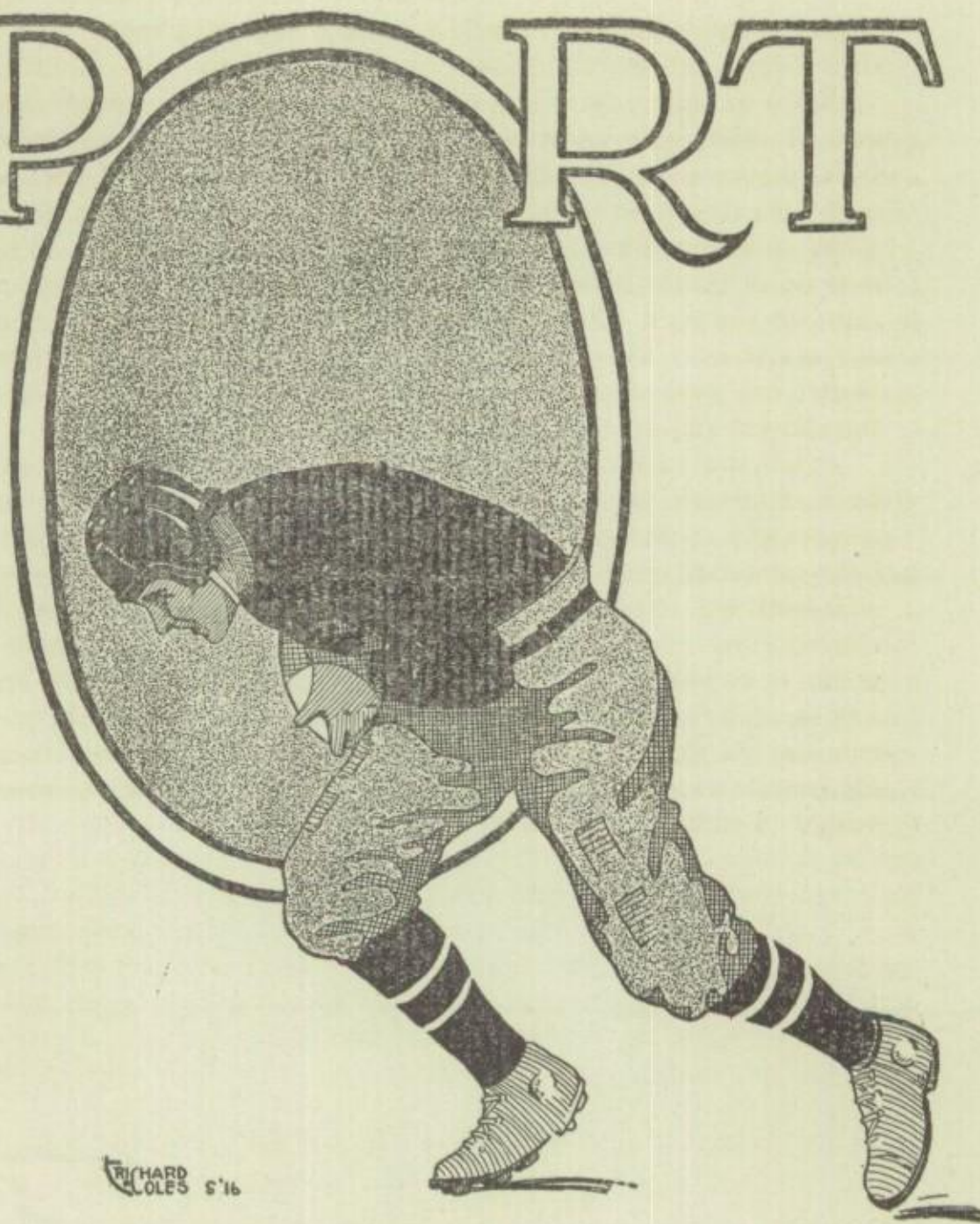
BY RALPH CLEVELAND

Red on the lips of a maiden still young,
Sweep of a star in immensity hung,
Life—it is honey new pressed from the comb,
Fire of the dawn and the glint of the foam.

Love—when it sparkles like ruby-red wine,
Fame—when it flames with ineffable shine,
Life—it's the leap of the heather-laved fawn
Light in the dew on the grass of the lawn.

Conquering Hope—when she smiles thru her tears,
Shout of a crowd that exultingly cheers;
Life—she's the doom of her paramount Death.
Ah, my beloved, I cling to thy breath.

SPORT



RICHARD
COLES '16

FOOTBALL: RAH, RAH, RAH, FOOTBALL!

With the opening of school on September 13th, many large and excited groups of students were to be seen about the halls and on the campus talking over the main topic of the day—football. It was not only "football," but "American football," that was the cause of the many discussions.

Was Manual finally going to swing over to American football after her four years of Rugby, and take up a game in which there was no possible chance to turn out a winning team for at least two or three years, when she had a team which would undoubtedly win the championship in Rugby? But the thought of not having a game with L. A. High, Manual's biggest game of the year, was too much for the football enthusiasts.

Altho it was the hope and expectation of a majority of the students, the crisis came during the last part of the first week of school. At a meeting of the principals of the schools involved, Lincoln, Polytechnic, Pomona and Manual, it was finally decided to go over to the American game.

Immediately following the decision to play the "old game," the candidates for the different positions got together and started real practice. Night after night the boys would work out on the field a while, and, upon hearing a whistle from Coach Fritsch, they would all make a rush for the boys' hygiene room. Here some experienced American coach or player would talk to them on the fundamentals of the game. After the moon had come up and the stars were to be seen twinkling brightly above, the warriors, clad for battle, were hurried out on the field to try out the many signals and formations that Coach Fritsch had been trying to drill into them.

Thus, with many a knock and setback, a fast and husky team was moulded together. With good coaching and a little oil on the rough spots, a machine which looked quite promising, was to be seen lined up for its first practice game of the year, when the Manual squad played the U. S. C. Freshmen on Wednesday, October 6th, on Bovard field.

YELL LEADERS AND ROOTING

One of the greatest lessons learned this year, as a result of the defeat of the Manual football team in their game with Poly for the City Championship, was the way in which the Purple and Gray rooters really got behind their team with their whole heart and gave the squad the best support given any team in the south. In the past years the teams have always had excellent support in their games for the City Championship, but then they were always winning.

However, in the Poly game the Purple and Gray rooters really proved that they could do as good, or better, rooting for their team when it was on the short end of the score. When the team went off the field at the end of the second quarter in the Poly game with the score 17 to 3 against them, the Manual bleacherites rose up and gave them such a wonderful exhibition of loyal support as has never been heard before in the City.

In fact, the team has been given as good or better support this year than ever before in the history of Manual Arts. All of this real rooting spirit reflects back upon the good work done by the Yell Leaders and the willingness of all wearers of the Purple and Gray to do their best under the leadership of our Yell Leader, Ralph Wilson and his two assistants, Emel Smith and Song Leader Vaughn Van Wye.

MANUAL-U. S. C. FRESHMEN GAME

Altho the Manual squad had only played together during three days' practice, Coach Fritsch sent them in against the experienced U. S. C. Freshmen on Wednesday afternoon of October 6th. This game was strictly in the nature of a practice contest. It was expected that the Freshmen would win from the Purple and Gray team, as they had added the scalps of some of the strongest prep teams in the South to their belt, including L. A. High, by a 21 to 0 score, but Coach Fritsch was anxious for the boys to play against a team better than themselves so that they might benefit by their experience. It must also be said that the Freshmen had six Varsity players in their line-up, including the much-heralded Malette at quarter.

During the first quarter the ball swayed back and forth over the middle of the field with neither team having the advantage. But during the second quarter the experience of the Freshmen began to tell over the fighting spirit of the Manual players. Excellent interference and the uncanny way in which Malette got away with his short forward passes gave the Freshmen their first score just before the quarter ended. Malette kicked goal, thus giving the Freshmen a 7 to 0 lead.

With the start of the third quarter fresh players in the Manual line-up added much vim to the team. The Freshmen got the kick-off, but Harry Lamport got the ball and wormed his way thru the opposing team to the middle of the field. Manual started on a triumphant march to the Freshmen's five yard line, but they lost the ball on an intercepted forward pass. Here the Manual offensive collapsed and the experience of the Freshmen enabled them to return the ball to the middle of the field as the quarter ended. During the last quarter the Freshmen began to get around the Manual ends, and thru end runs and Malette's short forwards, they scored their second and last touchdown. Malette again kicked goal, giving them a 14 to 0 game.

MANUAL-THROOP GAME

Saturday, October 9, Manual played her last practice game before meeting Pasadena the following Saturday in the first game of the league season. The Throop college eleven came to Manual with the reputation of having a strong team, as they had defeated the strong Pasadena High the previous Saturday.

Nevertheless the Purple and Gray players were not daunted by the fact that they were to meet a college team, and went into the game with a determination to win. The careful training and preliminary work showed the boys to be in the best of condition, and as a result, they came out of the contest on the long end of a 7 to 0 score.

The only score of the game came in the first quarter of play. Warren Lamport got away for a right end run that netted him 70 yards and a touchdown. Jimmie Blewett kicked goal.

Jimmie Blewett also came in for considerable praise by making a 60-yard run, but he lacked the speed of Warren and was downed on the five yard line. Manual lost the chance to score by losing the ball on downs.

MANUAL-PASADENA GAME

On Saturday, October 16th, Manual played her first American football league game, when we went to Pasadena to meet the fast and experienced Crown City lads. As the game was Manual's first contest, and expected to be her hardest of the season, the boys went out to fight to the last ditch. The team realized that it had to compete against two of the fastest and brainiest football stars in the state in the persons of Tuffy Conn and Gard, Pasadena's two halfbacks.

When the Manual Pacific Electric special pulled out of the station at 1:15, it carried the biggest load of Manual rooters that has ever invaded another city. Not only were there over 500 yelling football enthusiasts out to help the team win, but the Manual Arts band was also present and was seen in public for the first time this year. During the progress of the game, even with the tide of battle against them, the Manual rooters showed Pasadena what real rooting was by out-rooting them from start to finish.

Pasadena took the offensive from the start. Several times the ball was near the Manual line, but the third quarter was half gone before Pasadena could develop the punch to score a touchdown. Early in the game Tuffy Conn made two easy attempts at drop-kicks from the 15 and 20 yard lines, but both were failures. In the last few minutes of the first quarter, the Purple and Gray team showed some real class by their smashing drives thru the Pasadena line. The quarter ended with the ball in mid-field with the score 0 to 0.

The Manual players kept up their line drives in the second quarter and rushed the ball to Pasadena's 30-yard line, thru the great work of Captain Ramey and Warren Lamport. Warren caused the Pasadena rooters to sink down in their seats and groan and the Manual fans to jump about and yell to their hearts' content when he placed a beautiful drop-kick squarely between the up-rights from a difficult angle on the 35-yard line. A few minutes later he tried the trick again from the 40-yard line but it missed the up-rights by barely a foot. No more damage was done during the second quarter, as the whistle blew with the ball in the middle of the field with Manual on the long end of a 3 to 0 score.

Pasadena opened the third quarter with the kick-off. Captain Ramey received the ball and wiggled thru half of the Pasadena team to their 45-yard line. Jimmie Blewett punted to Pasadena's 30-yard line, but here the dreaded Pasadena backfield got in its work. Conn and Gard brought into play all the old tricks they could think of, and, as a result, they soon had the ball over Manual's goal line for a touchdown. Horrell kicked goal, giving Pasadena a 7 to 3 lead. Soon after the ball was put into play again Warren Lamport was injured and had to be taken from the game. He was followed by his brother Harry a few minutes later. Just a few minutes before the end of the disastrous quarter the formidable Conn got away for a 35-yard run around right end for a touchdown. Horrell kicked goal again, giving Pasadena their final point. The score stood 14 to 3 at the end of the third quarter.

The final quarter was evenly played. Both coaches made changes in the line-up in a last endeavor to gain an advantage. The game ended with practically all of Manual's second team in the line-up, fighting on the defensive in the middle of the field.

Altho the game was lost, everyone who saw the contest praised the fighting spirit and clean game put up by the Manual team. Some of the Pasadena players told the Manual boys that it was a pleasure to play against them, as they played the cleanest opposing game that Pasadena has ever seen.

MANUAL-LONG BEACH GAME

After being defeated in the first league game, Manual met Long Beach on the following Saturday, October 23rd, a game behind, but much wiser as the result of their first fracas. Again the Purple and Gray players had to meet a team with years of American experience behind them. As the Long Beach squad was the runner-up for the Southern California championship last year, Manual had a healthy respect for the brand of football put out by the beach lads.

To offset all this, Manual had proven that she had the best fighting team in the South by her showing against Pasadena the previous week. As the game was played at Manual Arts, that also helped to offset Long Beach's advantage. The team went onto the field with the knowledge that L. A. High had succeeded in holding the Long Beach team to a 0 to 0 tie the week before at Long Beach, so they wanted to show that they could put up a better fight than L. A. High did.

Long Beach has always been noted for the way in which they turn out and cheer their teams, but at this contest they had the largest delegation that they had ever sent to Los Angeles for any kind of game. Over a thousand rooters came from the Beach town to help swell the mob that packed the bleachers from end to end.

The game started with Manual getting the kickoff. During the first quarter neither team could make the required ten yards on downs, and were forced to punt. As a result the contest was near the middle of the field thru-out. The first quarter ended with Long Beach on the ball in the middle of the field.

In the second quarter Long Beach pulled off a classy forward pass that netted them twenty yards, but Manual came back at them and evened it up by making as good a gain on a rugby pass. During the first part of the game Manual made numerous attempts to get around Long Beach's ends, but she always found strong opposition, so she had to revert to line bucking and punting to keep the ball out of danger. The half ended as Manual regained possession of the ball on her twenty yard line, with the score still 0 to 0.

Long Beach started the third quarter with the kickoff. By a series of short gains thru the line and a long punt by Warren Lamport, Manual carried the ball to the Long Beach 20-yard line. At this critical moment Manual lost the ball and was again forced back to the middle of the field by two successful forward passes and a punt. Neither team had a chance to score until the start of the last quarter, when Captain Anderson of the Long Beach squad failed on a placement kick from the 25-yard line and a drop kick from the 40-yard line a few minutes later. The latter kick went true to its mark, but fell short of the cross-bar by barely a foot. From then on Manual was the master of the situation. The scoreless contest ended in the middle of the field with the ball in Manual's possession.

MANUAL-POLY GAME

With a record of a defeat and a tied game staring her in the face, Manual met the Poly eleven at Washington Park on October 20, in her first battle with a city school. The Manual eleven was doped to win over Poly because of her good showing in the Pasadena and Long Beach contests, when

the Purple and Gray team met squads that had known nothing but American football for years past.

Enthusiasm ran high in both Polytechnic and Manual. Rallies were held and songs and yells practiced. Manual's pet yell for all Poly games, the reply to "Give 'em the Ax," was dug up and learned by all those not already familiar with it. Eighteen special cars were chartered to carry the great mob of Manual's "Royal Rooters" to the game. It must be said for these rooters that they "did themselves proud," in the way they supported the team even during the darkest moments.

The game started with the heavy Manual backs rushing the ball into Poly's danger zone. Manual drew first blood when Warren Lamport put over a beautiful drop-kick from the 35-yard line, making the score Manual 3, Poly 0. The end of the first quarter found the ball in the middle of the field in Poly's possession.

Poly carried the ball to Manual's 25-yard line at the start of the second period by short runs by Haney and Packer. Haney booted over a perfect place-kick from Manual's 30-yard line, thus tying the score at 3 all. Poly kicked off and Manual again started a triumphant march down into the Poly territory, only to be taken back to her own 20-yard line by an intercepted forward pass from Blewett to Harry Lamport. Poly failed to advance the ball, so it returned to Manual. Again the ball went back to the middle of the field. A Rugby pass was started around Poly's left end but Packer again intercepted the ball and got away for a 60-yard run with Warren Lamport ten yards behind him. Warren caught the Mechanics' fleet-footed runner on the five-yard line, but the two rolled over the line together for the first touchdown of the game. Haney kicked goal. Score, Poly 10; Manual 3. Poly kicked off and got the ball on Manual's 37-yard line after Manual failed to advance it. A perfect forward pass from Haney to Bland resulted in Poly's second and last touchdown. Haney again kicked goal. Score, Poly 17; Manual 3. Here Coach Fritsch got disgusted and sent in the whole second team with the exception of Dan McMillan at center. The half ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

With the start of the third quarter the loyal Manual rooters yelled for a come-back and they surely got what they asked for. Manual kicked off. Poly worked the ball back to the middle of the field where they lost it. Here the Purple and Gray players showed their superior playing by bucking their way thru the fast-weakening Poly line for yard after yard. During this quarter Manual had the ball practically the whole time. Toney got the ball on Poly's five yard line and plowed thru the crumbled Blue and Gold squad for a touchdown. Jimmie Blewett kicked goal. Score, Poly 17; Manual 10. The quarter ended with Poly on the offensive in the middle of the field.

At the start of the last quarter the Manual players seemed to have more pep and fight than ever before. They got possession of the ball on an intercepted forward pass and again started their slow but sure march down the field. This time it was Jimmie Blewett who put the ball over the line on a short buck. With but one point needed to tie the score, Jimmie couldn't stand the strain that rested upon him. The ball went wild, thus leaving Poly in the lead, 17 to 16. During the remainder of the game the Manual team worked the ball into the Poly territory but the final whistle blasted Manual's last desperate chance to score.

This game was the first football contest that Manual has lost to Polytechnic since the Purple and Gray teams began to be a factor in athletic circles

four years ago. From records kept of the game it was shown that Manual gained 208 yards thru the line to 61 by Poly. Manual also gained 90 yards around ends to 37 for Poly. Thruout the game Manual won first down 14 times and was penalized only 20 yards to six first downs and a penalty of 70 yards by Poly.

MANUAL-L. A. JUNIOR COLLEGE GAME

After having a week's vacation, the Manual football men again went into training preparatory to the games with L. A. High and Hollywood. On November 20th, the Purple and Gray warriors were sent against the L. A. Junior College team and a good game resulted. After the dust had cleared away, Manual was on the long end of a 14 to 0 score.

During the first half of the contest Coach Fritsch sent in many substitutes to see what they could do in a real game. As a result, neither team could score a touchdown during the opening half. However Manual netted two points by one of the Junior College men falling on the ball behind his own goal line for a safety.

The third quarter opened with the regular team in the game, and Harold Galloway at quarter. This was Harold's first appearance in a game this year after being injured during the training season. He appropriately dedicated the occasion by receiving the ball on the kickoff and running through the whole Junior College team for a touchdown. Warren Lamport failed to kick goal. Score: Manual 8, Junior College 0. The last score came in this quarter also. Jimmie Blewett received the ball on a punt and made a 70-yard run. Just as he was tackled by one of the Junior College men he made a perfect rugby pass to Warren Lamport. Lamport scored on the play after a 20-yard run. Jimmie failed to kick goal, ending the scoring—14 digits for Manual. During the last quarter Coach Fritsch again sent in some of his many substitutes. Neither team could make any substantial gains, and the game ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

MANUAL-OXY FRESHMAN GAME

As a result of the postponement of the Hollywood game, Coach Fritsch sent the team up against the crack Occidental Freshman on the Manual campus on Tuesday, November 23rd. The Occidental Freshmen came to Manual with the reputation of not having their goal line crossed during their whole season. They had defeated the best of the high schools, including Pasadena and Long Beach. However, their streak was broken before the Purple and Gray warriors got through with them, and they were forced to pack up with a 13 to 6 score tagged on them.

The game started by the Freshman taking the ball from the start and rushing into Manual territory. The work of their fullback, Brooks, and of Bobby Creswell at quarter was too much for the Artisans. Occidental drew first blood by sending Brooks over the line for the first score on the first play at the start of the second quarter. When the first period ended the ball was on Manual's one-yard line. Brooks failed to kick goal. Score Occidental 6, Manual 0. The rest of the second quarter was uneventful. Neither team could gain the advantage and the half ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

The Manual boys came to life in the third quarter. A rugby pass, Ramey carried the ball over for a touchdown. Jimmie Blewett kicked goal, by Creswell, gave Manual the ball on the Occidental 2-yard line. Captain Ramey carried the ball over for a touchdown. Jimmie Blewett kicked goal, giving Manual a 7 to 6 lead.

The last quarter started by the Occidental boys getting the ball on the kickoff. After a few minutes of play, Captain Ramey intercepted a forward pass on Occidental's 40-yard line and succeeded in again scoring. Jimmie failed to kick goal from a difficult angle. The game ended with Manual on the offensive with 13 to 6 lead.

MANUAL-RIVERSIDE GAME

As a result of the canceling of the Manual-L. A. High game, Manual was left on the wrong side of the ledger financially. However, Coach Fritsch was on the job and soon had a game arranged to take the place of the L. A. High contest. When the renowned Riverside High team traveled to Manual on December 4th, they brought with them the reputation of being the strongest prep team in Southern California. However, when they left for home that night, they were forced to take with them the short end of a 20 to 0 score.

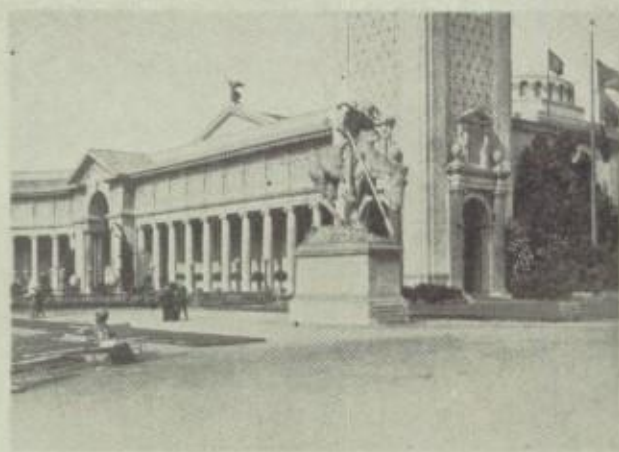
Throughout their season they had only been defeated once, and then by a fluke in the last fifteen seconds of play. They had defeated Redlands 81 to 0 and San Bernardino 81 to 7. Just the week before meeting Manual they had also downed Poly, the City Champs, by a 48 to 0 score. Such was the reputation of the heavy team that lined up against the Purple and Gray squad on a wet and soggy field, just after a heavy rain.

Even the most optimistic of Manual rooters did not expect a victory, but were hoping to see the boys put up a better fight against the Riverside terrors than had the Poly players. Great was the surprise of the Manual supporters, and even the players, when they succeeded in holding the Up-Country squad to a 0 to 0 tie in the first quarter. Even the most experienced of the football critics who had predicted an easy victory for the Riverside boys were greatly surprised.

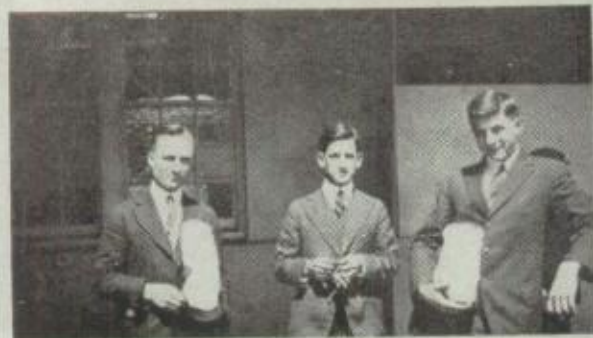
Still greater was the amazement of the 800 loyal Purple and Gray enthusiasts when, during the latter part of the second quarter, the Manual squad not only began to hold the claimants to the State Championship, but slowly began to outplay them and work them back to their own goal line. Even after the first score had been made by Warren Lamport in the third quarter, it was still expected by many that the Riverside boys would come back and win out.

However, in the last quarter, when the Purple and Gray players kept up their terrific driving, the most pessimistic onlookers finally began to realize that Manual really had a wonderful football machine and one that could hold its own against any high school squad in the state. Then, as never before, were the boys given a rousing cheer that carried with it all of the joy and appreciation of such a great Student Body for many nights of toil and sacrifice that they might, in the end prove that they had carried out the wish of the large Manual community and honorably discharged their responsibility.

Never before had a Manual team played together as they did in that game



EXPOSITION OF 1915



SOME SENIOR A'S



THE BLUE BIRD



LOOKING UP



ECHO PARK



THAT HOUSE PARTY



HANDS UP



MOUNT WILSON



MOUNT WILSON



VAN CAMP'S
PORK AND BEANS



ASLEEP AT
THE SWITCH



GEORGE IS
GOING SOME



ABOUT THE SCHOOL



IN THE GARDEN



ABOUT THE SCHOOL



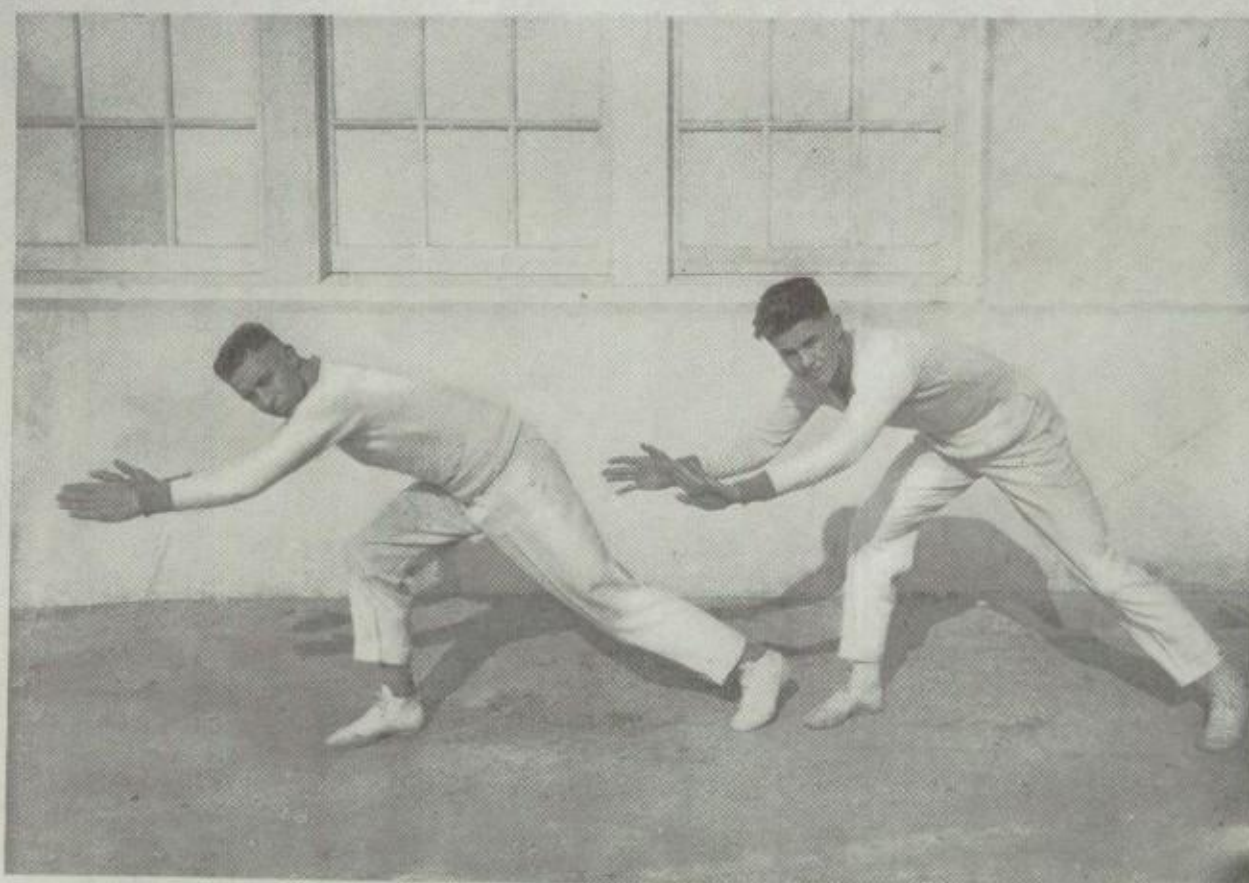
ABOUT THE SCHOOL



THE FASHION SHOW



THE FACULTY TEAM



YEA-BO



MANAGER



COACH



CAPTAIN



TROPHY CUPS



COACH LIGDA



CAPT. GALLOWAY



"DOC" OHLSSON



WARREN LAMPORT



"SOLLY" SMITH



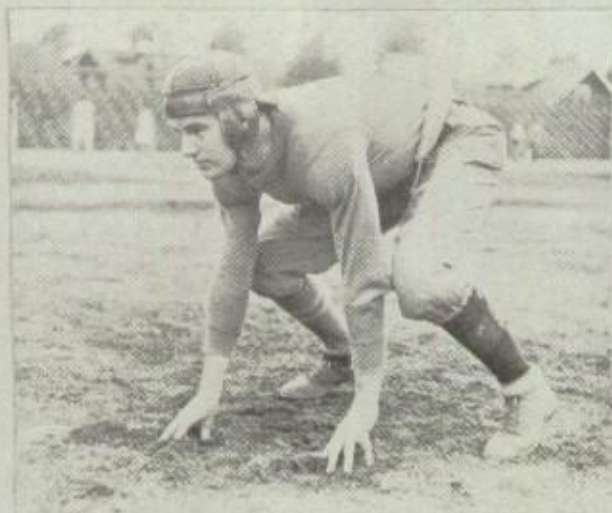
CAPT. HARRY



JIMMIE BLEWETT



ELTON BAILEY



WATSON BEGGS



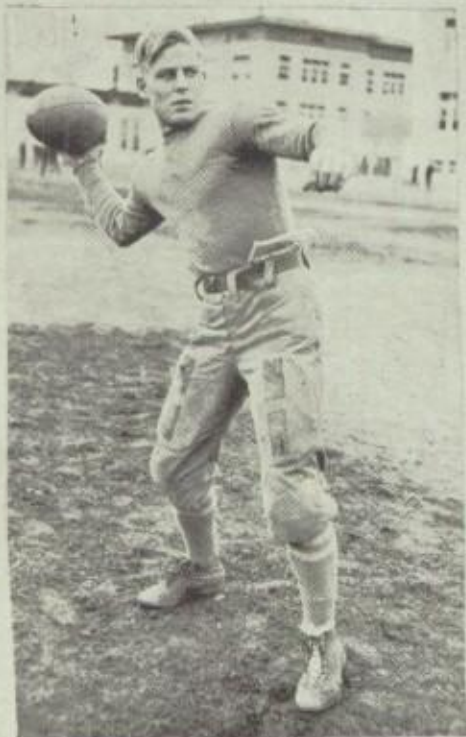
DAN McMILLAN



HAROLD CASSIDY



AUGUST WIEN



AMOR GALLOWAY



HARRY LAMPORT



ARCHIE KAMMERER



KENNETH BROCKMAN



HARVEY HELM



HOWARD McCLOSKEY



CHARLES TONEY



KENNETH BATNEY



ED. CHILTON



HENRY HILCOCK



CLARON GALLOWAY



FALLS BRIDGES



BASKET BALL TEAM



FROM THE SUMMER FIFTEEN ARTISAN
THEY ARE STILL DISCUSSING THE SWIMMING POOL

against a team that was expected to outclass them from start to finish. Shining out from behind the perfect teamwork of the Purple and Gray squad was the real, brilliant playing of the Manual backfield. This game had its heroes, as all good contests have. Of all the players on the field, the work of Warren Lamport, Dan McMillan, Charles Toney and Harold Galloway stood out above that of their teammates; while Livengood of Riverside was the star of the losing squad. This big husky is a football player from the ground up and is deserving of a position on the All-Southern team. As for those not lucky enough to be given special mention, it must be said that every man on the field got in and played their best from whistle to whistle.

The game started with Manual getting the kickoff. Riverside started strong by winning first down three times but failed on the fourth attempt after being penalized 15 yards. Captain Ramey made the first end run of the game by going around the right side for 10 yards and was followed by Warren Lamport with 15 yards around the other end. The quarter ended with the ball on Manual's 25-yard line.

Again in the second quarter Riverside carried the ball into Manual's territory but failed to score after getting the ball on the 1-yard line by a penalty. Slowly but surely the gains of Warren Lamport, Ramey and Jimmie Blewett forced the ball back toward the Riverside goal line. Two beautiful runs, a 15-yard by Warren Lamport and a 10-yard by Ramey and Blewett, aided Manual materially. The quarter ended with the ball on the Riverside 12-yard line, with the score still 0 to 0.

Captain Ramey auspiciously opened the third quarter by a beautiful 35-yard run-in after receiving the ball on the kickoff. After an exchange of punts Manual finally got the ball on their forty yard line. A pretty 20-yard forward pass from Jimmie Blewett to Captain Ramey and line-bucks put the ball on Riverside's 10-yard line. After being penalized 15 yards, Warren Lamport plowed his way through right tackle for the first touchdown. Jimmie Blewett failed to kick goal, ending the quarter with the score 6 to 0.

"Speed" Brockman started things going in the last period by scooping up a fumble and running 30-yards to a touchdown. Jimmie added the extra point, bringing the score up to 13 to 0. Soon after play was started again, Riverside made their only long run of the game by going 20 yards on a perfect rugby pass. However, a punt, 10 yards on an intercepted forward pass by Walter McMillan, and a line buck sent Warren over for another touchdown. Warren also kicked goal, bringing the score up to its final standing. The game ended with the ball on the Riverside 40-yard line.

MANUAL-HOLLYWOOD GAME

Saturday morning, December 11th, marked the final contest of the Manual football squad when they met the Hollywood team on our campus. Realizing that they would never be seen in a game for Manual again, the graduating members of the backfield, Warren Lamport, Captain Ramey and Elton Bailey went into the game with the intentions of playing their very best game from start to finish. As a result of the smashing drives of Manual's backfield, Hollywood was completely humbled and sent home with the most decisive defeat registered by any team in the league during the season. The final score stood as follows: Manual 49; Hollywood 0.

Again, it seemed to be the sole intention of the Manual team to win from Hollywood by a more decisive score than did the lucky Poly squad when they were officially declared the champions of Los Angeles. As a result of their firm intention of putting their last great effort into their play, when the Manual boys went onto the field they were in condition to play the best game of the season. However, there were many regrets when Dan McMillan was seen warming the side lines instead of being in the game at center.

The lighter and slower lads wearing the Red and White found themselves completely outclassed and unable to hold the terrific drives and end runs started by the Manual backfield, and as a result they were shoved from one end of the field to the other before the rushes of the wearers of the Purple and Gray.

The game started by Henry of Hollywood getting the kickoff. Immediately the Purple and Gray warriors got the ball and started on a march toward the Hollywood's goal line. However, after getting the ball on the 1-yard line, they lost it on downs. The first score came in the latter part of the first quarter when Harry Lamport got away for an end around play and went 15 yards to a touchdown. Jimmie failed to kick goal. The first quarter ended with the ball in Hollywood's territory with the score 6 to 0 in Manual's favor.

Soon after the opening of the second quarter Warren Lamport attempted a drop kick, but the ball refused to go between the uprights. Still sore at himself for not scoring on the drop kick, Warren got away a few minutes later for an end run that netted him 10 yards and the second touchdown of the game. This time Jimmie kicked the goal and boosted the score to 13 digits. Again Blewett kicked off and again Hollywood failed to advance the ball and were forced to punt. Just before the end of the second quarter Warren got the ball on the 35-yard line and booted over a perfect drop kick, thus bringing the total score up to 16 points at the end of the quarter.

During the third quarter the Hollywood boys showed some resemblance to a comeback and succeeded in holding the Artisans in better style than they did during the first two periods of the game. Nevertheless, Manual was not to be denied the pleasure of putting over another touchdown, so Harold Galloway heaved a clever forward pass to Hillock that netted 30 yards and the third touchdown. Jimmie kicked an easy goal, hauling the score up to 23 to 0 at the end of the third period.

Warren Lamport started the landslide in the last quarter when he got the ball on the 23-yard line and went through the whole Hollywood team for a touchdown. Jimmie Blewett failed to kick the goal, but that never worried the Manual rooters in the least, as Toney came around from tackle and heaved another long forward pass to Walter McMillan only a couple of minutes later that resulted in Dan's little brother going over for a touchdown from the 25 yard line. Warren kicked the goal, bringing the score up to 36 to 0. The Lamport family had more honors heaped upon itself when the irresistible Warren snatched the ball from Galloway in the middle of the field and sailed around right end for the sixth touchdown of the game and then added another for good measure. At this stage of the game Coach Fritsch thought it wise to send Bailey into the game at full. The big boy delivered in fine style by shooting through the center of Hollywood's line for gains of 20 to 30 yards at a time. The last touchdown came after the Hollywood rooters had already started for home when Bailey lowered his head, shut his eyes, and started in the general direction of Hollywood's goal line. Bailey failed to kick the goal. Final score, 49 to 0.

TEAM PERSONNEL

HARRY LAMPORT, left end. Harry has lots of speed and developed into a bear of an end. Was picked for the All-City team.

HENRY HILLOCK, right end. "Hen" replaced Newman. A wonder at breaking up end runs and picking off forward passes.

WALTER McMILLAN, end. Brother of the illustrious Dan. Walter got into the game against Riverside and immediately intercepted a forward pass for a big gain.

WHEELER NEWMAN, right end. "Crip" got laid out with a broken bone Thanksgiving Day. He is still looking for the St. Vincents' player that did the deed.

EARL TOSTESON, end. Got injured in the Oxy Freshman game just as he was developing into one of the best ends in the city. His last year.

CHARLES TONEY, tackle. Toney is a born football player. He holds the line like a stone wall and is a terror at tackling. Made the All-Southern team. He has another year yet.

KENNETH BROCKMAN, right tackle. "Speed" will help to plug up the line next year. He is fast and a sure tackler.

FALLS BRIDGES, tackle. A football player as well as a wrestler. Played a good, consistent game.

GUS WEIN, left guard. Gus is a comer. Gus was the first man to be injured in a league game, being knocked in the first play of the Pasadena game.

HARVEY HELM, right guard. New to the game but a terror to his opponents. Will be back next year.

HAROLD CASSIDY, guard. Good on plugging up the line. Got his letter and says that it wasn't luck either.

DAN McMILLAN, center. Best prep center in the south. Rah for the Scotch! Dan played the most consistent football of any man on the team. Manual will have a hard time filling the big boy's place next year.

HAROLD GALLOWAY, quarter back. Hats off to our new football Captain. Out because of a broken collar bone at the first of the season but played a star game when he got into the line-up. Captain and quarterback of the All-City team.

ARCHIE KAMMERER, center. Took Dan's place in the Hollywood game. Will make a corker of a center next year.

AMOR GALLOWAY, quarterback. Played a good game until Harold got back into the line-up. An old-time American player.

KENNETH RAMEY, (CAPT.), right half. The shortest man on the team but he is a demon when it comes to hitting the line.

WARREN LAMPORT, left half. Some football player for a Student President. The fastest man and the best ground gainer on the team. Scored

more points than all the rest of the team together. All-City and All-Southern halfback.

CLARON GALLOWAY, half. Relieved Warren in most of the games. Light, but fast and knows how to find the holes in the line.

EDWARD CHILTON, half. Struck terror into the hearts of the Riverside players in the last quarter by his end runs. His last year.

JIMMIE BLEWETT, fullback. Jimmy is a bear at line bucking and forward passing. Is also the best prep punter in the south. Has another year of football.

ELTON BAILEY, fullback. "The little fat boy." Fast and the best line plunger on the team. Made the Hollywood line look like paper.

HUGH McCLOSKEY, guard. The largest man on the team. If he had played throughout the season as he did in the Hollywood game he would have made the All-Southern team.

SECOND TEAM

Again Manual has proven that she can turn out a strong second team as well as a good first squad by winning the Southern California Second Team football championship, as the team went through the season without meeting a single defeat.

In the seven games played, they have been held to a tie score but once and in only two cases they were held to only one touchdown. Their final game of the season was to be with the Santa Ana seconds for the championship, but before the contest was staged the Santa Ana boys forfeited their chance for the championship by calling off their contest with the Manual second team.

Following are the results of the games played this season by the Second Team:

M. A. Seconds 18,	Inglewood High 0.
M. A. Seconds 28,	Inglewood High 0.
M. A. Seconds 0,	Long Beach Seconds 0.
M. A. Seconds 25,	Poly Seconds 0.
M. A. Seconds 6,	Fullerton High 0.
M. A. Seconds 13,	Pasadena Seconds 6.
M. A. Seconds 6,	Poly Junior College 0.

Total Manual score 96.
Total Opponents' score 6.

SENIOR A-FACULTY GAME

For the first time in the history of high schools in Southern California a high school faculty put out a football team to be seen in action by the inquisitive public. Manual's faculty team made its debut on November 18 when they met the fast Senior A squad in the first annual Senior A-Faculty game.

Many of the Faculty squad may have been has-beeners in football, but they showed lots of pep and fight during their short scrimmage with the Senior boys. In fact the Faculty had things all to themselves until the last few minutes of play when the big huskies had to admit that it was real work and that they would rather be in the grandstand than on the field of battle. However, in the first part of the game the Faculty rolled up a ten point lead over their rivals and then did their best to hold the Senior A's from outstripping them. This they did, and when the final whistle blew they congratulated themselves on a 10 to 7 victory over their chagrined opponents.

Earl Tosteson started the game by kicking off to Mr. Nihart, who made a rugby pass to Mr. Shepard, who in turn was downed on his 40-yard line. After Mr. Beswick had lost eight yards on an attempted end run, the Faculty began a driving game thru the Senior line that worked to perfection. The first score of the game came near the end of the second quarter when Mr. Ligda dived over the line for a touchdown. Mr. Nihart kicked goal, thus giving the Profs. a 7 to 0 lead. Not satisfied with their lead, Mr. Nihart added three more points by making a lucky drop from the 35-yard line.

During the latter part of the game, the Faculty players began to lag and to ask for time out whenever they got a chance. During the last quarter the Seniors boys slowly but surely began to play the offensive game. By some hard line bucks the Seniors got the ball on the Faculty 10-yard line and then "Red" Larson scooted around right end for a touchdown. Bridges kicked the goal, making the final score 10 to 7.

Following is the line-up:

Wagner	L. E. R.	Long
Rilliet	L. T. R.	Dosta
Clayton	L. G. R.	Ward
Greenup	C.	Norris, Bornstein
Ohlsson	R. G. L.	Thompson
Olmstead	R. T. L.	Thompson
Rea	R. E. L.	Larson
Nihart	Q.	Tosteson
Shepard	L. H. R.	Chilton
Beswick	R. H. L.	Van Wye
Ligda	F.	Bridges
Referee, George Blewett; Umpire, Fritsch.		

SENIOR A-B GAME

The big game of the inter-class series, the Senior A-Senior B contest, was held during the noon period of September 28th. The bleachers were filled with the two thousand pupils who had come out to help root their favorites to victory. However, the bleachers were disappointed on this score, as neither team could get thru the other for a count. After thirty minutes of play, the contest was declared a draw by Dr. Wilson, and the students

hurried back to their class rooms.

However, as neither team was satisfied with a draw, a second contest was set for the following Friday afternoon. As the two teams lined up for the final contest, it could be plainly seen that they were out to do or die in order that their class might be returned the victor. As in the previous contest, the teams were as evenly matched as could be. The contest see-sawed up and down the field until near the end of the second quarter. Just before the whistle blew, Earl Tosteson of the Senior A squad intercepted a forward pass from Lilly to Harry Lamport and made an eighty yard run to a touchdown. Tosteson failed to kick the goal, giving the Senior A's a 6 to 0 lead at the end of the first half. That one touchdown looked as big as a mountain at that time, for the way the teams were battling it was not expected that the Senior B's could overcome the lead during the two remaining quarters.

The ball was rushed into the Senior A territory at the start of the second half by the Senior B's getting the kickoff. Several times the ball rested on the Senior A five yard line, but every time it got near the danger line Earl Tosteson's long boots carried it out of danger. With only three minutes remaining to be played, the ball was again carried to the A12 five yard line. This time a perfect forward pass from Lilly to Harry Lamport put the ball over and tied the score. Warren Lamport won the game by kicking the goal from an easy angle.

In the last couple of minutes the ball was rushed into the B12 territory, but the time was too short for further damage. The game ended with the B12 team the victors by a 7 to 6 score.

However, it must be said that the A12 team put up a gritty fight against a team weighing ten pounds more to the man and a team which also had two of the speediest players in the city to say nothing of Ramey, captain of the Manual team.

PUSHBALL GAME

Never before at Manual has there been such friendly rivalry between the two Senior classes as there was this year. During the years many things cropped up to keep the excitement alive between the two classes, and as a result of the many differences, Dr. Wilson advised the Senior A's that they challenge the B12 boys to a pushball game. Accordingly, the challenge was sent in and accepted and the game called at noon on Wednesday, December 29.

The Senior A boys were outnumbered two to one, so the Senior A captain had to sift his team down to a point where he could meet the opponents on an equal footing. Thus, the B12 team had the pick of a much larger class and were able to pick out the huskiest and fittest for battle, while the A12 leader had to take anyone that showed up for the fray.

The game was played in six minute halves. At the start of the contest the ball was placed in the middle of the field and the two opposing teams ranged in a line fifty yards away. In the game the Senior B's had the advantage of both speed and height, so as soon as they were able to boost the huge ball up over their heads they marched down toward their opponents' goal for a score. The ball was returned to the middle of the field and again the teams raced into the fray. The Senior B team scored once more during the first half, thus bringing the count up to 4 to 0, which stood till the end of the game, as the play was even during the last half.

AGE, HEIGHT, AND WEIGHT OF TEAM MEMBERS

NAME	AGE	HEIGHT		WEIGHT
		FT.	IN.	
HARRY LAMPORT	18	6—0		165
HENRY HILLOCK	18	5—8		143
WALTER McMILLAN	16	5—8		129
WHEELER NEWMAN	16	5—8½		143
EARL TOSTESON	18	5—8½		154
CHARLES TONEY	17	5—10½		160
KENNETH BROCKMAN	18	6—1		173
FALLS BRIDGES	18	5—8		145
GUS WEIN	17	6—0		160
HARVEY HELM	17	5—10½		164
HAROLD CASSIDY	19	5—10¾		160
HUGH McCLOSKEY	19	6—1		188
DAN McMILLAN	18	6—2		165
ARCHIE KAMMERER	18	5—11¼		163
HAROLD GALLOWAY	18	5—6½		128
AMOR GALLOWAY	16	5—7½		145
KENNETH RAMEY, (C)	19	5—4		145
CLARON GALLOWAY	19	5—8		137
WARREN LAMPORT	18	6—0½		170
EDWARD CHILTON	18	5—6		142
JIMMIE BLEWETT	17	5—10		151
ELTON BAILEY	17	5—9		169

WEIGHT AVERAGE FIRST TEAM, 157 POUNDS

WEIGHT AVERAGE ALL LETTER MEN, 154 POUNDS

THE SCORING BY QUARTERS

	FIRST QTR.	SECOND QTR.	THIRD QTR.	FOURTH QTR.	TOTAL.
MANUAL ARTS	0	0	0	0	0
U. S. C. FRESHMEN	0	7	7	0	14
MANUAL ARTS	7	0	0	0	7
THROOP COLLEGE	0	0	0	0	0
MANUAL ARTS	0	3	0	0	3
PASADENA HIGH	0	0	14	0	14
MANUAL ARTS	0	0	0	0	0
LONG BEACH HIGH	0	0	0	0	0
MANUAL ARTS	3	0	7	6	16
POLYTECHNIC	0	17	0	0	17
MANUAL ARTS	2	0	12	0	14
L. A. JUNIOR COLLEGE	0	0	0	0	0
MANUAL ARTS	0	0	7	6	13
OCCIDENTAL FRESHMEN	0	6	0	0	6
MANUAL ARTS	0	0	6	14	20
RIVERSIDE HIGH	0	0	0	0	0
MANUAL ARTS	14	6			20
ST. VINCENT COLLEGE	0	0			0
MANUAL ARTS					
L. A. HIGH			Game forfeited to Manual.		
MANUAL ARTS	6	10	7	26	49
HOLLYWOOD	0	0	0	0	0
TOTAL MANUAL SCORE	32	19	39	52	142
TOTAL OPPONENTS' SCORE		30	21	0	51

TABLE OF LOSSES AND GAINS IN M. A.-POLY GAME

	First quarter		Second quarter		Third quarter		Fourth quarter		Total	
	MA	P	MA	P	MA	P	MA	P	MA	P
Touchdowns	0	0	0	12	6	0	6	0	12	12
Goals	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	2
Place kicks	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3
Drop kicks	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0
Safeties	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	3	0	0	17	7	0	6	0	16	17

HOW THE YARDS WERE MADE

Through line	57	4	29	20	79	16	43	21	208	61
Around ends	42	6	9	12	7	0	32	19	90	37
Forward pass	0	14	0	37	0	0	0	0	0	51
Run back kick-offs	28	20	33	22	0	6	0	12	61	60
Run back punts	7	0	27	0	0	0	0	0	34	0
Runs after interception	0	0	5	102	0	0	0	0	5	102
Total	134	44	98	193	86	22	75	52	398	311

FORWARD PASSES

Attempted	0	1	1	6	0	0	0	1	1	8
Completed	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2
Incompleted	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3
Intercepted	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	3

FUMBLES

Recovered	3	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	4	3
Lost	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

First downs	4	1	1	3	5	1	4	1	14	6
Penalties	5	0	0	3	15	20	0	20	20	70

Punting average: Poly, 40 yards; Manual, 32 yards.
 Kick-off average: Poly, 26 yards; Manual, 28 yards.

BASKET BALL

Owing to the lateness of the football season this year basketball has had to suffer. However, the Manual basket ball squad had taken matters into their own hands and did their own coaching while Coach Fritsch had his hands full with football.

Although Manual won the City championship last year, the team suffered by the graduation of most of the men. The only regular player left for this season is Donald Clarey, captain of the team.

By the time the Artisan went to press, the City League games had not started, but prospects were good for winning the City championship again this year. Among those seen on the team were Harold Galloway, Jimmie Blewett, and McKellar at forward, Captain Clarey at center, Brockman, Fether, and Wagner at guard.

The City championship was fought out this year by only four teams, as L. A. High was forced out of competitive athletics for the year and Gardena had withdrawn as they could not put up a team good enough to compete with the schools of Los Angeles.

TABLE OF LOSSES AND GAINS IN HOLLYWOOD GAME

	First quarter		Second quarter		Third quarter		Fourth quarter		Total	
	MA	H	MA	H	MA	H	MA	H	MA	H
Touchdowns	1	0	1	0	1	0	4	0	7	0
Goals	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	4	0
Place kicks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Drop kicks	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Safeties	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	6	0	10	0	7	0	26	0	49	0

HOW THE YARDS WERE MADE

Around ends	85	2	41	12	21	25	64	0	211	39
Off tackle	13	9	5	0	12	14	42	3	72	26
Off guard	11	3	4	0	0	1	6	5	21	9
Forward pass	25	0	27	20	60	6	20	0	132	40
Through center	19	0	0	1	0	0	50	0	69	1
Run back kick-off	15	5	0	35	0	15	48	30	63	85
Run back punts	5	0	20	0	39	0	75	0	139	0
Runs after interception	0	0	0	0	15	7	0	6	15	13
Total	173	19	97	68	146	68	304	44	722	213

FORWARD PASSES

Attempted	4	3	7	2	3	2	3	1	17	8
Completed	1	0	1	1	2	1	1	0	5	2
Incompleted	2	1	6	1	0	0	1	1	9	3
Intercepted	1	2	0	0	1	1	1	0	3	3

FUMBLES

Recovered	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2
Lost	1	0	1	2	2	0	1	1	5	3

First downs	8	0	2	1	3	2	3	0	16	3
Penalties	15	15	0	20	0	15	2	10	17	60
Punts	0	2	0	4	1	5	0	5	1	16

Puntting average: Manual, 25 yards; Hollywood, 22 yards.
 Kick-off average: Manual, 44 yards; Hollywood, 35 yards.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Cross country running is a new sport at Manual Arts. Last year Manual held one cross country run, that with Hollywood High, but this year more interest has been taken in the sport and runs have been scheduled. The first run will be with Pasadena High and another is expected to be held with Hollywood again this season.

As a result of the interest taken in the new sport, it was planned to recognize it by awarding a letter to those making good in the long grinds. Prospects are good for the cross country team being a winner this year, as the team will be strengthened by Morton Margolyes and several other promising runners.

TRACK

Never before in the history of the school have the track prospects looked better than they do at present. Altho the graduation of Repath, Hughes and Maurer has taken half of the point-winners of Manual's State Championship Track Team, there is a wealth of material left to defend the title this year.

Such men as Captain-elect Harry Lamport, Warren Lamport, Charles FitzSimmons, Solly Smith, Manager Martin Zolle, Watson Beggs and other first class tracksters, will win many a point for Manual this year.

Every year the Manual team is bolstered by the entering of star athletes from outside schools, and this year has proved no exception. Morton Margolyes, holder of the mile inter-scholastic championship of the Northwest, is attending Manual, and will be a great help to the Purple and Gray team. His time of 4 minutes 30 seconds looks to be good for five points in the State meet this year. Another welcome trackster is Carl Haberlein, a broad jumper, who hails from New Mexico with a record of 20 feet 8 inches.

Manual is out to win the second leg of A. G. Spalding's Perpetual Trophy cup, and chances were never brighter for again winning the State Championship. Come out and support the team. Boost track from the start. Root loud and long, and the boys will do all that human beings can to see that the Manual halls are again graced by championship trophies and pennants.

TENNIS

From an almost obscure position to one of the most popular of the minor sports at Manual Arts, has been the record of tennis during the last year. Much interest has been taken in this sport, and, as a result, some fine talent has been developed at the school that is expected to bring honors to Manual. "Bill" Taylor is expected to return to school, and, with Frank Winne, the chances are fair that they will add the State Doubles Championship to that of City and Southern California champs of last year. Another player who has shown great promise is Harvey Snodgrass. A year ago this tenth grader was unknown in tennis circles. His rise has been rapid, and he bids fair to be on top at the end of the State Interscholastic Tennis Tournament to be held in Los Angeles this year.

Two of our girls made a fine showing in the Dudley cup tournament at Santa Monica in December. Norah Biller won her way into the finals, and in the second round, Ethel Starr was beaten by her.

The finals were not played off in time to announce in the Artisan, but Miss Biller had an excellent chance to win the cup offered. The good showing made in that tournament seems to leave no doubt in the minds of enthusiasts, that the girls' team will win something for Manual this year.

STUDENT BODY PRESIDENTS AND VICE-PRESIDENTS

Fall Term, 1910.

President, Carlton Henley.

Spring Term, 1911.

President, Harold Wagner.

Fall Term, 1911.

President, Earl Johnson.

Spring Term, 1912.

President, Raymond Vandervoort.

Vice-president, Lillian Mettler.

Vice-president, Goodwin Knight.

Fall Term, 1912.

President, Harold Morton.

Vice-president, Theresa Goss.

Vice-president, Paul Elliott.

Spring Term, 1913.

President, Earl Troxell.

Vice-president, Myra Dell Grether.

Fall Term, 1913.

President, Goodwin Knight.

Vice-president, Helen List.

Vice-president, Holland Kinkaid.

Spring Term, 1914.

President, Langdon Smead.

Vice-president, Rachel Kimball.

Vice-president, C. F. Harper.

Fall Term, 1914.

President, Claude Morrow.

Vice-president, Marie Rendall.

Vice-president, Edward Kelly.

Spring Term, 1915.

President, Fayette Glick.

Vice-president, Maude Pedgrift.

Vice-president, Charles Repath.

ARTISAN EDITORS AND MANAGERS

February 1913.

Editor, Orlen Sisson.
Manager, Edward Barnett.

June 1913.

Editor, Norman Enz.
Manager, Rollo Shaw.

February 1914.

Editor, Fred Horowitz.
Manager, Albert Kleinberger.

June 1914.

Editor, Lew Wiles.
Manager, Robert Jones.

February 1915.

Editor, Galen Pearson.
Manager, Herbert Brown.

June 1915.

Editor, Elmer King.
Manager, Henry Epstein.

MANUAL ARTS WEEKLY EDITORS AND MANAGERS

Volume 1, Number 1, April 18, 1913.

Editor, Alfred J. Ackerman.
Manager, Ed. Barnett.

Volume 2, Number 1, September 19, 1913.

Editor, Elmer King.
Manager, Leo Smith.

Volume 2, Number 19, February 13, 1914.

Editor, Carlton Henley.
Manager, Robert Jones.

Volume 3, Number 1, September 8, 1914.

Editor, Douglas Kirchhoffer.
Manager, Edward Davis.

Volume 3, Number 27, March 24, 1915.

Editor, Edward Neale.
Manager, Karl Norton.

Volume 4, Number 1, September 13, 1915.

Editor, Perry Dilley.
Manager, Ashton Allen.

THE FACULTY OF MANUAL ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

A. E. WILSON - - - - 1215 *New Hampshire Street*
 A. B., Augustana College, 1893.
 Ph. D., University of Berlin, Germany, 1907.
 Lecturer Summer School, Columbia University.
 President Southern California Teachers' Association, 1916.

MARY P. PUTNAM - - - - 2204 *South Hoover Street*
 B. L., University of California.

ALBERT B. CLAYTON - - - - 1622 *West 39th Street*
 B. A., California.
 B. A., Vanderbilt.
 Instructor, University of Tokyo, Japan.
 Principal, Long Beach and San Pedro High Schools.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

MARY C. COLVER - - - - *Bryson Apartments*
 A. B., University of Michigan.
 Mankato State Normal, Minnesota.
 Oskato State Normal, Wisconsin.

ETHEL PERCY ANDRUS - - - - 1459 *Lomita Avenue, Glendale*
 B. L., University of Chicago.
 Ph. B., Lewis Institution.
 P. G., University of Chicago, two years.

FORREST C. BAILEY - - - - 607 *North Avenue 54*
 A. B., Stanford University.
 A. M., Stanford University.

LUCY A. HIFLE - - - - 1330 *Harvard Boulevard*
 A. B., Mount Holyoke College.

A. WILLIAM OLMSTEAD - - - - 1207 *West 3rd Street*
 A. M., University of Southern California.
 L. L. B., University of Southern California.
 One year Graduate School Harvard University.

KATHERINE CAREY - - - - 4209 *South Grand Avenue*
 A. B., University of Wisconsin.

UNA E. FOWLER - - - - - 1094 *Leighton Avenue*
 A. B., Stanford University.

BLANCHE K. FREEMAN - - - - 431 *South Grand Avenue*
 A. B., Indiana University.
 A. M., Stanford.
 Head Department of English, Palo Alto High School.

M. T. MAYNARD - - - - 1634 *West 39th Street*
 Bachelor Letter, Cornell.
 Leading Editorial Writer Rocky Mountain News, 1900-1907.
 Lyceum Lecturer.

MIRIAM S. FADDIS - - - - 1942 *Le Moyne Street*
 B. L.
 Five years State Normal School of Wisconsin at Milwaukee.

- ALICE E. GREGORY - - - - 528 West Vernon Avenue
Ph. B., University of Wisconsin.
Graduate Oswego, New York, Normal.
- LUCY M. LAMBDIN - - - - 349 South Occidental Boulevard
B. L., University of Cincinnati.
B. O., College of Music, Cincinnati.
- ISABEL McREYNOLDS GRAY - - - - 490 Solano Avenue
B. L., University of California.
Authoress.
- ARTHUR M. FENWICK - - - - R. D. No. 9, Box 440
M. A., Queen's University, Kingston, Canada.
University of California.
- GRACE WHITE LAVAYEA - - - - 1728 South Kingsley Drive
B. A., University Minnesota.
P. G., Stanford.
- MAUDE T. HOWELL - - - - 2640 Budlong Avenue
Stanford University.
Cumnock College.
- LILLIAN C. EBY - - - - 1177 West 28th Street
Scio-Mt. Union College.
Emerson College of Oratory
Northwestern University.

ART DEPARTMENT

- DOUGLAS DONALDSON - - - - 4156 Walton Avenue
Thomas Normal Training School.
Handicraft Guild, Minneapolis.
Teachers' College.
Pupil of E. A. Batchelder and James Wirn.
European Study.
- FLORENCE AMES - - - - 2820 West 9th Street
Chicago Art Institute.
Teachers' College, Chicago.
Special Training.
- MARGARET DONALDSON - - - - 4050 Walton Avenue
Pratt Institute.
- AMY L. PERRY - - - - 916 West 43rd Place
Studied at Columbia, Hopkins Art School, and with special art teachers.
- MARGARET WADE TUTTLE - - - - 7 Santa Barbara Court
Handicraft Guild, Minneapolis.
Pupil of E. A. Batchelder and Ralph H. Johonnot.
Los Angeles State Normal School.
- ROB WAGNER - - - - 226 Isabel Street
University of Michigan.
Academie Deluluse, Academie Julien, Paris.
Art Editor, Criterion, New York.
Art Editor Encyclopedia Britannica, London.
Art Editor Historian History of World, London.

BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

- JOHN H. WHITELY - - - - - 1215 *West 40th Place*
 A. B., Indiana University.
 Principal, Greenfield, Indiana; Paris, Illinois; Tucson, Arizona.
- RAY E. CHASE - - - - - 4905 *First Avenue*
 A. B., Stanford University.
 Head of Biology Department, Chico State Normal.
 Principal, St. Helena, Reno.
- HARRY W. SHEPARD - - - 409 *Concord Avenue, Monrovia*
 B. S., University California.
 Assistant supervisor 1915 Beautification Committee of L. A.
- ISABEL SWERDFEGER - - - 3200 *South Hoover Street*
 B. S., University of California.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

- F. J. ARMSTRONG - - - - - 1654 *West Boulevard*
 A. B., University of California.
 School work and business in California and Hawaii.
- IDA M. BALDWIN - - - - - 619 *Central Avenue, Tropic*
 Zanerian Art College.
- IRVIN HAGUE - - - - - 1543 *West 49th Street*
 Spencerian Commercial School, Cleveland.
- MELROWE E. MARTIN - - - - 929 *West First Street*
 B. L., University of California.
- MAUDE OYLER - - - - - 967 *South Vermont Avenue*
 A. B., Stanford University.
 University of California Special.
- LORETTA M. ARMSTRONG - - - 2745½ *Dorchester Place*
 Nebraska State Normal School.
 Business College.
- AMY L. PHELPS - - - - - 3140 *San Marino Street*
 Instructor in New York City and California Schools.
- LANETTE SCHILLING - - - - 918 *West 43rd Place*
 Instructor in Pittsburg, Pa., Havana, Cuba, and Los Angeles.
- A. E. BULLOCK - - - - - 1253 *West 37th Drive*
 L. L. B., University of Michigan.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

- THEODORE FULTON - - - - - R. F. D. 48 *Box 517*
 B. L., Occidental.
 M. A., University of Southern California.
 Principal, Polytechnic Summer School, Los Angeles.
 Superintendent City Schools, Kansas.
- MARTHA E. CILKER - - - - - 1325 *West 23rd Street*
 B. L., University of California.

ALTON M. BROOKS - - - - - Glendale
 A. B., Albion College.
 A. M., Grove City.
 B. D., Pennsylvania State Normal.
 Tokyo, Japan.

EDWARD E. HOSTETLER - - - 856 West 42nd Place
 Ph. B., Otterbein University.
 Superintendent of City Schools of Peru, Indiana.

EVA CRANE FARNUM - - - - - 920 West 40th Place
 Ph. B., State University of Iowa.
 Head of Mathematics Department, Memorial University, two years.

IDA I. JONES - - - - - 1040 Edgeware Road
 A. B., University of Wisconsin.

CHARLOTTE H. GETCHELL - - - 1106 West 37th Drive
 Minnesota University.
 California University.

EDGAR BOUGHN - - - - - 1019 North Mariposa Street
 L. L. B., Chicago School of Law.
 Principal, Hemet High School.

MECHANICAL DRAWING DEPARTMENT

H. L. DETRICK - - - - - 1815 3rd Avenue
 Engineer, Union Iron Works, San Francisco.

M. H. MOUNT - - - - - 4308 South Harvard Boulevard
 B. S., University of Illinois.
 Mechanical Engineering.
 Graduate of Northern Indiana Normal School.
 Engineer at U. S. Government Fuel Testing Plant at St. Louis.

WALTER A. WOODS - - - - - 1636 Magnolia Avenue
 B. S. Pennsylvania State College.
 Mechanical Engineering.

SCOTT QUINTIN - - - - - 4251 Denker Avenue
 Drexel Institute.
 Practiced Architecture.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

MARY ESTA GROVES - - - - - 466 West 35th Street
 M. B. Iowa, Wesleyan University.
 Instructor in Piano and Voice, in Drake University.

JESSIE S. EDWARDS - - - - - 1032 West 39th Place
 Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, three years.

OLIVE PLYMOUTH WILSON - - - 1174 West 39th Street
 Ph. B., Grinnell College.
 Special Voice Study in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

EMMA H. KOLLER - - - - - Wilshire Hotel, Corona Street
 State Normal School, Winona, Minnesota.
 New England Conservatory, Boston, Massachusetts.
 Supervisor, Baltimore, Md., and Everett, Wash.

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

- GEORGE E. MITCHELL - - - 4627 *Franklin Avenue*
A. B., Indiana University.
- ISABELLE WILLSON - - - 3950½ *La Salle Avenue*
B. S., University of California.
Graduate San Jose State Normal School.
Assistant in Physics, University of California, Summer 1907.
- CHARLOTTE D. CAHOON - - - 1604 *West 39th Street*
B. S., University of Minnesota.
Head Department of Science, Butte.
- W. J. BOVEE - - - 1326 *West 41st Street*
B. Sc., University of Nebraska.
- ALICE MAY SINCLAIR - - - 111 *South Flower Street*
B. O., Beloit College.
M. O., University of Wisconsin.

MECHANIC ARTS DEPARTMENT

- H. A. REA - - - *R. D. No. 4, Box 779*
A. B., Northwestern University, Chicago, 1902.
Supt. Schools, Needles, Colorado, four years.
- C. H. GREENUP - - - 225 *West Adams*
Ph. B., University of Redlands.
Los Angeles State Normal.
- C. E. NIHART - - - 726 *Garland Street*
Stout Institute.
- T. NILSSON - - - 4420 *Orchard Avenue*
Graduate Boston Sloyd Training School.
Attended eight Summer Sessions in Universities and Technologies.
Five years' experience in architectural and mechanical work.
- W. D. WILLIAMS - - - 132 *North Soto Street*
Twenty-five years' Commercial Experience.
Six years Instructor in Foundry Practice.
- EMIL HOLTZ - - - 4321 *South Olive Street*
Twenty-three years of practical experience.
Foreman of construction and factory.
- CHAS. E. RILLIET - - - 4223 *Brighton Avenue*
Washington University.
St. Louis General Engineering.
Artic Exploration.
- G. A. OHLSSON - - - 1433 *Bellevue Avenue*
Graduate Falkenberg Training School, Sweden.
- J. C. BESWICK - - - 524 *West 42nd Place*
Graduate Technical High School.
University of Wisconsin.
Columbia University.
- C. L. FREEMAN - - - 659 *East 35th Street*
Interlake Business College, Lansing, Mich.
Twenty-eight years of actual experience.

GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- MAE B. GEPHART - - - 2077 *Hobart Boulevard*
Chicago Normal School of Physical Training.
- JESSIE A. ADAMSON - - - 811 *Berendo Street*
A. B., University of Southern California.
- ELEANOR M. BEVERIDGE - - 334 *South Westlake Avenue*
Chicago Normal School of Physical Training.

BOYS' PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- OTTO LOREN FRITSCH - - - 1347 *South Hill Street*
Chicago Institute and Training School.
Northwestern University.
- VICTOR LIGDA - - - 1347 *South Hill Street*
B. S., University of California,
University of Arizona 1906.
University of California 1908-13.

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

- FRANCIS GEORGE GOODENOW - - 1510 *Gramercy Place*
A. B., University of California 1901.
- CONSTANCE MANNING MOIR - - 153 *Douglas Street*
B. L., University of California.
Studied in Sevilla, Espana.
- FLORENCE I. DODGE - - 686 *South Burlington Street*
B. L., University of California.
- JULIETTE LEVY - - - 743 *Beacon Street*
B. L., University of California.
- F. R. SCHILLER - - - 1420 *South Flower Street*
A. M., University of Grenoble.
A. M., University of Munich.
- GEORGE W. HAUSCHILD - - 1045½ *West 43rd Street*
A. B., Northwestern College, Graduate student abroad.
Head of Modern Languages, Newberry College, S. C.
Instructor: Universities, Iowa, Chicago, Washington, and Oregon.
- VALENTIN BUEHNER - - - 718 *West 43rd Place*
A. B., Stanford University.
A. M., University of Southern California.
- G. ADAMS-FISHER - - - 1333 *Maple Avenue*
B. A., Wellesly.
Four years in Europe, tutor in Paris
Authoress.
- ISOBEL MURPHY - - - 908 *West 41st Drive*
A. B., University of New Mexico.
- DORIS BIBBINS - - - 1979 *Estrella Street*
L. B., Oberlin College.
Assistant State Superintendent, Idaho.
- BERTHA RUTLEDGE - - 1017 *South Burlington Avenue*
A. B., University of Illinois.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT

- SARA L. DOLE - - - - - 2008 *La Salle Avenue*
A. B., Smith College.
- C. P. FONDA - - - - - *Inglewood*
B. S., Denver University.
- J. B. NEWELL - - - - - 439 *East Adams Street*
A. B., Stanford University.
A. M., Harvard University.
- NELLIE E. STEPHENS - - - - - 1127 *West Jefferson Street*
A. B., Colorado College.
- LETA J. WHINERY - - - - - 1836 *West 21st Street*
Ph. B., Grinnell College, Iowa.
- ROSE V. WINTERBURN - - - - - *Glendale*
B. L., Ann Arbor.
Graduate student Columbia University.
Sorbonne, Paris.
- L. J. WHITE - - - - - 555 *Larchmont Boulevard*
A. B., Iowa University.
B. Di., Western University.
Special work at Chicago University in Economics and History.
- HARRIETT E. BIRDSALL - - - - - 633 *West 15th Street*
U. S. C.
Montana University.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

- MAE MCKINLEY - - - - - *Hotel Ingraham*
University of Chicago.
- LETITIA L. MAGEE - - - - - 505 *North Soto Street*
B. S., Teachers' College Columbia University.
- HADASSAH BEECHER-CHEROSKE 915 *Palm Avenue, South Pasadena*
B. A. and B. S., Columbia University.
Instructor at Albert Lea College.
- RUBY M. HODGE - - - - - 115 *North Union Avenue*
Teachers' College, Columbia.
- M. J. SULLIVAN - - - - - 621 *West Vernon Avenue*
Ph. B. R. N., University of California.
- ELVIRA C. LARSON - - - - - 4229 *Dalton Avenue*
B. S., University Minnesota.
Teachers' College, University of Minnesota.
- MABEL S. DUNN - - - - - 1088 *Leighton Avenue*
Los Angeles Library School.
- MABEL W. CORY - - - - - 155 *North Sichel Street*
Los Angeles Library School.

MRS. BARBARA B. STICKLE substituted for Miss Colby during past term.

MARY J. BROWNELL, ANNA A. LEWIS, ELSIE WHITMAN, are absent on leave.

THE BOOK THAT WE BUILT

This is the book that we made
And this is the staff that did the work
To get out the book that we made.

This is the man with overworked brain
Who labored with all his might and main,
The chief of the staff that did the work
To get out the book that we made.



This the maiden all forlorn,
Who worried the chief both night and morn,
Who helped the staff that did the work
To get out the book that we made.

This is the boy a genius born,
"Associate" with the maiden forlorn,
Who worried the chief both night and morn,
Who helped the staff that did the work
To get out the book that we made.





These are the two with integrity
grand,
Who to manage the business were ever
at hand,
And never failed to achieve success,
And make the worries very much less
Of the overworked chief who helped
the staff
To get out the book that we made.



These are the men, so brave
and bold,
Who gathered the pieces of sil-
ver and gold,
And guarded the treasure like
knights of old
For the business men already
told
Who made the worries very
much less,
Of the overworked chief who
helped the staff
To get out the book that we
made.



These are the maids
with talent so rare,
Who raised their de-
partments beyond
compare;
The first in Literature
doth shine,
And the second in art
doth all beauty com-
bine;
They are only some
more of the hard
working clan
Who gave courteous
ear to everyone's
plan,

Who never failed to achieve success,
And make the worries very much less.

N.B. THE ANGELS
KISSED HER
ON THIS
SIDE ONLY



These are the two, a brilliant
duet
Whose equals never again
we'll get
To edit the classes, and give
each it's due,
Senior, Junior, and Sopho-
more too,
And the cute little Fresh-
man, so earnest and new
And thus assist in this work
of josh
In aiding the chief who help-
ed the staff
To get out the book that we
made.





These are the girls so winsome and cheery
Who look for smiles, and never grow weary
Of passing them on. There is never a joke
On student, teacher or other poor folk,
But the first finds it out, and in jolly fun
The second relates of the gay class talk
This piece of news in story is spun;
School society has; and the third recalls



Our Orchestra, Glee Club, and Adelphic fine,
Our Players' Club, and all music divine.
These make the worries very much less
Of the overworked chief who helped the staff
To get out the book that we made.

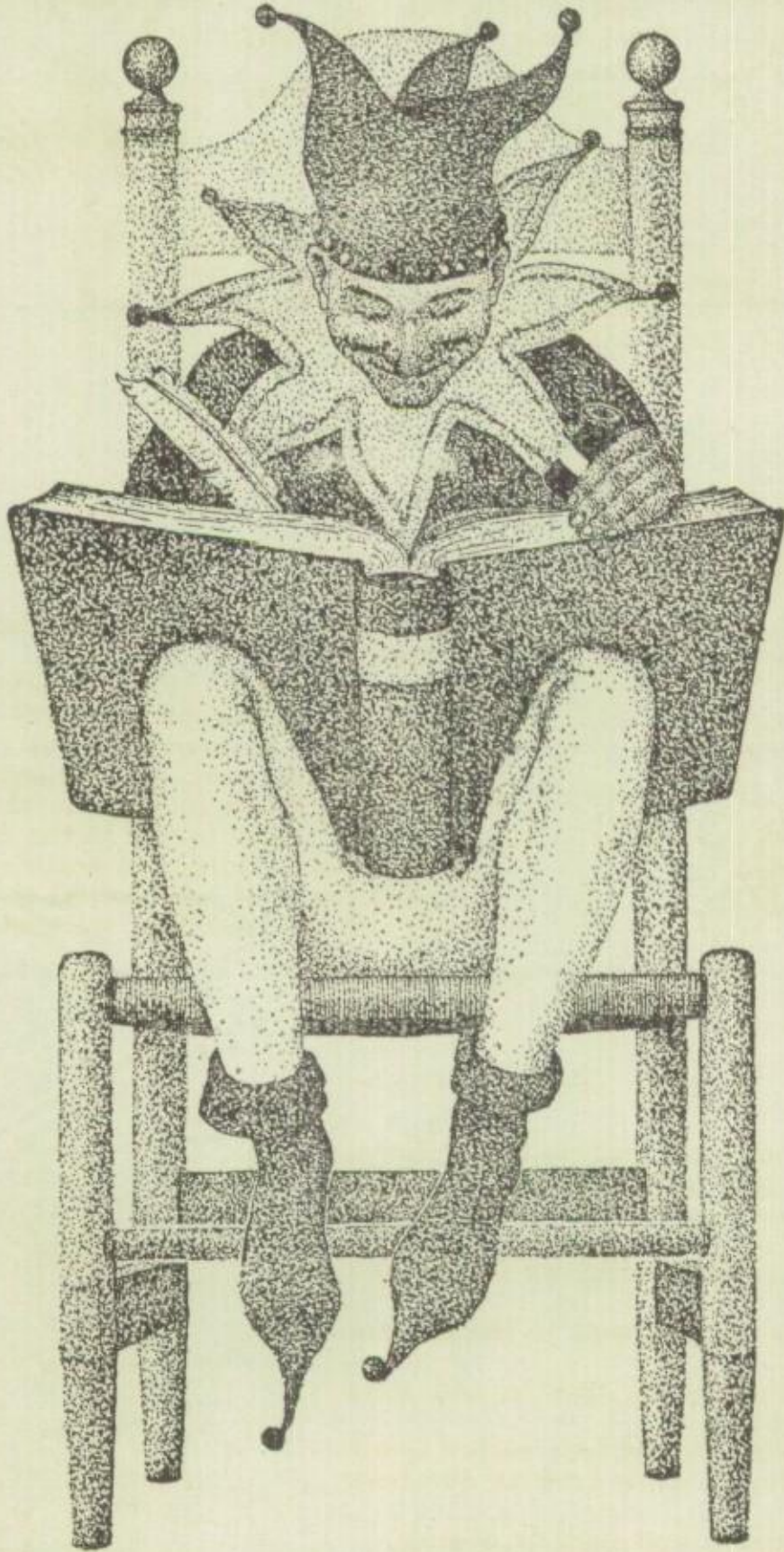


Of the marvelous doings of our hero athletes,
From baseball down to the latest track meets
And football games of the greatest renown
Played with every aspiring town—
He doth write in articles great
Of the earnest work and consequent fate;
He too, does much to keep up the pace,
And for the school to win in the race
For name, and fame, and honor, and place.
He aided the chief who helped the staff
To get out the book that we made.

And last, but not least, in this list of fame,
Shall be seen our Faculty Adviser's names
Their kind words of counsel shall never perish,
Their "heart to heart" talks we never shall cherish,
For the battles they've won in the courses we've run
When they vanished all trouble and gave naught but fun
And so here's success and best wishes to all,
Would they always were here at our beck and call,
To make life merry and give us a song,
A debate or a story to help us along,
And make the worries very much less
Of the overworked chief who helped the staff
To get out the book that we made.



JOKES



STABKEY

R. Lee: "Say, Hughetta, if 2 men are standing in 6 inches of snow and are 4 feet apart, what time is it?"

H. Doyle: "Oh, I give up. What time would it be?"

R. Lee: "Winter time." (Duck! Bob.)

"I hope I make myself clear," said the water as it ran over the gravel and down the canyon.

MIDWAY

"What did your uncle die of?"

"A slight difference of opinion."

"A fight?"

"No; the doctors disagreed, and he died before they settled their argument."—Ex.

Professor Copeland of Harvard reproved his students for coming late to class.

"This is a class in English composition," he remarked with sarcasm, "not an afternoon tea."

At the next meeting one girl was late. Professor Copeland waited until she had taken her seat and remarked bitingly,

"How will you have your tea served, Miss Brown?"

"Without the lemon, please," replied Miss Brown quite gently.—Ex.

EMBARRASSING

A young man in the country had a tender passion and took his girl some flowers.

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers! They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said the young man in great embarrassment, "there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."—Ex.

Miss Andrus: "Howard, what are you doing back there? Are you learning anything?"

H. Bean: "Oh no, just listening to you."

TOOT YOUR OWN HORN

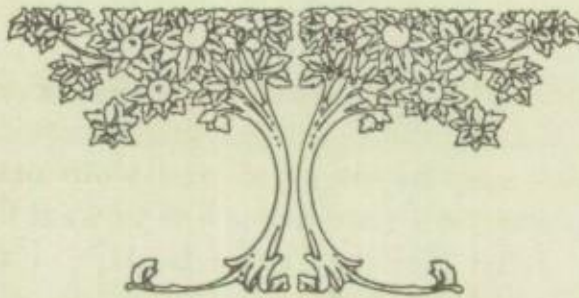
BY FLORENCE MALONEY.

The hen that cackles loudest, may not lay the largest eggs;
The mule that kicks the hardest, may not have the largest legs;
The tree that is the tallest, never bears the sweetest fruit;
The girl that is the fairest, seldom wears the smallest boot;
The man whose brow is highest may not always know the most;
The hero who is bravest, never makes the loudest boast;
The arm that is the strongest seldom has the greatest reach;
The man who talks the loudest never makes the finest speech;
The nose that is the reddest, may not have the sweetest scent;
The man whose strut is proudest is rarely prominent.
The woman who has jewels that she measures by the peck,
Seldom has the neatest figure or the most attractive neck.
The man who works the hardest doesn't get the highest pay;
And those with deepest knowledge never have the most to say.
But the men who are too modest, get positions in the rear,
For the ones who blow their bugles, are those that the people hear.

SPECIAL PRICES TO ALL STUDENTS AND
GRADUATES OF M. A. H. S.

Hartsook
Photographs

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER
FOR THE ARTISAN



*All Photographs made for the Artisan were taken
at the Hartsook Studio*

* * * * *

ORPHEUM THEATER BUILDING

636 South Broadway, Los Angeles

Also

SAN FRANCISCO

OAKLAND

SAN JOSE

SACRAMENTO

POMONA

PASADENA

Ruth S.: "There must be lots of music in me."
Interested Party: "Why?"
Ruth S.: "Because none ever came out."

Rockabye Seniors, on the treetop,
As long as you study the cradle will rock;
But if you stop digging, the cradle will fall,
Down will come Seniors, diploma and all.

DEFINITIONS

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscle unable to split wood.
Senior—A good substitute for an encyclopedia.
Scrub—Unsophisticated innocence.
Josh Editor—Hard Worker (?).
Editor—Slave driver.

Said A 2 B

I C U R

Inclined 2 B a J.

Said B 2 A

U'r mind I C

Shows signs of slight D K.

DID YOU EVER KNOW THAT—

1. Few tears are worth their salt?
2. The woman who quarrels with her complexion is always ready to make up?
3. Carpet is purchased by the yard and worn out by the foot?
4. If a man is seasick, it is natural for him to want the earth?
5. Some people boast that they never boast?—Ex.

Little Dog said, "I may be yaller
And covered with fleas,
But my pants, thank the Lord,
Don't bag at the knees."—Ex.

WONDERFUL

"More than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," remarked the student boarder, who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac.

"Well!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do?"—Ex.

First Little Girl: "Your papa and mama are not your real parents. They adopted you."

Second Little Girl: "Well, that makes it all the more satisfactory. My parents picked me out, and yours had to take you just as you came."—Ex.

Louise: "Oh, I bumped my crazy bone."
Stafford: "It sure hurts when you hit your head."

COMMENCEMENT GIFTS

Your Commencement gift problem will become a pleasure through the satisfaction of knowing that your gift will stand out from the commonplace. You will find here suggestions as to variety and price.

The Manual Arts Book Exchange has a complete line of Jewelry characteristic of Manual Arts.

We have for the Girl Graduate,— Bracelets, Brooches, Neck Chains, Rings, Beauty Pin Sets, and Seal Pins.

FOR THE BOY

Fobs, Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Lapel Chains, Rings, Paper Cutters, Seal Pins, and Tie Clasps. The articles that have been described are of exclusive Manual Arts design and character and cannot be bought at any down town jeweler's. The materials are sterling silver and 14 and 10 karat gold.

THE MANUAL ARTS BOOK EXCHANGE

Room 232

Miss Dole: "Irene, where was the Titanic sunk?"
I. Parrott: "In the ocean."
Miss Dole: "Correct, sit down."

LIFE'S HORRORS

Excuse No. 7.
Senior B English exam.
301.
Red ink.
Gym roll call.
An empty purse.
An empty car-book.
An empty head.

HE CAUGHT ON

Mr. Chase, the great naturalist, was fond of children and, at all times, up to their tricks. As the first of April drew near, some small children, namely, Frazee, Ethel Reynolds, and R. Lee, of the neighborhood, conceived a plan of playing an April Fool joke upon their friend the professor.

After much strenuous labor the youngsters caught and killed a grasshopper, and skilfully pasted upon its sides the wings of a common butterfly. Delighted with the success of their efforts, they went directly to the good naturalist's home to show their prize and ask its name.

Mr. Chase carefully scrutinized the bug for a few minutes, while the youngsters elaborately told of its capture and of the humming noise it made at the time.

"Well, pupils," said the professor in his slow drawl, "since this bug made a humming sound when you caught it, I guess it must be a humbug!"

DID YOU EVAAH KNOW THAT

All a man has to do to become famous, is to do the public?

A woman is never contented with her lot until she occupies one in the cemetery?

The pawn-broker is always a loan-some man?

The full-dress suit often covers an empty stomach?

Age and her little brother will always tell on a girl?

Many a girl who has never had her ears pierced, has often had them bored?

Girls go to church not so much for the sermons, but for the "hims?"

There is no law to prohibit fighting in the state of—Matrimony?

The female complexion at 16 is a poem, at 36 it's an up-to-date story, and at 60 it's ancient history?

The piano-player produces music by the pound?

Some girls get red in the face from modesty, some from anger and some from the druggist?

Mrs. Colver believes that beginning a proper name with a small letter is a "capital" offense?

Anna Hoffman: "Scotty, can you define kiss?"

"Scotty" Massie (after many unsuccessful attempts): "No, what's the definition?"

Anna: "It's a noun that a girl possessing even more than average intelligence is unable to decline."

THE DAILY SCOOP

VOLUME X.

JANUARY 31

NUMBER 29.

BOY DESPERATE OVER LOVE AFFAIRS

Walter Thompson, a well known Manual Arts student, late yesterday afternoon, tried suicide to end his troubles in this cruel, cruel world. Thompson has been in love for some time, but was bested by a rival.

Last night, "Happy," as Thompson is known to his friends, stole quietly to the woodshed, built himself a scaffold, and made ready to commit the rash deed. When he sprang from the box, the rope broke and "Happy" went heavily to the ground. When interviewed this morning, Thompson, who was carrying his arm in a sling, swore he was through with the gentler sex.

JUROR GIVES ADVICE

Judge Ernest Orfila recently said that the prevailing custom of having dances in the school unless chaperoned by at least one teacher to every student present was the cause of many divorces. "All dances," said the eminent jurist, "should be conducted in a strictly moral manner. A line should be drawn across the floor, dividing it into halves; one side for the girls and the other side for the male sex who should not be allowed to cross the line. The boys and the girls should dance separately, because it is not in good form for a boy to come within twenty feet of a girl. Two chaperones shall see the couple to the dance and home again, the boy sitting in the front of the car, the girl in the rear, both properly chaperoned by the eldest single ladies on the faculty."

We heartily approve of this scheme and hope that all foot ball dances will be conducted in this manner.

SCOOP SCORES THREE MORE BEATS

Habitually first and best.

Those who KNOW news recognize the Scoop as the supreme leader because of its Superiority and Reliability.

Always FIRST with the news that is news.

This issue contains full and first account of the big Leohner Bigamy Case, and the notorious G. Comey's arrest.

NEWS when it is NEWS and ALWAYS FIRST with it—the Scoop.

SUIT FOR MISREPRESENTATION

Teacher sues Librarian

Miss Maude T. Howell has started suit for misrepresentation against Miss M. Cory, Librarian at Manual. The plaintiff claims that while in conversation with an aspiring dramatic star, the defendant, in an authoritative manner approached and demanded that unless she were a post-graduate, she retire at once. Rising to her full height of four feet two, Miss Howell, in her most dignified tones informed the librarian of her professional standing. Miss Cory, not recognizing her, and thinking it all a scrub hoax, gently but firmly ejected her from the book-covered walls of learning. Personally we think the defendant entirely justified, in view of the extreme youth of the plaintiff.

GRAFT!

Bribery? Rebates? Passes?

The treasurer of the Senior A Class is in a bad fix. Yesterday, "Doc" Wilson looked over the treasury notes and found that Van Wye had made a penny. The treasurer claims that one of his lady admirers made him a present of that penny. A thorough investigation will be held to-morrow.

LOSES VOICE!!

Intense Excitement in 211

Mrs. Colver, Manual's only practitioner of rapid speaking, lost her voice while soliloquizing on the immortality of a German philosopher with an unprounceable name. The Calamity occurred in her I period Special English class, Room 211, this morning. Because of the unnatural quietness of the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Colver, we all extend our sympathies and hope for a speedy recovery of the use of the lost organs. Upon this occurrence she will undoubtedly make up for lost time.

Among the bums who appeared before the Sunrise Court this A. M. was George Comey, charged with driving a bicycle while under the influence of butter-milk.

Only by the incarceration of everyone of the menaces to life and appetite can the public safety be insured.

Miss Lorna Calkins was seen at the Oriental Cafe the other night with a married man. Who the cradle robber was we are unable to ascertain, but we secretly suspect he was her father.

PROMINENT MAN HAS SEVERAL WIVES

As this issue goes to press we are informed from reliable sources of the arrest of Mr. Robert Leohner on a charge of bigamy. The identity of wives No. II and III has not been definitely determined, as details are lacking. The attention of our readers is called to the picture of the accused in another part of this book. Notice the cross-eyes and the black hair, sure signs of the desperate criminal.

GOES DEAF DOINGS IN ROOM 205

Helen Dawson, the school's most noted Mimerian, is now at home surrounded by the Mayo Bros. While in French class today the students saw Helen's face take on an agonized expression and then she became deaf to the world. Dr. Humbug of Watts says her deafness is due to—well, Helen must drop French.

APOLOGY BIG MISTAKE RECTIFIED

To our readers and to Rodriguez we owe a deep and humble apology. When we published last week that he knew his French lesson, the report was entirely unfounded. Remembering the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction," we printed it. We did not mean to ruin or hurt in any way his reputation or his character.

TEACHER OF SCIENCE EXPOSED

This afternoon Miss C. D. Cahoon, formidable teacher of Chemistry, was heard by several students to remark that she must hurry off as Someone was awaiting her. Later she was seen driving her E. M. F. at a terrific rate of speed, down Vermont. There was one other occupant but it was impossible to distinguish just who he was.

HALP! HALP! NOTED STUDENT ROBBED

A most daring robbery took place the second period today in study hall 265. Phil Edson, the gullible victim, loaned his U. S. History to an innocent-appearing room-mate who then calmly walked off with it. After vainly signalling the culprit to return her booty, he bided his time and suddenly during the X period confronted the robber with entire evidence of the crime. She, seeing no loophole for escape, returned the stolen property to its rightful owner.

BEAUTY HINTS

Wash face every morning in a solution of strong lye and coarse emery. Rub thoroly and polish with piece of carborundum cloth and powder lightly with sand.

Eat lots of pork and heavy rich food to give that chubby plump figure. Go to bed as late as possible and hit the high spots as long as you can hold out. This will produce those dark rings under the eyes so much desired by beauties.

1. If one has a Roman nose which is always poking in other people's business it is desirable to make it attractive. A very simple method, one which can never fail, is to stand behind a heavy swinging door, have a fond parent quickly slam said door against said nose. Care must be taken however not to push the door thru the face.

2. Brick dust dissolved in gasoline makes a very satisfactory rouge. If you prefer a natural color, this may be brightened by brushing the cheeks every morning with a garden rake.

3. To have beautiful teeth, have own removed and false ones put in. These can easily be removed and cleaned, will not decay and cause toothache and are very convenient articles to have around the house. For example, they may be used to make scallops on the edge of pies.

4. Everyone desires long luxuriant hair. A good way to obtain it is to save all chicken feed and take it to the nearest beauty parlors where it may be purchas-

ed. Treat it with care and it will last a lifetime—if you don't lose it.

5. A band saw applied crossways two inches from the finger tips is said to be effective in removing those white spots on the nails.

CLASSIFIED LINERS

NOTICE—To Miss Stephens—Please don't give us such hard history lessons.—Student.

NOTICE—As I expect to graduate this term, I state my inability to run for any office next term.—Jessie Lovejoy.

NOTICE.—I am still living.—Robert Lee.

NOTICE—It is easier to keep two girls on the string than one.—Stafford Buckham.

NOTICE—We guarantee to find and return anything you lose—except your reputation.—Book Exchange.

NOTICE—To all French students.—You will find that after having read seven or eight books you can read any French book on sight if you skip all the words you don't know.—Monsieur Schiller.

NOTICE—We would like to know why certain girls take the bows from the inside of our hats and for what purpose they use them.—Boys of 329.

WANTED—College "recs" in anything.—Minority of 329.

WANTED—A Senior Oration.—Aspirant.

WANTED—Horseshoes, four-leaf-clovers, or anything to change my luck.—Bill Cottle.

WANTED—Information as to what was the matter with Robert Loehner on Monday, October 6.—Anon.

FOUND—A bean in the bottom of the soup.—Mr. Goodenow.

FOUND—A student who knows the assigned history lesson.—Miss Whinery.

LOST—Our French pony. Return unharmed to 329.—V. S. & D. D.

LOST—My chemistry notes kept over from last term.—Flunker.

LOST—The ruddy hue of my nose.—Paul Ames.

LOST—My reputation with Miss Carey.—Weinard Esgen.

FOR SALE—All sorts of Curls.—Girls of M. A.

FOUND—A chemistry lesson.—Helen Roberts.

BE SURE YOU GET



THE BETTER BUTTER

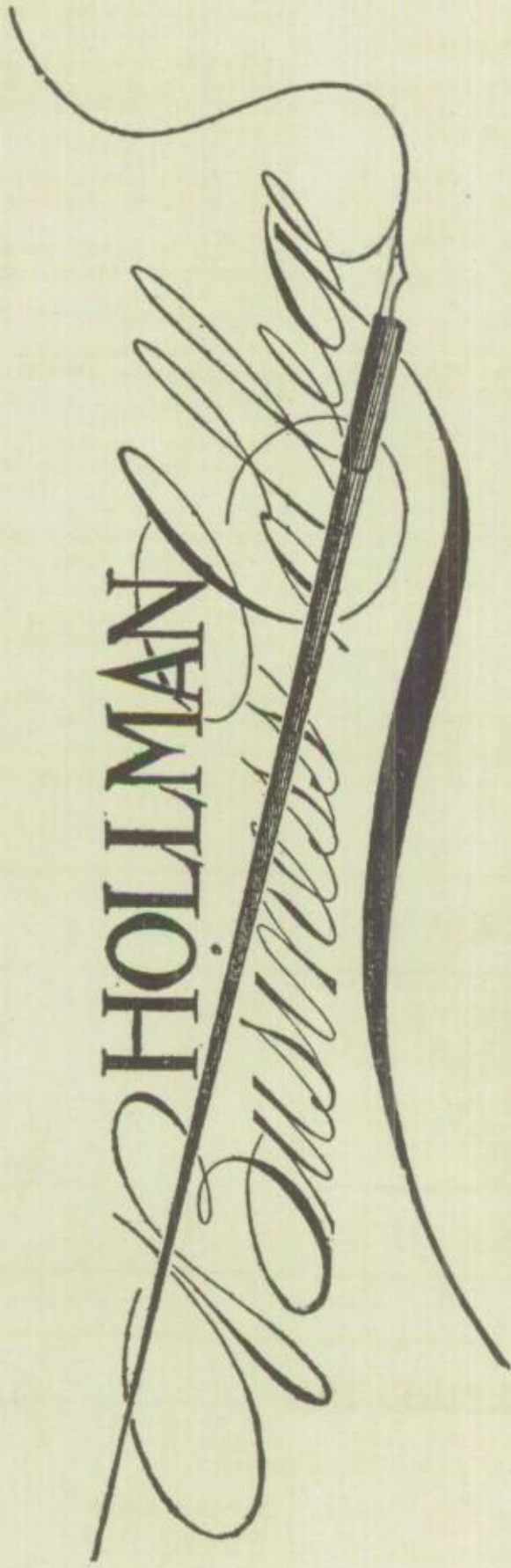
EATON'S ALPINE INN

4150 So. Vermont Ave.
(Directly opposite Central Building)

Confectionery (De Luxe) Fine Box goods. Special attention given to Fancy Ice Cream and Fruit Punches for receptions.

Lunches all day, Evening Dinners, Home-Made Bake Goods, Salads, etc.

QUALITY IS OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION



A school of merit and refinement.

Our refined surroundings attract the very best class of students and combine all the ideal features so necessary for successful study—away from all the distractions of the noisy down-town district. An attractive College building, built especially for school purposes—perfect in arrangement for light, health, and comfort.

We teach GREGG and PITMAN SHORTHAND, TYPE-WRITING, ROWE'S BOOKKEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY, SALESMANSHIP, SPANISH under Professor Ricardo Uribe, and all COMMERCIAL BRANCHES.

Terms, 3 months, \$33.00; 6 months, \$60.00; 9 months, \$85.00; 12 months, \$100.00. Send for catalog.

1017 S. Figueroa St.

Broadway 2560. Home 54021

It was at an open-air meeting in a village that a well known speaker was holding forth.

"Men!" he shouted, "What we want, and what we are going to get, is free land. We want the land for the people. Free land, men, we want, and we are going to have free land!"

Just then a large piece of earth landed on the speaker's eye, and while he was removing the clod a voice yelled out, "There's a bit of New Jersey to begin with!"—Ex.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Tommy: "Pa, buy me a drum."

Father: "But, if I do you will disturb me very much."

Tommy: "Oh, no. I won't play it except when you're asleep."—Ex.

Lovejoy: "If you love at first sight, do you know what to do, Norris?"

Norris: "No, I don't think I do."

Lovejoy: "Take another look."

F. Alcock: "Why do you carry the cane, Victor?"

V. Hornung: "Because it can't walk."

Dudley: "Why is the extra paper out?"

Ferguson: "Haven't you heard of the catastrophe?"

Dudley: "No. What happened?"

Ferguson: "Dunmire had to sit in his dining room and watch his kitchen sink." Horrors!

Mother: "Johnny, stop using such dreadful language!"

Johnny: "Well, mother, Longfellow uses it."

Mother: "Then don't play with him: he's no fit companion for you."—Ex.

Bob Leohner: "You can't guess who I saw today, Stafford."

Stafford Buckham: "No, I can't. Who was it?"

Bob: "Everybody I looked at!" Haw!

Lives there a boy with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stepped on a pin or bumped his head,
!!! * ?? &&& "—" *** .. (œæ) ::: —.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

"This play fairly takes my breath away," said a go-out-between-the-acts 'Willie boy' at the Mason.

"I only wish it would," gloomily remarked a Joe in the next seat.

He: "I'd kiss you if we were not in a canoe."

She: "Sir! Take me ashore immediately!"

THE TAXPAYERS PAY FOR THE
SCHOOLS IN LOS ANGELES, SO IT
IS BUT FAIR THAT YOU BUY
H O M E P R O D U C T S

MERRIAM BROTHERS MAKE CANDY

Miss Getchell (in algebra): "You should always let X equal what you don't know."

Mable Kitchen: "That's too large a quantity to work with."—Ex.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Clayton mad?

G. Comey sitting up to midnight writing jokes?

Mr. Fonda stumped for an argument?

Alvina minus the track manager?

Margaret Shedd dancing the Charlie Chaplin?

Odessa missing a dance?

Bob Lee as a josh editor?

She: Do you believe in church lotteries?"

He: "Well I was married in church."—Ex.

TELLING THE WORST

His Uncle's Heir: "Doctor, tell me the worst!"

Doctor (feelingly): "Your Uncle will get well."—Ex.

The Prize Ring seems to be the leading place to "strike a man for cash."

CAUSE FOR RESENTMENT

U. Ketchem: "So you have left the 'Biograph Company?'"

I Cheatem: "Yes, I didn't like the way they cast me."

U. Ketchem: "Indeed! How did they cast you?"

I. Cheatem: "Out!"—Ex.

When a man is negative and his wife is very positive, a live battery in the family is a natural incident.

WAS TIRED OF IT

"Mr. Fonda," said a brilliant Senior B, "I wish you would tell me what is a proverb?"

Mr. Fonda: "Well, young man, here is one that applies to you just now: 'Speech is silver; silence is golden.'"

Senior B: "There you go bringing up the everlasting question of bimetalism."

OPINION

Inquisitive Lady in Theatre: "I wonder why it is that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair?"

Grouch, next to her (reflectively): "I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing."

PROGRESS

"Does Giblets move in the best society?"

"Yes, he has to move. He never pays his rent."

A Fish Diet is said to be good for the brain. Probably this is because fish go so often in schools.

SCHOOL AND CLASS
PINS, FIELD MEDALS
OUR SPECIALTY



DESIGNS AND ESTI-
MATES FURNISHED
ON DEMAND ..

DEALERS IN
DIAMONDS, WATCHES,
HIGH GRADE JEWELRY,
ETC.

CARL ENTENMANN JEWELRY CO.

Los Angeles, Calif., 217-½ So. Spring St.

Home 10953

Main 4300

COULD LIFE GO ON IF—

"Doc" forgot to take out that "Yankee" in an assembly?
Mr. Olmstead forgot to tell his little joke?
Mr. Fenwick tried to "run" the Senior A class?
Smarve Smith had a real good shave?
Bob Lee got excited?
S. Buckham was too bashful to look up?
Somebody laughed at the Weekly's comic strip?
We got that swimming-pool? Or stopped talking about it?
John Peterman was taken for Jesse Lovejoy?
Zolle wore common black sox?

A traveler at a country hotel rose from his bed to examine the weather.
Instead of looking out of the window he thrust his head thru the glass door
of a cupboard.

"Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather;
the night is dark as Egypt and the air smells of cheese!"

Ed Chilton: "I had my picture taken yesterday."

George Comey: "Huh! Who would want anything like that anyway?"

Mr. Chase: "I have some friends who can flap their ears. It is a marvel
to me that more of them can't."

"This is running a good thing into the ground," said Earl Tosteson as
he plowed his bean into the clods behind the goal post.

Voice from audience: "I suggest Ted Watrous as a candidate."

Mrs. Gray: "I can appreciate a joke, too, but he won't do."

"An English poem with a Latin subject:"

EQUO NE CREDITE

By FLORENCE MALONE

Did you ever study Latin
With a pony at your side?
Did you ever feel the satin
Of the animal's soft side?
Did you ever read the English
That no one could understand,
But the author of the pony
That you bought at second-hand?

Did it make you feel ambitious
To see that pony go;
When some fool with spirit vicious,
Loudly shouted at you, "Whoa?"
Then hear the moral of the story
Let your pony go to grass;
All the teachers know you've got it,
Burn it, if you want to pass.

STUDENTS' SUPPLIES

We are headquarters for the Mechanical Drawing Instruments adopted by the Polytechnic, Manual Arts and L. A. High Schools, and all the high schools and colleges of Southern California. We have complete lines of drawing boards, T squares, triangles, pens, pencils and inks for students.

DUNCAN VAIL COMPANY

730-732 South Hill Street

SMART ALECK

Barber: "Do you want your hair cut short or long?"

K. Norris: "Short, of course. I didn't know that you could cut it long."



The Master Printer says -
You can't have Perfect
Printing, unless you use
Perfect Printing Plates
made by the
**LOS ANGELES
ENGRAVING CO.**
NEW LOCATION 618 S. Spring St.

MAIN 9140
A 2426

Citizen (threateningly): "Wot's yer verdict?"
Coroner (hastily): "Committed suicide at the hands of persons unknown."—Ex.

Proud Mother: "Do you hear my daughter singing?"
Neighbor: "It's her voice Oi wish Oi had."
Proud Mother (unsuspiciously): "Well, what would you do with such a voice?"
Neighbor: "Oi'd toie a shtone to it and t'row it to th' bottom av a well."

Ruth: "I like a man with a go to him, don't you?"
Jess: "Yes, if he takes me."

Teacher: "James, tell me something that your kitty does."
James: "Oh, she plays with strings and rolls a ball."
Teacher: "Mary, what does your cat do?"
Mary: "My cat catches mice."
Teacher: "Johnnie, what does your cat do?"
Johnnie: "How do I know when I'm in school all day and my cat's out all night?"

SATISFACTORY VERDICT

Citizen (with two revolvers and a Winchester): "Did ye view th' body o' th' chump we lynched last night?"
Coroner (trembling): "Y-e-s!"

Mother: "Willie, why are you scratching your head?"
Willie: "Because nobody else knows where it itches."

WHY SHE DID IT

He (after a rebuke by the old lady): "I didn't kiss you. I only pretended I was going to. Why did you call to your mother?"
She (repentantly): "I—I didn't know she was in the house."—Ex.

One swallow doesn't make a spring but too many swallows may bring about a fall.

Effie's brother: "Do you love my sister, Effie?"
Effie's 'Steady': "Why, Willie, that's a queer question to ask. Why do you want to know?"
Effie's brother: "She said last night she would give a dollar to know; and I'd like to grab the plunk."

AT THE CONCERT

He: "Y-a-as, it made my leg go to sleep."
She: "How expressive! Was not the 'Cradle Song' beautifully rendered?"

POST - HIGH COMBINED COURSE

*A new, short, efficient course for ex-high school
students who can spell, punctuate, write, and
figure well—including*

BOOKKEEPING AND ACCOUNTANCY
SHORTHAND OR STENOTYPY
TYPEWRITING AND
OFFICE TRAINING

Open to students ambitious to excel

8 MONTHS (MORE OR LESS)
\$30 ON ENTERING, PLUS
\$10 MONTHLY THEREAFTER.

Ask for full information about

POST - HIGH COMBINED COURSE

327 West 8th
at Hill



F 2196
Main 3236

LARGEST, OLDEST, AND FOREMOST BUSINESS
COLLEGE IN THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST

COULD YOU IMAGINE

Mrs. Farnum giving detention pupils half their unserved periods as a Christmas present?

Mr. Ohlsson playing golf?

Mr. Fenwick teaching Japanese?

Dr. Wilson telling us not to hurry to the 2nd period?

The S'16 pennant in about nine pieces?

Miss Putnam giving her consent to more than one class party?

Mr. Ligda playing table croquet?

Verda Coons: "Say, Bob, what kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

B. Haggerty: "I don't know, but banana skins make good slippers."

Phil Edson: "I've got to think of a joke in the Senior Class."

Dorothy D: "That ought to be easy—to you, I mean."

POPULAR NOVELS

The Crisis—Senior B English Examination.

The Turmoil—329 at noon roll call.

The Gray Dawn—1st period Chemistry class.

The Call of the Wild—Fritsch's voice when someone makes a bone-head play.

Lee: "Phil, do you obey the Bible instruction to love your neighbor?"

Edson: "I try to, but she won't let me!"

REPORTS OF VARIOUS STUDENTS OF PHYSICS

Turning down the gas saves matches; it also makes matches.

Turning off an electric light invariably causes sparking.

Hagerty (to business man): "I came to see if you had an opening for me."

Business Man: "Yes, there's one behind you. Close it as you go out."
—Ex

Mr. Chase: "Carrie, what effect does the moon have on the tide?"

Carrie: "None, it only effects the untied."—Ex.

Dwight Reay: "I thot he married a blond, and you say his wife is a brunette."

W. Squire: "He did marry a blonde but she dyed."—Ex.

Mr. Newell: "How did Joffre rank as a commander?"

V. Coons: "Oh, he was as rank as any of them."

Scrub: "Even if you are peeved you needn't eat me up."

Senior: "I never eat greens."—Ex.

MATHEWS CANDY COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS

413-419 Wall Street

Los Angeles, January 31, 1916

TO THE STUDENTS OF OUR CITY SCHOOLS:

The Chamber of Commerce of our city has recently brought to the attention of the public, the need of patronizing Home Institutions. In this connection we desire to call your attention to this subject with regard to the Cafeterias operated by the various city schools.

If, as the Chamber of Commerce argues, there is an obligation upon the public to patronize home institutions, it would appear that there is even a stronger reason for the students of the public schools of our city to demand that the Cafeterias operated in connection with city schools give the preference to home products.

The Eastern manufacturers in no way contribute to the support of our public schools, while local manufacturers are among the heaviest tax payers.

As this question does not seem to appeal to the governing bodies of our city schools, we are taking this means of bringing the question direct to the students themselves. If the students whose homes and interests are here, would demand home made goods when they patronize the cafeterias, they would advance the interests of all local manufacturers as well as the general public of Los Angeles.

Keep this in mind when you patronize your school cafeterias and ask only for home-made goods.

Yours very truly,

MATHEWS CANDY COMPANY.

"VELVET ICE CREAM"

All that the name implies.

A product of a first class, up to date factory where sanitation is our first consideration.

"VELVET ICE CREAM"

Is made only from strictly local Sweet Cream. No foreign subterfuge ever finds its way into our product.

"VELVET ICE CREAM"

Is our specialty. We make or sell nothing but the best Ice Cream. All the efforts of our large organization are centered on the one high grade product.

"VELVET ICE CREAM"

Made by Metropolitan Ice Cream Co.

PENNANTS

BANNERS, PIL-
LOW COVERS,
FELT AND ART
LEATHER GOODS

OFFICIAL CLASS PENNANTS, FRATERNITY AND SORORITY NOVELTIES
Wholesale and retail

PACIFIC PENNANT & NOVELTY CO.

244 New High St.
F 3152, Main 5923

Opposite Court House
Los Angeles, Cal.

GORDON CRUICKSHANK

Phones: Main 5787, Home A-5082

W. T. EDWARDS

SOUTHWESTERN COMMERCIAL COMPANY

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Hotel and Restaurant Supplies

510 and 512 East Fourth Street

WE REFER YOU TO ALL THE SCHOOLS

Phone 20990

219 East 23rd St.

R. A. STROUSE

Manufacturer of

CANDIES AND SALTED NUTS

Office and Factory
794-800 Towne Ave.

Main 6938
Home F5640

BURR CREAMERY COMPANY

8th and Towne Ave., Los Angeles.

Producers and Dealers in
MILK, CREAM, AND BUTTERMILK

INVITATIONS
ANNOUNCEMENTS

PROGRAMS
MENUS

VISITING CARDS
COMMERCIAL STATIONERY

PACIFIC ENGRAVING COMPANY

627 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

MAIN 2031

F 2037

NEWMARKET COMPANY

Dealers in

MEATS AND PROVISIONS

1138-40-42-44-46 So. Main St.
442-44-46 So. Hill St.

F2997
Main 5088

A little girl looken into a mirror then said to her "Gramma", "Did God make you?"

Gramma says, "Yes."

"Did God make me?"

"Yes."

"Well Gramma, don't you think he is doing better work now?"

Kalte: "Alvina, do you know of anything you get for nothing and must pay to get rid of?"

A. Betz: "No, what is it?"

Kalte: "A cafeteria check."

Frank Long (after telling Bob he was going to hit him): "Now where do you want your body shipped, Bob?"

Bob Leohner: "Well, Frank, I don't want it shipped; I want it cremated; if it's just the same to you."

Frank: "Nothing doing. Green stuff won't burn!"

A. Meenzhuber: "I understand the Board of Education doesn't want Mr. Clayton any longer."

E. Snow: "Why, what's up?"

A. Meenzhuber: "He's long enough."

F. Bridges: "It must be very annoying to study under Miss Getchel's room."

Cashin: "Why?"

Bridges: "They are always dropping perpendiculars."

A SCRUB'S VIEW

Lines of Virgil all remind us,
We can make our lines sublime,
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up all the teacher's time.

Casper: "Mother, is that bay rum in that brown bottle on the table?"

Mother: "No, dear, that is glue."

Casper: "Maybe that's why my hat won't come off."

Ethel: "I think I shall be safe in marrying George; he would never marry me for my money."

Maud: "How do you know?"

Ethel: "I'm told he doesn't care for money; throwing it away as fast as he gets it."—Ex.

WHICH WAY?

A street Arab stood on the weighing machine
In the light of the lingering day.
Then a counterfeit penny he dropped in the slot,
And silently stole a-weigh.

PATRONIZE THE FIRM
THAT PATRONIZES YOU.
DEMAND KAHN-BECK CANDIES.



Domestic science teacher: "What is the best way to keep a fish from smelling?"

Mimerian: "Cut off its nose."

SCHOOL OF LAW

SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

CURRICULUM: Three years Day; Four years Evening.

Harvard Case System. LL. B. and J. D. Degrees

Send for Catalog

Fifth Floor, Wilcox Bldg.

Phone A5052

Paul Ames. 2016.
Robert Carlquist
Abraham B. Nathanson
Albertine Young
Benson Jacobie
Kalter A. Haight. \$18

Theresa M. Martin.
Gloria Love
M. 216

Laurance G. Hallock \$18
Claude Griswold

Clay Thompson \$16
H. H. H. H.
Lawrence C. Green
Haley E. Green \$16
L. W. Shilling
Mildred H. Green
Everett H. Green
Gladys H. Green \$15
Marie Kulp
Austin Lammeter

Hope Hall.
Minnie Clark "ΣΔ"
Mabel Manning.
Annie Belle Nunn
F. G. Goodenow.
Maxine Parr
(get C. in
spanish)

HELEN EGAN
K. H. H. H.
K. H. H. H.

